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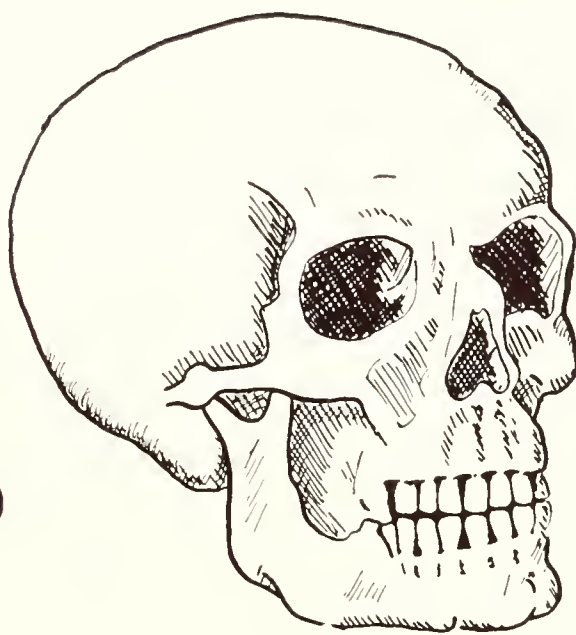
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THE SKULL



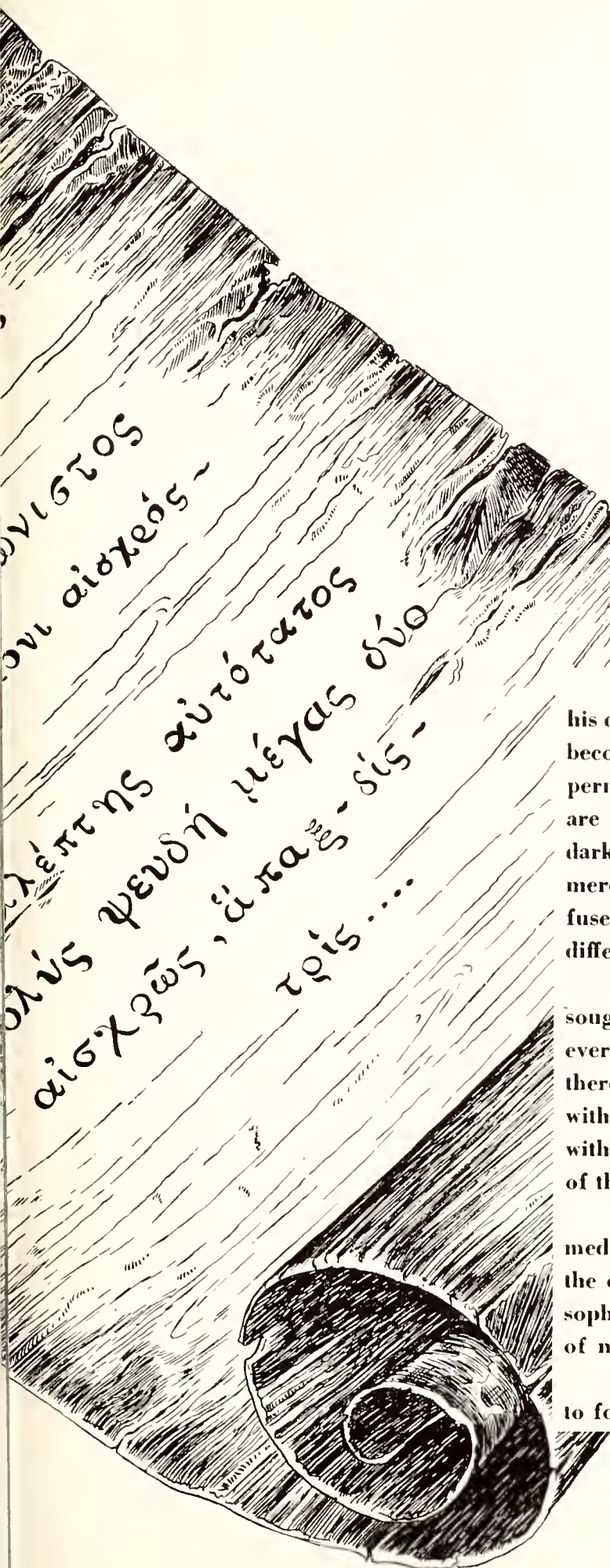
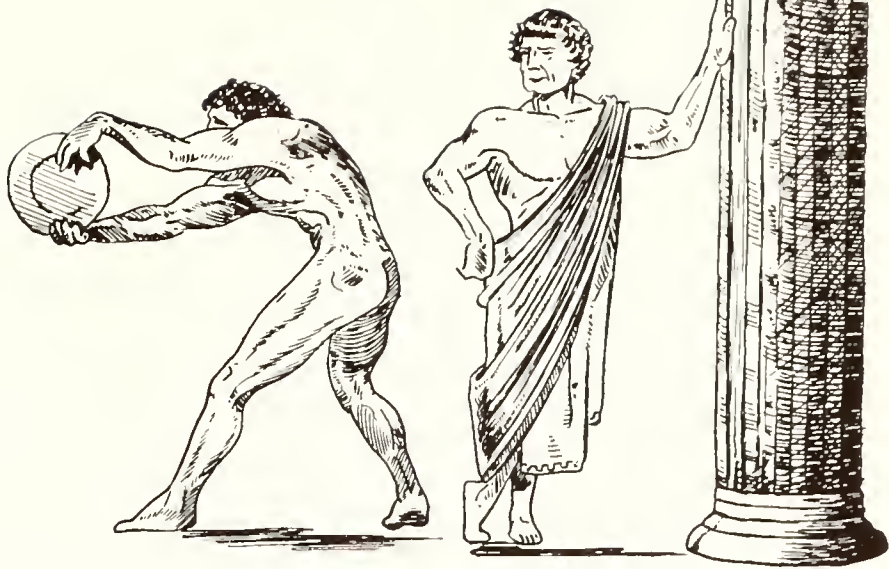
TEMPLE UNIVERSITY
SCHOOL OF MEDICINE
Philadelphia • Pennsylvania

ONCE upon a time, in ancient Greece, a great and wise man was asked to explain the nature of what men call, Knowledge. There was time in those days, apparently, for men to devote to such investigations. They had not yet developed the stratoplane, the jet aircraft, the snorkel submarine, or the atomic age; and there was the reasonable assurance, lacked today, that if their problem was not solved one day, they would yet find the world the same on the following day or even the following year, for the understanding of their problem.

The great and wise man pondered the question for a time; perhaps he meditatively toyed with his beard. Probably at the same time he surveyed the compass of his questioner and quietly decided that the best course to the fellow's comprehension was by way of an illustration. "Consider the man in search of Knowledge," he said, "to be imprisoned in a cave, chained so that he can view only the blind end at the back of the cavern while outside shines the light of Truth. Without, in the world of reality, all things move, bathed in the brilliant light of Truth. To our prisoner in the cave, however, there is nothing but the wavering distorted shadows of these things cast on the wall of the cave before him. With great effort he learns to differentiate one from another, to classify them according to shape or movement, to interpret them in relationship to one another. But, concerning the nature of each, he is ignorant . . . how could he be otherwise, never having beheld them in their true form?



παῖδες
νε-τάτη, -τ
σεῖς διακοσίας
ἀληθῶς χαριέντως
πεγάλα κυριοστός σοφός
ἐξω
ῥᾶστος λῶστος ἥσων
σοφώτερος μέλας
χαριέστερος
ταχύς



"Now, let us endow our prisoner with added strength, born of his diligence in searching for the meanings of his shadows. Let him become so strong as to snap the chains that bind him and in this way permit him to approach the mouth of his cave. There his agonies are increased a thousandfold. While before he had beheld quiet darkness, he now cringes in a painful glare. While he had visioned merely black shadows and two-dimensional figures, he now is confused by solidarity and color. Motions are changed, all is new, different, unfamiliar.

"Here, then, is our man. Confronted at last by the truth he sought, he is bewildered and cannot understand it. Gradually, however, his light-blinded eyes grow accustomed to the glare; here and there the memory of a shadow in his cave springs to meet and join with a shape before him. This process is repeated again and again with increasing rapidity, until he sits in comfortable contemplation of the knowledge that truth is his."

It should not be too amiss, in the hectic compulsion of modern medical training to reflect, however briefly, upon this parable of the cave. Just where in the cave are we now, whether freshman, sophomore, junior, or senior? At what magical point in the study of medicine does one, "sit in comfortable contemplation . . .?"

Enter our cave with us. In the narrative section of the pages to follow, share our shadows with us.



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FRESHMAN YEAR



SO this was medical school; this was the Temple University School of Medicine. Monday morning, July 2, 1945, and we were sitting on the sixth floor waiting for our first class to begin. The room was noisy with the voices of people getting acquainted, with laughter and questioning.

We had descended on Gerry Deemer in the book store just a few days ago, heckling her for rooms to rent; asking "What books do we need, ma'am?" And then trudged the dirty streets in search of a bed and a desk, during the hottest summer Philadelphia had seen in years. We had talked briefly to awesome upperclassmen, some of us, and been told blithely, "It's no so bad—tougher than undergrad, but you will make it."

Now, one by one, we turned to stare into the window across the areaway where Russel was busy embalming a fat white man whose umbilicus ballooned dangerously. There was a horrid fascination in the sound of the little pump, in the wail of the circular saw as he removed the calvarium. And in the silence of watching, Dr. John Franklin Huber entered the room, followed by four men and a woman, all in long white coats. We were about to begin.

He stood behind the long black table, hooked his foot over the central rung, smiled a smile that some of us called friendly and the rest interpreted as glacial, and spoke the first words to us as a class. "I want to welcome you," he said, "to the medical profession, and especially to the study of anatomy. The years before you are not

so difficult that a person of average intelligence cannot get through, if he spends the time necessary to learn well."

While he talked we looked him over, for this was the professor of anatomy. He was much younger than we had expected, with sparkling eyes and his black hair slicked back and shining. With all the poise of a man who knows and likes what he's doing, he continued, "Don't listen to what the upperclassmen have to say—they'll only confuse you. And if you get worried, just remember that hundreds of other people have accomplished what you've set out to do—and that we're here to help you with your problems. Don't be afraid to come to us." At the time, we were afraid to believe that what Dr. Huber had said about his being behind the students was true, but as the year progressed we were to discover that it was. Here was a man, a teacher at heart, who was more cognizant of our tribulations than any other. He was sympathetic with our shortcomings, and possessed, moreover, the tact and insight necessary to help us overcome them.

Tuesday, in chemistry, we met Dr. Robert (fa'r 'n squar') Hamilton. His little introductory speech was not, however, encouraging, for before many minutes had elapsed, he drawled, "There's no doubt that some of you won't be with us next year. Now, we don't like to fail people, but sometimes we just can't see our way clear . . ." We were perfectly willing to believe that, for we'd heard that most of the freshman

Left: New students, new cadavers, more work for Russel.

Center: Dr. John Franklin Huber, Professor of Anatomy.

Right: Looking over the new freshmen—Drs. Weston, Kimmel, Moyer, and Huber.



failures resulted from unsuccessful tussles with physiological chemistry.

During that first week we picked up all sorts of interesting information about the school. For instance, we could ride the elevator up, but we had to walk down; and if "Gravel Gertie," the housekeeper, were running it, she'd always stop short of the floor, then rasp out, "Go ahead, you can climb it!" We learned that the Dean's word was not only law, it was Holy Law; that the library was safe ground only from twelve to one o'clock when Mrs. Krieble was furthering the cause of the peptic ulcer in the hospital dining room. We learned that you could get sea food at Fishers, salads at H & H, clean and uninteresting food in the cafeteria and gastritis at Keesal's.

Anatomy, at first was confined to room 603 where the effect of the central front light was hypnotic, and to the histology lab where the effect of long hours over the microscope was paralytic. We learned how to adjust the light on the microscope, and having accomplished that, investigated the developing embryo on multi-colored slides. Dr. Donald L. Kimmel tied his arms and a piece of gauze into intricate knots to explain the growth of the human embryo; he diagrammed it in sections horizontal and vertical, while our sweat blurred the ink on our rapidly filling cards of notes. Some of it we understood. Patterned in red and yellow and green chalk, in surrealistic lines that crossed at mad angles and were forever being muddled,

the intra-uterine human followed Dr. William Pritchard a few steps further along in development and drove some of us a few steps nearer that borderline between reality and insanity.

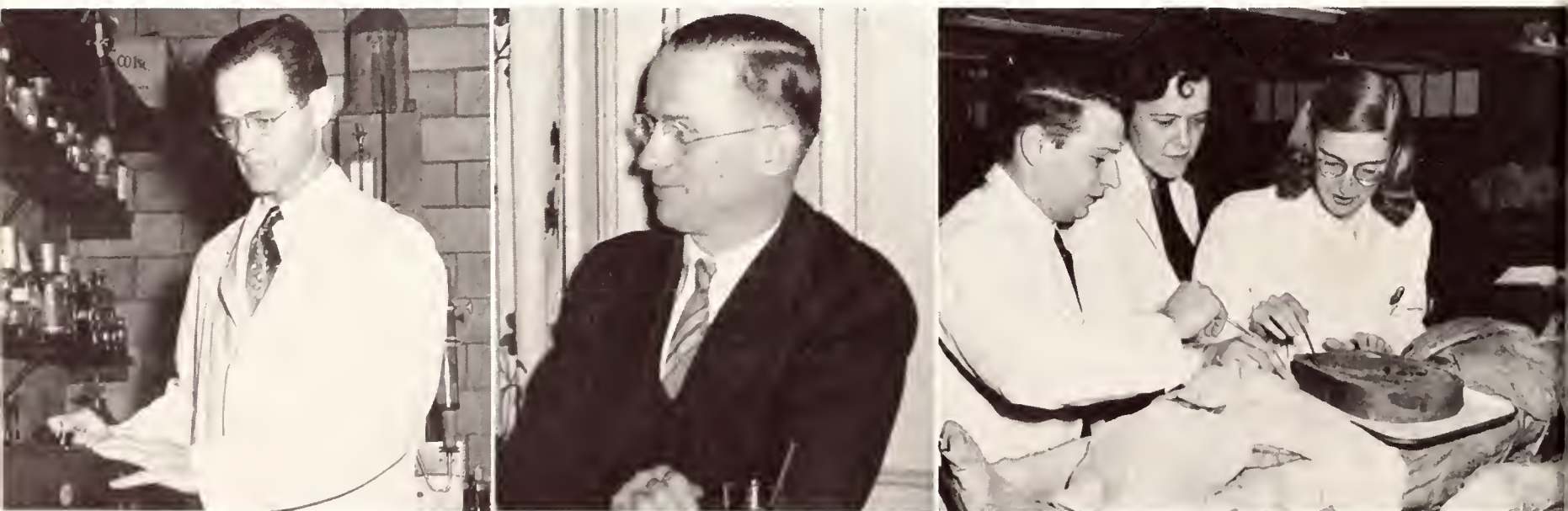
Then came the great day when we first donned white coats ourselves, the day we got our cadavers. Dr. Huber lectured first, reassuring as usual. He told us that we belonged to the few people of the world who are privileged to study human material. He told us that there is nothing about a cadaver to fear or to arouse disgust. And remembering that, we walked down the hall to the gross lab, which we had only sniffed cautiously before.

We started where we could do the least damage, on the back. Meticulously we broke off the nerves we were supposed to save. Wielding the scalpel and the probe (the instrument, not the professor) separating layers with our fingers, slimy with grease, we assumed a fragrance that a bath in Clorox wouldn't dispel, one that turned our stomachs at the mere thought of liverwurst.

So this is medical school. Well, we like it. The long days in anatomy are hard, physically and mentally; read and dissect, read and dissect 'til our eyes bulge and our hands are numb, but we like it. The odor, the frequent threat of quizzes, the heat, the lack of sleep are ever with us—but still we like it.

Chemistry . . . when we think back over chemistry, none of us can deny that the course we got was excellent, but few of us can truthfully recall those hours with any degree of pleasure. There

*Left: Now, we don't like to fail people . . . Dr. Robert Hamilton, Professor of Physiological Chemistry.
Center: Dr. Weston obtunding the CNS. "I feel no pain."
Right: Nay and Molthan sweat out a cross section with Dr. Moyer.*



were bright moments, of course, but they were always dimmed by the knowledge that Dr. Hamilton's philosophy of teaching was, beat them down and they'll work harder to pull out; which is true, but only up to that point where discouragement sets in to outrank the returns from study. Those monthly quizzes, which were not so difficult in themselves, were demoralizing because of a grading system that marked down for misplaced and misspelled words, for failure to include almost insignificant points so that detail superseded the broader concepts of the chemistry of the body.

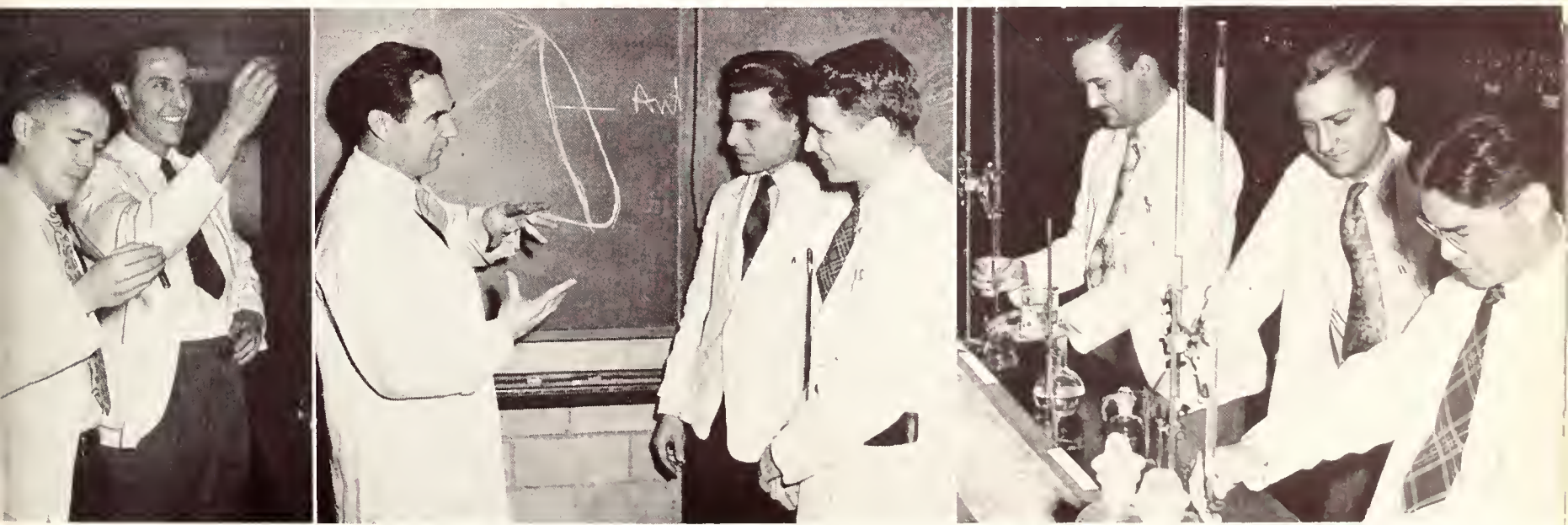
Long hours we stood in that lab which the van Scivers had neglected to equip with stools, adding a drop of this to five mls. of that, shaking carefully and watching the blue—or red, or green, or yellow—color develop. We analyzed urine collected in bottles that once had held mayonnaise or milk or Seagrams Seven till the atmosphere was overpowering with the stench of the cooking yellow liquid. More than one of us gagged when he pipetted that precious fluid carelessly. And more than one of us, after a dehydrating evening, had to borrow it from some other individual whose nights were less enjoyable.

The freshman year is not pleasant, for the most part. Six hours a day spent over a cadaver is not conducive to the best sense of humor. And there is always the fear that there are not twenty people in the class dumber than you. Sometimes it seems that no matter how hard you

study, you always slip up in one place—the one place they choose to ask about on the quiz. But the quizzes are not infrequently fair.

Dr. Huber always handed our quiz grades to us on folded slips of paper, with a grade for each of the six questions and a grand total. Those few moments were usually the most exhausting part of the day. And then we'd all crowd around the bulletin board in the hall to see which "stinker" had asked which question—we always knew the answer cold, but the marks never showed it. We got to the point where we could always count on a low grade from Dr. Weston, Dr. Jean Weston—we always recall him with chuckles, though at the time he was almost the devil incarnate. There was that fiendish grin, the sharp biting wit coupled with a sort of dry flat speech that took the wind out of freshman sails so quickly and so thoroughly that they were deflated for a week. At any time of day, when he was instructing our group, he would come up, lift a nerve out of the mess of fascia and muscle and blood vessels. Then the blow would fall: "What is this nerve, what are its functional components? What does it supply? What segments of the cord does it come from?" When we didn't know the answer, he would say, "Good God, you should have stayed in bed." Or even worse, he would look at us as if we'd been bathless for a month, then stalk off to some other pair of anatomists who were already quaking with the anticipation of his descent—nothing was safe—we *should* have stayed in bed. But

Left: Van DerWerker and Taylor . . . which one has the proper color reaction?
Center: Dr. Kimmel . . . another knot tied, another lesson taught.
Right: Drop!



behind "Jock" Weston's tough front, there is a sense of humor we all learned to enjoy and anticipate, and an ability to teach that is only rarely surpassed.

Before the year was over—somewhere near the end of it, however—we began to think maybe we had misjudged "Smilin' Bob" Hamilton. Why, we had even learned some chemistry—painfully, but we had learned it, nevertheless. This man from Texas could smile. He could roll a cigarette with one hand; he could scare hell out of us and sometimes even make us feel we deserved it. Most of us still remember his emphasis on the niceties of technique. He spent ten minutes one morning telling us how to separate the yolk of an egg from the white. Later, while we surreptitiously fished out broken shells from albumin generously mixed with yellow, he deplored our lack of skill. His insistence on the niceties of technique was probably well-founded.

But Christmas came, passed all too quickly, and on its heels tumbled semester exams and three new courses crammed into an already dizzying schedule.

With the passing, or at least completion, of the mid-term exams of our freshman year, we noticed several marked changes both in us and in our surroundings. This ogre medicine no longer seemed so fearful. Why, we were practically sophomores. Our achievements appeared mighty impressive, especially to us. We had

lost that perplexed despair when thinking of the magnitude of our task, we had developed a compensatory list so Gray's Anatomy no longer wrenched our shoulders, and we no longer noticed the people staring and sniffing at our formalin waftings when we went into Fisher's for lunch. At least fifty per cent of the time we could pour the contents of one test tube into another without permanent damage to our persons, clothing, or colleagues; and those of us who had to, had even learned to accept Major Shiffer and his happy hour scout meetings in the school yard. Perhaps our fancy wasn't quite so Mittyish as to picture tailored scrub suits and elbow length rubber gloves, but we did begin to think we might look well with our thumbs hooked in the vest pockets of our conservative pin stripe while we calmly reassured a distraught patient.

Then Dr. Oppenheimer and his first team came into action. Good Lord! The dean is absolutely unreasonable expecting us to do half again as much work with chemistry and anatomy not slowing at all. A test every week—we'll never make it. I don't see how those upper classmen ever got through all this; it must have been easier then. Guess the Phillies will have to do without our patronage at their night games. As soon as the effects of the original blow passed, we found this new course fascinating in an ever-increasing degree. Dr. Greisheimer caused many

*Left: Dr. Henny . . . it's a matter of critical mass.
Center: "You should have stayed in bed!"
Right: Dr. Robinson . . . worked with Van Slyke.*



a wrist cramp as in her soft-spoken, never-excited manner she filled our notes with meticulously outlined masses of information. Later, the boss and Dr. Collins continued in patient earnestness to soften thick freshman skulls. Then, too, there was the laboratory. Here the regular staff, assisted by Mrs. Jean Weston, Miss Wendy Wester, and the comely Miss Dottie Ellis tried desperately to keep five-thumbed hands from completely fouling up apparatus and produce results within the range of probability. Also in the lab was Dick, the chief technician who kept us in childlike awe as he nonchalantly smoked a kymograph drum without burning it, kept his shirt clean, all with never a finger print on his face or the drum. He shellacked the records without getting his trousers stuck to the table or the records to each other, and he took the most ferocious dogs out of the cage without spilling a drop of his blood. He also sold us seraphins for half the book store price. Looking back, these many worth-while hours can never be measured in so many words. As Dr. Oppenheimer said, when he demonstrated ventricular fibrillation in a dog's heart, "No word of mouth can describe something like this; to see it and feel it is to know it."

Correlated with our neurophysiology, after we had sweat blood for the anatomy finals, was a thing called neuroanatomy. Armed with the newest pastel shades of pencils and reams of

diagrammed papers, we listened to Drs. Weston and Kimmel explain how about two kilos of nervous tissue isn't actually complicated—just hopelessly baffling. Desperately we tried to draw a blue line following Dr. Weston as he bounded up and down a ladder, tripping happily across the black board following the fibers as they crossed the first sheet, caught the second as it flew past on the diagonal, bisected our cuff, turned green when we broke the blue pencil, and raced on thalamus bound. Nothing could stop it until the sheet with the thalamus blew out the sixth floor window into the spring atmosphere and Broad Street soot. (Oh, well, there are still lots of other tracts, so one thalamus more or less can't mean too much.)

Saturday mornings found 603 filled to standing room with students, wives, and prospective spouses as Dr. Spurgeon English began to explain everything, from the oral stage to why medical students make punk husbands. Here we learned that the psychiatrist calls it "id," that we are plagued with a chaperonish super-ego, and that "ego" does not mean our thumbs hooked in the vest pockets of our conservative pin stripes. We left feeling sure the normal people of the world are definitely a subversive minority, that we are doomed to marital battles, and that it might be well to eye our classmates with an air of suspicion.

While the memories of steaming, smelling bio-

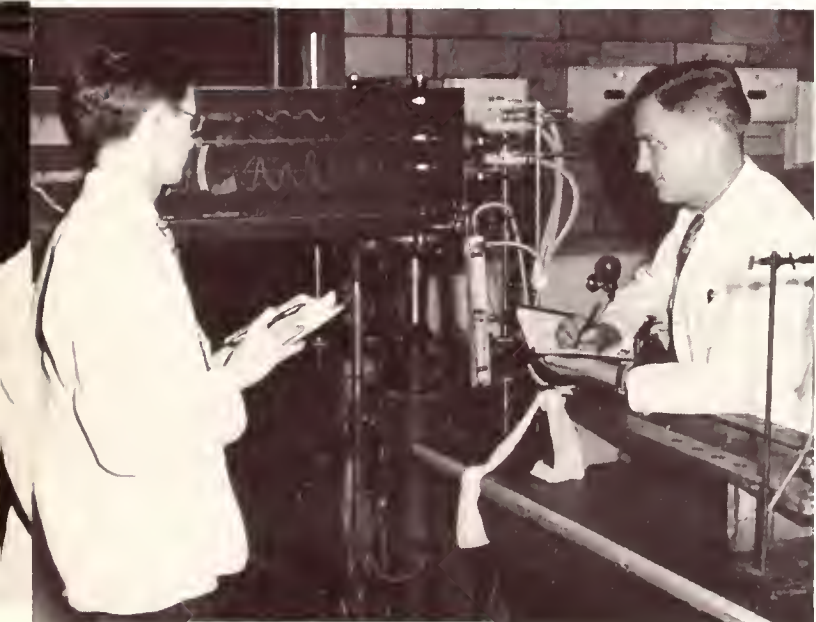
*Left: Dr. Morton Oppenheimer . . . To see it and to feel it is to know it.
Center: Drs. Oppenheimer and Sokalchuk watch the freshmen cavort.
Right: Dr. Greisheimer . . . soft spoken, never excited.*



chemistry beakers, bobbing kymograph markers, and tangled nerve pathways will linger for a good many years, the aspect of this particular era that shall always be with us is the entrance of the personality of Dr. John A. Kolmer into our medical lives. Who among us can ever forget those days when Dr. Kolmer paced the floor of the amphitheatre, his hands clasped behind his back, his head bowed as he warned of the indispensability of clinical skill in diagnosis. Through the years that followed, Dr. Kolmer was to play probably a greater role than any other single instructor in teaching the fundamentals of medicine. Long after his and all other lecture notes lie yellowing in some closet corner, we shall remember that warm feeling of pride we felt when this solemn gentleman, whose every mannerism reflects the brilliance of his achievement, climaxed our freshman year with the words, "Ladies and gentlemen, let me welcome you into the clinical side of your careers as future doctors in the practice of medicine."



Bottom, left: Schindel and Nixon . . . Now, what does it all mean?
Bottom, center: Dr. Kimmel and Molthan . . . Embryologically speaking.
Bottom, right: Dr. John Kolmer . . . "Let me welcome you . . ."
Right, center: Dr. Edward Chamberlain . . . the hilar density is important.
Right, top: Dr. O. Spurgeon English . . . calls it "id."





SOPHOMORE YEAR



“YOU don’t refer to them as bugs.” announced Dr. Kolmer as he shook his emphasizing finger, lifted his left eyebrow, and peered over his spectacles at us, the new sophomores. Thus he introduced us to this course called bacteriology. Impressed, we eagerly set out to find how and why these little bugs did whatever they did. Throughout the first trimester, Dr. Kolmer and his assistants, Drs. Spaulding and Bondi, maneuvered us past cocci, bacilli, spores, saprophytes, yeasts and molds, and God knows what, pausing at each just long enough to convince us that we had it. After the long six-month vacation we had just completed, most of us were a bit skeptical and hesitant about exposing our sun-tanned forms to those devitalizing little beasts that came at us from all directions—tubes, cultures, broths, rabbits, guinea pigs, the walls and desks, our lab partners. Not that we were nervous the first few days—we knew careful technique eliminated danger. So we didn’t worry when we missed the test tube and inoculated our index finger, merely got spastic, spilled broth all over the desk, and rushed to the sink to splash the stuff all over North Philadelphia 40, Pa.

But Dr. Spaulding and the lab instructors were patient and forgiving, and gradually the static sophomores began to see light behind all that Giemsa stain. Dr. Kolmer kept us well acquainted with two gents named Jordan and Burroughs by punctuating his lectures with questions from the text and a written quiz first thing each

Monday morning. All too rapidly came the day when we had to fathom what kinds of bugs swam leisurely around the tube of broth we were given as our final unknown—which meant we had reached the end of the course. We were just slightly frantic at first, since we weren’t too confident of our methods. If some little *Bacillus* went scooting across the slide, doing a flutter kick and spouting water like a twelve-year-old in the old swimming hole, we were fairly sure the thing was motile, but beyond that, certainty was lagging. But with the patient assistance of Tony Lamberti and Liz Early, in addition to the regular staff plus a couple dozen fermentation tubes, six or eight cultures, endless smears and stains, and a couple of good guesses, all was well.

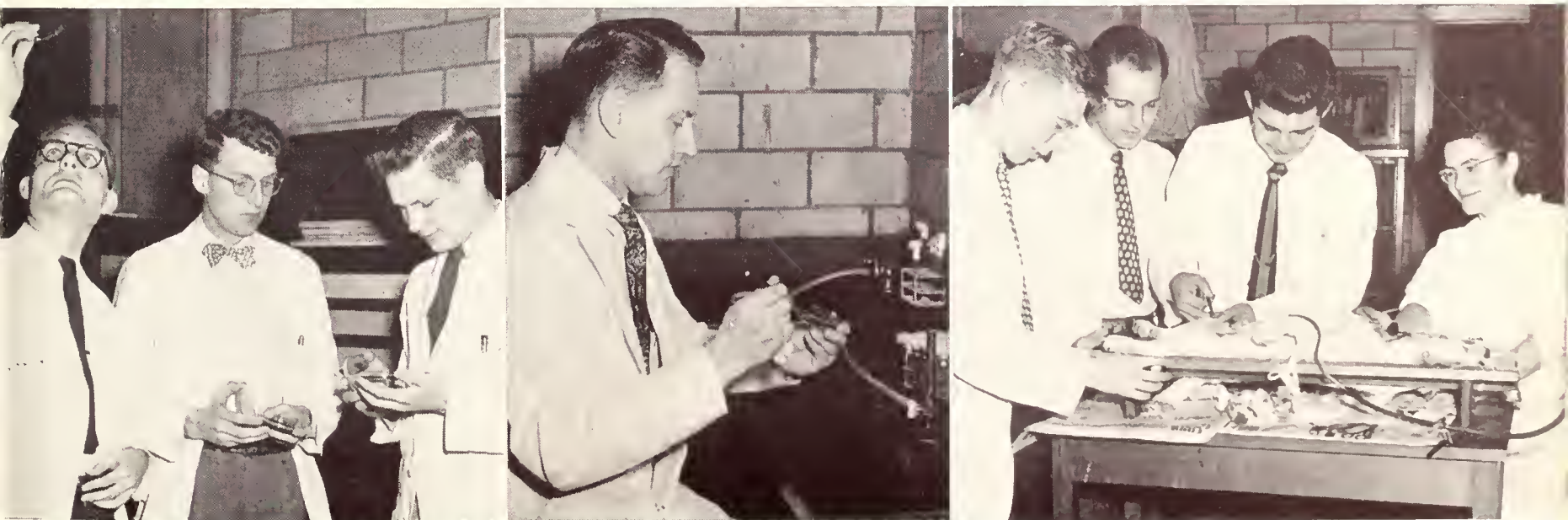
Continuing from our freshman year, Dr. Oppenheimer, et al., revealed more of the mysteries of physiology. We had even bigger kymograph records to smear against one another. It never ceased to be a source of amazement, after attaching all sorts of gadgets to an anesthetized dog in an advanced state of surgery, to go to lunch and return to find the dog not only living and well, but all the apparatus still working . . . sometimes.

Suddenly our complacency was shattered by the entrance of Dr. Livingston, Dr. Larson, Dr. Fellows, the USP, National Formulary, Goodman and Gilman, thousands of little bottles and smelly chemicals and all that goes with it . . . pharmacology. Dr. Livingston strolled into the lecture hall, placed a well dog-eared copy of *The Book* on the desk, cleared his throat, and

Left: Graham, Hawes, and Peters examine culture plates.

Center: Dr. Earl Spaulding . . . bacteria no mystery.

Right: Kirkpatrick, Kirk, and Monteleone catheterize a femoral under Mrs. Weston’s watchful eye.



lost the students. How is it ingested, how and where excreted, where toxic, what is its action on the liver, how does it affect the adrenal, how does its effect differ in the salamander, what are its uses, if any, etc. usw.

In the lab we tasted and smelled all sorts of things with aromas that varied from that behind the local bar on Sunday morning to that resembling what Mop Dillon's grampaw uses to attract bees. If one happened to grab the paraldehyde bottle first, he might as well go home as far as two of his senses were concerned. Still it was always worth the staying to see the additional extra-experimental activity put on by Dr. Larson: feeding some eager student—*who volunteered for scientific benefits*—alcohol and glucose by the quart, or setting of a small atomic bomb made from some therapeutic concoction we had just tasted.

And so with these three courses welded into our armamentarium of medical knowledge, giving us new security and confidence, we strode onward head high and loins girded, summarizing our thirst for the unknown with the guiding words of Sir William, "Good Lord, what next?" . . . and the professors agreed.

That Thanksgiving vacation was a huge four-day affair, but we need a deep breath before plunging into the awesome second trimester. It opened, most auspiciously, with mycology. The cast was familiar from bactee, but the role we were expected to play was distinctly confusing. The discovery that yeasts and hops are not in-

separable came as an acute shock to many. *Candida* was found to be "an imperfect yeast-like mold," as well as a George Bernard Shaw epic. Christmas put a stop to all this, and then Dr. Kolmer reappeared to usher in 1947. This he did with a majestic wave of his arm and presto . . . parasitology! Unfortunately, "prominent Market Street business men" seem singularly lax in the development of parasitic infestations, but Dr. Kolmer diverted us by his informative, if somewhat acrobatic lectures.

Dr. Gault came into our schedule at this point to act as co-pilot. His lectures were definitely informal, but full of stray gems and unexpected test questions. His instructions on the use of the NIH swab with a rear-view mirror were definitely in the essential category: our ice-cream boxes, too, came under his command.

Valentines are not always lace-edged and this we discovered as clinical pathology entered the picture. The good doctor never seemed to be able to cram enough into one hour's lecture, so that writer's cramp was a frequent complaint after each session. With the unfailing help of a starched assistant, Dr. Valentine herded us through blood counts and more blood counts: our results so rarely agreed with the "right" answers that many of us believed the initial counts were done by the Braille system. Puncturing one's neighbor made for uneasy friendships . . . he might stick you next time. At our first examination the heat came on in earnest—one classmate received a startling 48, yet survived to tell the tale.

Left: Garcia and Hawes . . . the heart rate is increased.
Center: Harris and Gerner . . . another experiment in the making.
Right: Dr. Dean A. Collins.



Medical correlation cropped up once more at this point. Dr. Kolmer again acting as guide. Once more we heard that "the laboratory is no short-cut royal road to diagnosis," and watched patients quail under his scathing tirades on diabetics and alcoholics. Clinical immunology revealed another facet of Dr. Kolmer's versatility: we ladies and gentlemen were instructed to use syringes for injections, guns for shots.

Without doubt, the second trimester's piece de résistance was intended to be pharmacology, still guided by Dr. Livingston. The unassigned pages in Goodman & Gilman became fewer, the unread greater. A Livingstonian classic was the mouse who dipped his tail in a barrel of alcohol and went on to the cat-defiant stage. Prospective chauffeurs take warning, no more than 0.01% blood alcohol—one shot! Dr. Larson gave some of our lectures in his own booming, ponderous way, and Dr. Fellows' sprightly efforts were entirely too few and far between. After much procrastination, the marks from the first test appeared, computed to the nearest tenth—the number of grades posted exceeded the number in the class.

Lab sessions presented an amazing series of experiences, from burning rats' tails to catheterizing rabbits. Excellent equipment aided our efforts, but ether was a problem. Despite Dr. Livingston's unique and heroic measures, the anesthetist often succeeded in ending the experiment prematurely, but not unhappily. Dr. Fellows supervised the filling of our prescriptions—

and it came as quite a surprise when some of us were told, "Here's a teaspoon—let's see *you* take it." At last the widely-heralded conferences took place—eighteen hours' worth of cross-examination or bull, varying with the instructor in charge. Then the never-to-be-forgotten final. It started at two on a Saturday afternoon, but long after dark the light still burned in 510. Dr. Larson munched his sugar cubes while the rest of us sweated and starved. The anticlimax came many months later when our carefully worked lab books were returned without a single mark or comment.

Two hours a week of anatomy served to pick up a few loose threads from our freshman year, and to add several new ones. Drs. Huber and Weston aided in the picking-up process; Dr. Bradley did noble battle in behalf of medical genetics, but it remained a baffling subject. Dr. Moyer presented a whirlwind review of the extremities. In two hours the arm and leg had revealed their every secret.

We reached a peak in our medical careers when psychiatry introduced us to Dr. Eleanor Steele, who radiated a unique psychic (?) attraction which caused the back-row-boys to migrate forward. (Where the chronic front-rowers sat during psychiatry class has always remained somewhat of a mystery.) Another new face in this second trimester was Dr. Baker, who told us all about public health.

Dr. Mark's weekly sessions in physical diagnosis continued without appreciable change or

*Left: Dr. Eleanor H. Valentine . . . a principle was discovered, by Kracke!
Center: Smith and Stubenrauch with Dr. Gault . . . the mirror didn't work.
Right: Dr. Alfred E. Livingston.*



improvement: we went from cracked-pot resonance to Dupuytren's contracture. But something new was added as we discovered Episcopal and Jewish Hospitals. Each Wednesday afternoon found eager groups of sophomores converging on real live patients. White coats sprouted conspicuous stethoscopes, flash lights, and other medical paraphernalia. Diagnostic points were shown in amazing profusion, with the constant admonition that, "Once you see, hear, and/or feel this, you'll never forget it."

Dr. Giambalvo presented a rather frightening introduction to surgery, with his piquant expressions—"buttermilk pus," and "wait till it turns black, then whack it off." We learned minor surgery our junior year.

Dr. Quindlen started us on the rough road to the delivery room, namely, obstetrics. His lectures were sure to be full of laughs—jokes, tales, personalized mannikin demonstrations using a vest for a uterus.

Tall, soft-spoken, red-headed Dr. Thomas Durant began our series on medicine. His gentlemanly mien inspired a universal respect for him as a person, and his well-organized lectures established a respect for him as a teacher.

Suddenly, there was a blurred impression of exam on exam, and, almost before we knew it, we were on the third and last lap of our sophomore year.

We ran headlong into pathology one morning in late winter when Dr. Aegerter appeared before us to talk about the changes in tissues incurred

by physical disease. He rushed vigorously through the hour, missing not a detail. Then, while we tried to rub life and health back into our cramped and exhausted hands, he suggested that we hurry right up to microscopic lab. There we were presented with a terrifying list of four hundred twenty-nine slides, and a schedule that gave us something different to do each hour. We began to feel that maybe Dr. Aegerter had been right when he'd said, "You won't be able to go to the movies on Saturday nights while you're taking pathology." Maybe he hadn't meant that as a joke, after all.

Our first autopsy was one of the events of the year. Coatless, we raced across the street to the morgue in the basement of the Brown Building. It is a gloomy place—one bright light over the table holding the body; a bunsen burner and a galvanized tub overflowing with water, a rubber sponge half sinking in it; grey-white sheets shuddering over the door to the outside; dark shadows in the corner by the ice box that holds four shrouded humans. We wondered what manner of men could do this sort of thing; but, as the autopsy began, a tone of scientific investigation was set so that soon we were aware only of a consumingly-deep interest in the case before us. Before the hour was over, two men dressed in black appeared from behind the sheets to announce that we were holding them up; we were behind schedule, as usual. Who were they to interrupt so rudely?

The next hour we rushed back to the pathol-

Left: Dr. Eleanor Steele . . . the back row moved.

Center: Dr. George E. Mark, Jr. . . . a long hour.

Right: Dr. Gioacchino P. Giambalvo . . . waits until it turns black.



ogy museum for slide projection. It was warm and dark. We tried to see what the prof was pointing out on the slide, and, after awhile, watched the patterns that cigarette smoke, floating languidly upward in the beam of light, made on the screen; then, imperceptibly, our heads fell to our shoulders.

We spent the first few weeks in complete confusion. We were confounded by strange cells and patterns that appeared under the microscope. The pace of the course was so fast we were sure we'd never be able to keep up, let alone catch up. Each lecture, in itself, provided a small book to learn. Then there was Boyd to furnish details and the green gross manual that, by adding more material, managed to correlate it more, too. It began to appear that pathology must be learned in systems—which seemed to be the only way to remember all the possibilities.

The staff helped us study at night. They gave us a quiz every Saturday morning, sometimes written, sometimes gross, sometimes micro. Concerning quizzes, there was always something of a rivalry between the staff and the class. A kind of out-guessing contest. It required very little imagination on our part to picture them, huddled in a Macbethian group, picking out questions or specimens for us. It was easy to imagine their saying, "No, they know all about that, let's ask them something else!" Two days a week we had oral "discussion groups," intimate little affairs with one of the profs. The Chief, it seemed, would never take "I don't know" for an

answer. If he were getting no results, he'd ask leading questions until he finally got an answer. Occasionally he had to admit defeat though, and ask the next man in the alphabet. We took our quizzes with Dr. Aegerter in his office, perched on stools or relaxed, more or less, in stiff green chairs. If The Chief lost patience with us, he only rarely showed it. He'd smile pleasantly the whole time we were being stupid, never showing anger or disappointment. We left those sessions knowing more pathology and feeling that, somehow, The Chief always was pushed for time.

Dr. Gault's quiz hours were fascinating for the fiendish questions he asked, and for the equally fascinating answers he got. We could always tell, by the expression on his face, that the next one was going to be a fooler. He'd have an inward grin that seemed to make his black hair blacker, that made us remember the way a cat toys with a mouse. He'd sit there, contentedly, puffing on a cigar, listening to the answer. Then, just when you thought, "By golly, I've got him this time!" Dr. Gault would repeat the same question and say, "Now, suppose you answer that one." But we liked Snuffy; we liked the way he sucked little black tablets to soothe his voice; we liked the way he laughed with us when he could have laughed at us.

The youngster on the senior staff, Dr. Pietroluongo, remained slightly more aloof from us than the others. His contact with us was strictly professional. Not that he wasn't friendly—he was, but in a restrained, yankee way. There was

*Left: Stanton, Stekert, Stewart . . . the sulfur granule is pathognomonic.
Center: Dr. Augustus R. Peale, III . . . he tipped us off.
Right: Dr. Earnest E. Aegerter, Professor of Pathology . . . Saturday night movies are out!*



something a little disturbing. during those quizzes. in the way he'd look out the door. signal or wave to someone in the corridor. and still know exactly where our answers had been wrong.

Pathology pushed gustily into spring. While the temptation to be out in the sun grew daily. so did the number of slides and museum specimens. Dr. Peale seemed to sense our desire to go riding on the Wissahickon or to pitch ball on Ontario Street; and somehow. without mentioning it. he compensated us for it. But then. Dr. Peale could always help us with a difficult problem or keep us from feeling that all this work was futile. Subtly he proved to us that pathology. as Dr. Aegerter had promised. is the bridge between the pre-clinical and the clinical years. He made us see that pathology is necessary to the practice of medicine. He helped us enjoy learning it.

Spring rains and finals settled on us in Philadelphia. The last slides had been learned. the last museum specimens memorized. and the last words written for the sophomore year. There were only two years to go!

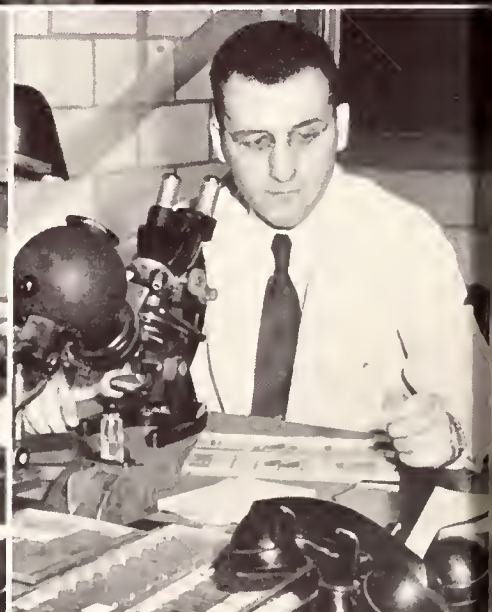
Bottom, left: Fraatz. Schilling. Forman. Effinger prepare for a gross pathology quiz.

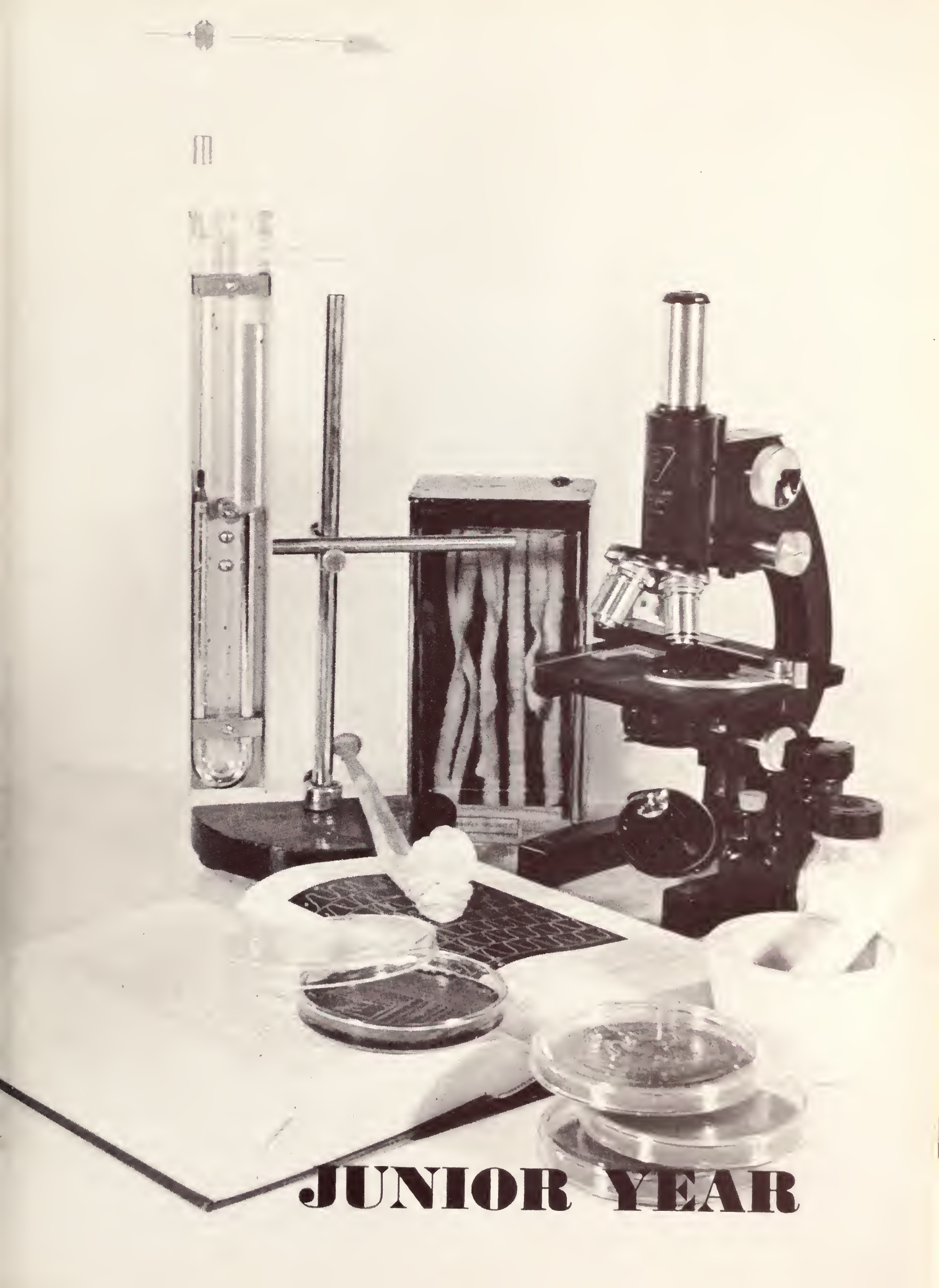
Bottom, center: Dr. Aegerter . . . pushed for time.

Bottom, right: Dr. Anthony L. Pietrolungo . . . slightly aloof.

Right, center: Miserendino and Middleton consult with Dr. Peale.

Right, top: Dr. Chamberlain . . . dreams of an electron fluoroscope.





JUNIOR YEAR



WE had waited so long for the beginning of our junior year that when it finally arrived we found it anticlimactic. The prospect of sitting seven hours a day in Erny Amphitheatre bore promise of middle-aged spread, of great aversion to spend the night—still at a desk—reading Babcock or Cecil or “The Green Book.”

That year of chronic attachment to pen and desk began with surgery at eight o'clock, with Dr. Rosemond's drawing exposition of the vicissitudes of the human appendix. We expected surgery to be the best course of the year. We were disappointed. We were never sure there would be a lecture at that early hour. Faculty became notorious for cutting, but the famed Surgery Club included only sleepy juniors. We sat through lectures good, lectures bad, and lectures indifferent, until it was only Dr. “Mose” Burnett who really held our interest in surgery. With his pungent wit, his perfect timing for comedy and clowning, and his ability to reduce a confused complex of symptoms and signs to a simple understandable entity, he taught us his subject so that it cleared in our minds to be remembered almost until exam time.

The bridge teams blossomed during that year, polished up on their bidding techniques at the expense of a boring lecture, or when a professor didn't appear in the allotted ten minutes. The class learned to dissolve as quickly from Erny as sugar does in hot coffee—and appear in the

cafeteria with a deck of sticky, battered cards and the score of yesterday's rubber. The disappearing act approached perfection during those hours when Dr. Swalm made his way through sixty tortured minutes of diarrheal stools and disjointed allusions to gastroenterology.

Our lectures in obstetrics were somewhat different that year compared with the rollicking hours we had spent with Dr. Quindlen during our introduction to the subject. Dr. J. Robert Willson, eyes flashing devilishly, told us dogmatically that there is no dogma about OB. routinely that there is no routine on his maternity floor. He informed us handsomely that he was going to teach us obstetrics, and that we would leave Temple knowing obstetrics. He was right. We soon learned to expect the best from Dr. Willson and only very rarely were we disappointed. Simply and directly, he taught us his approach (“the only approach”) to conception, pregnancy, delivery, and post-partum care. But not always seriously, for he, relaxing all over the front of Erny, could easily amuse us with his cynical wit, his sometimes frightening sarcasm. Along with the principles and practice of obstetrics, we discovered Dr. Willson's psychology of women, “You can't trust any of 'em, not even when they're asleep.”

Wednesday mornings we went to PGH. It usually rained so we wondered if we could cut without forcibly joining The Club. However,

Left: The bridge teams blossomed.

Center: Dr. W. Emory Burnett, Professor of Surgery . . . he founded The Club.

Right: The front row palpated herniae . . . the back row worked crossword puzzles.



the uncomfortable amphitheatre filled before the first hour ended. Dr. Rosemond, assisted by Dr. Hall, showed us an amazing array of stained dressings and incisions in all stages of healing. The front row palpated hernias, tuberculous lymph nodes, and enlarged thyroids; the back row worked crossword puzzles. Here, too, surgery was not up to expectations. The cases seldom were presented with any display of interest—they were droned off to us school-boy fashion so that the morning *Inquirer* was far more exciting.

Following surgery there was a brief smokers' break, and then psychiatry. If it hadn't been for the students' presentations and discussion of case material we'd have learned nothing from Drs. Freed and Hammerman—until that day we discussed the shortcomings of psychiatry at PGH. In true Freudian fashion, Dr. Freed seemed to take every statement as a personal insult, refuting them one by one. The last six weeks he spent, didactically, on psychoses and neuroses so that that one hectic hour was not lost.

Dr. Sherman Gilpin and his patients from neurology saved those Wednesday mornings from complete oblivion. We learned more than neurology from him; we learned a kind of humanity, a sympathy for patients that was gratifying to us and to them. He taught us some of the Art of Medicine. Long after we forget

the names of myriad neurological signs, we will personalize our contact with patients with something of Dr. Gilpin's warmth.

From neurology we went to tuberculosis with Dr. Cohen, or to autopsy with our own pathology staff from Temple. In pairs, we were privileged to disembowel a newly-acquired body, or remove the heart and lungs or the GU tract. This hand to hand combat with gross specimens was only a minor portion of our pathology for the year, for one afternoon a week we spent in oncology. Once again, we amassed voluminous notes; once again, we rushed through twenty slides in thirty minutes; and once again, we groped through a final that was stunning with surprises.

Medicine was the big subject of our junior year, seven hours of it each week. Dr. Durant, during his too-brief series on heart disease, reaffirmed our faith in physicians as men. We met Dr. Lansbury again, this time for endocrinology and arthritides, and acquired a finely-balanced respect for this man whose sarcasm, we knew, lay not too deeply buried to flash out witheringly at unsuspecting students. Dr. Lansbury is fun. He is amusing and scholarly, restrained yet friendly. We learned to appreciate his sense of humor and his approach to medicine—and to beware his temper.

Then one fine morning, "Commodore" Richard A. Kern, A.B., M.D., LL.D., Sc.D., F.A.C.P.,

*Left: Dr. Rosemond, assisted by Dr. Hall.
Center: Dr. Sherman F. Gilpin, Clinical Professor of Neurology . . . saved the day.
Right: Drs. Freed and Hammerman . . . asked for a critique.*



R.H.I.P., was piped aboard in the torrid climes of Erny, fresh from the old ship Pennsylvania. He braced himself against the blackboard—arms akimbo, feet properly spaced—and, after a dramatic moment of studied silence, began to speak. He talked about the weather and occasionally, as the wind blew stronger, he would sway in the breeze. He told us that weather does not mean climate; that it rains more on the north side of Puerto Rican mountains than it does on the south side; and that no matter how much medicine we learn, we never can learn enough.

Pediatrics was remarkably unspectacular. All those hours in pediatrics are subdued, greyed almost beyond remembrance, but streaked with the white of an occasional paper airplane. They began with Dr. Waldo Nelson who, forefinger on thumb and hand on chin, told us about "The Green Book" and diseases of children in general. As time went on—and we read "The Green Book" in lieu of taking notes—we realized that, with a few notable exceptions, pediatricians are small, quietly dressed, quietly mannered and philosophers of sorts. Pediatrics provided a restful, a soporific hour, marred only infrequently by brief oral quizzes. By the time the end of the year approached, however, we realized that we had learned a good bit about children from Dr. High and Dr. Bartram, and a lot about people from Dr. Nelson. In general, pediatrics

was comforting; we left it feeling satisfied and relatively competent.

On Thursday and Friday mornings we served clinical clerkships at various hospitals in Philly. At PGH we occasionally worked up a medical case to present to the group. It was not remarkable, but we saw patients close at hand. Episcopal was fun. Each week we took a patient, and presented the case to Dr. Farrar or Dr. Klemm or Dr. Manlove for discussion. Dr. Farrar's manner did much to make our sojourn at Episcopal pleasant and worthwhile. He is always relaxed and easy-going, ready to smile and to teach. He never lost patience with us, even when we made some inane diagnosis.

Up at Jewish, the high point of each day was the conference with Dr. Doane and his janizaries, who obviously had been well-coached the day before. We spent hours with the patients for that presentation, and more hours reading up on the history and the latest advances in treatment of the disease at hand. After the history and physical had been told, "Uncle Joe" gleefully pounced with one of his questions. The outcome was usually, "Report on that next week, sir." The schedule at Jewish was a surprising two-page affair that accounted for each hour we spent there: pathology with Dr. Ingleby; ward walks on men's and women's medicine; and surgery observation. We even had a final exam

*Left: Dr. John Lansbury . . . tongue in cheek.
Right: Dr. Richard A. Kern, Professor of Medicine . . .
the wind blew stronger.*

*Left: Dr. Waldo E. Nelson, Professor of Pediatrics . . .
it's in the Green Book.
Right: Philadelphia General Hospital . . . it usually
rained.*



presided over by Dr. Adelman, but one more exam that junior year, when there were so many, meant nothing.

Somewhere along the line we had semester exams. There were so many of them that they became a habit and we survived through them by sheer force of will—faculty's will. The new semester dawned without change of schedule, except for a few minors tucked in to replace others.

Syphilology replaced dermatology, and with it fresh interest developed. Dr. Wright had struggled during the first semester to teach us about macules and papules and maculopapular rashes. He did not have too much success, although most of us felt a little itchy by the end of the hour. Those many dermatologic lesions—"You diagnose them by looking at them"—made a confused array of diseases we would rather do without. People do not die of skin diseases anyhow, unless it's pemphigus—or is it pompholyx? But with syphilology we were on relatively familiar ground. You could diagnose it, and you could treat it. Syphilology made sense.

We ran into urology, too. There was a new department head, Dr. Conger, who looked perfectly at ease with his subject. He had a youthful, bashful air about him that made his first lectures on the disorders of the male genital tract seem a little precious. That is, until the day he discussed the hidden ball play, or . . . cryptor-

chidism. We fully enjoyed his lectures, and he seemed to enjoy us, which is a pleasing combination. Near the end of the series, Dr. MacCrae told us about the prostate and a few limericks.

Urology flowed past, yielding to the spastic Dr. Bacon and further doings with the nether extremity. We saw sigmoidoscopes and their attachments for each end. We learned about diseases of the colon and anus, sigmoid and rectum. There were always slides, with an occasional bathing beauty sandwiched in between anal fissures and rectal polyps. When the slides were not shifted quickly enough, there would come an acid, "Today, doctor," from Dr. Bacon, whose many pairs of glasses provided some interesting speculation before each period.

One hour on Saturday mornings we spent with Dr. John Royal Moore in the surgical amphitheatre learning about orthopedics and fractures. The amphitheatre is uncomfortable; the lighting is bad; the rows are so close together you don't have enough room to take notes; and it is always hot and always dusty. Dr. Moore tried to teach us about his specialty, but he talked so fast we could neither understand nor keep up with him. Occasionally, he would show slides first, turn the lights off with the last slides, then lecture to us in the dark. When we had learned more of the good doctor's dialect,

Left: Jewish Hospital . . . chez Doane.

Right: Dr. Carroll S. Wright, Professor of Dermatology . . . you diagnose them by looking at them.

Left: Dr. Kyril B. Conger, Professor of Urology . . . one lump, or two?

Right: Dr. Harry E. Bacon, Professor of Proctology . . . in a hurry.



we found the notes he gave us were coherent and quite intelligible. However, not even a genius could combat that fifth-floor sweatbox, and it was always with great relief that we stretched, and walked across the street to the newly-decorated auditorium for a lecture in medicine.

Dr. Mark, in some of those Saturday morning hours, finished up heart disease. Remembering those fearsome lectures on physical diagnosis, we shuddered at the thought of more of the same. We were surprised, and pleasantly. He explained patiently the complexities of congenital heart disease. A dry wit appeared to lighten the task of note-taking. In those hours Dr. Mark emerged as a real teacher, proving that if you give a man something he's interested in, he'll put it across.

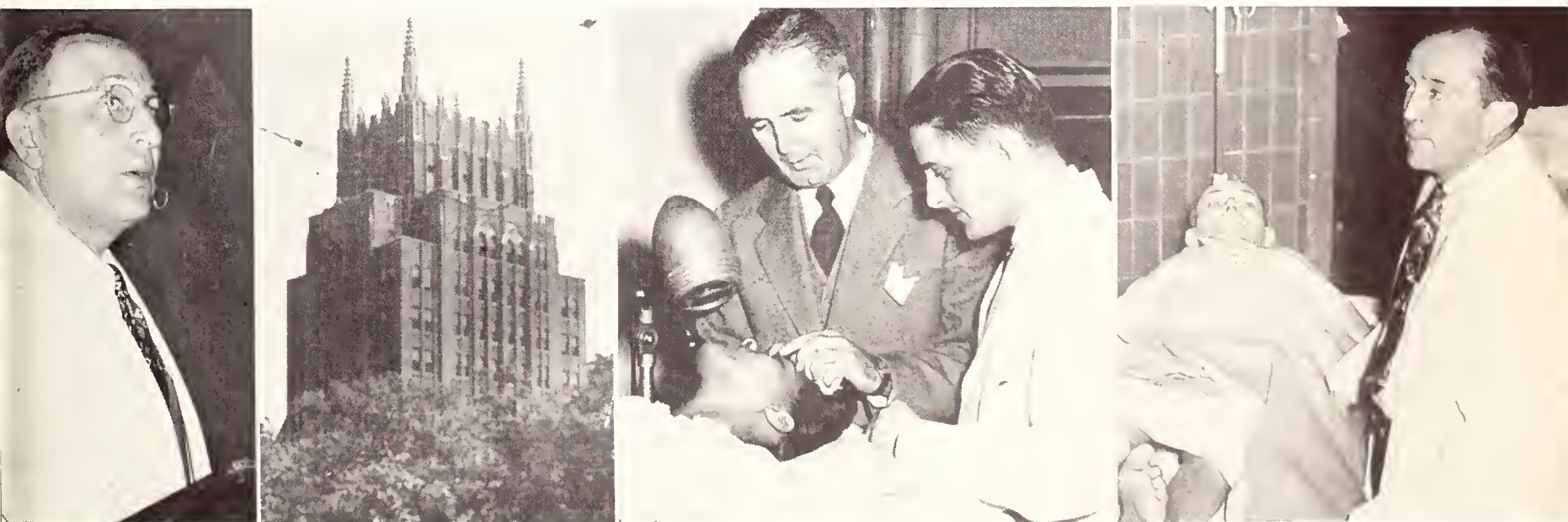
Dr. Gibson, the newly-appointed professor of ophthalmology, began his subject at the wrong end, with the most complicated parts of the study of the eye. For weeks we were baffled by light reflexes, attenuation, hemorrhages and exudates. Then came the mid-term exam. After that, Dr. Robin Harley spent an hour explaining the mechanisms by which these changes are produced. In that one hour the course began to make sense. It became interesting and, finally, intelligible in most of its many facets. Had that lecture been given earlier we would have been better able to appreciate ophthalmology and its application to general medicine.

Way back in our freshman year we first ran into Dr. Ed Chamberlain. He had appeared on the scene then with relative regularity. Dr. Chamberlain loves to talk; he is an entertainer, an out and out extrovert. He bounces into the room, grinning expansively, talking from the instant his foot crosses the threshold. A man who will go to almost any lengths to sink a point home, he once took off his shoes and stood on the table to show us his arches. That was during a discussion of flat feet. "Flat feet are normal," he said. "African natives all have flat feet, and they don't wear shoes, either." At the end of the hour, he pulled up his trouser legs to demonstrate something other than garters; it was at this point that Dr. Nelson appeared on the scene. It was a time well chosen, for both Dr. Nelson and Dr. Chamberlain have a penchant for saying "just a few more words" at five after the hour.

Near the end of the term, Dr. Willson stepped down in favor of Dr. Isadore Forman and gynecology. Again we reviewed the functions of female sex hormones, lucidly this time. Dr. Forman chatted informally about the ills of womankind, "a creature with constipation and backache." Later, Dr. Beecham took over to tell us about cancers and tumors. "Beech's" lectures were full of laughs, varying from the chuckle to the belly varieties. These two men, for all the

*Left: Dr. Louis Tuft . . . all is not asthma that wheezes.
Right: Episcopal Hospital.*

*Left: Dr. Glen G. Gibson, Professor of Ophthalmology . . .
ophthalmology, queen of the specialties.
Right: Dr. John Royal Moore, Professor of Orthopedics
. . . we listened in the dark.*



amusement they provided us, did nothing to shake our belief that OB-Gyn was the best-organized, the best-taught course offered us during our first clinical year.

We had other courses during our junior year; there were twenty-seven, altogether. "Uncle Matt," Dr. Ersner, gave us a brief peek into otorhinology and "injected his pubsonality" into the already confused hours. The Jackson department spoke too briefly on their work, and we took fliers at industrial and legal medicine. Dr. Baker again was stuck with one of the most ungodly of all subjects . . . medical statistics. Maybe some day he'll be given a course that can do justice to him.

And spring came smokily to Philadelphia. The finals schedule was posted, and we wondered fretfully how we were going to study for fourteen exams in nine days; by the ninth day we didn't particularly care. With the writing of the last exam the class broke up, some went to Dave's, some to the movies, some to hit the sack or the road home. The junior year was over.

Bottom, left: Dr. Abraham J. Cohen . . . no less than *five* negative sputa!

Bottom, center: Mrs. Robinson, Dietician . . . the food was tempting, at four p.m.!

Bottom, right: Dr. Aegerter at PGH . . . made it appear so simple.

Right, bottom: Outside Erny . . . the sun was bright.

Right, center: Dr. Curtiss B. Hickox, Professor of Anesthesiology . . . puts them to sleep.

Right, top: Dr. Clayton T. Beecham . . . after you catch the streetcar you stop running.





SENIOR YEAR



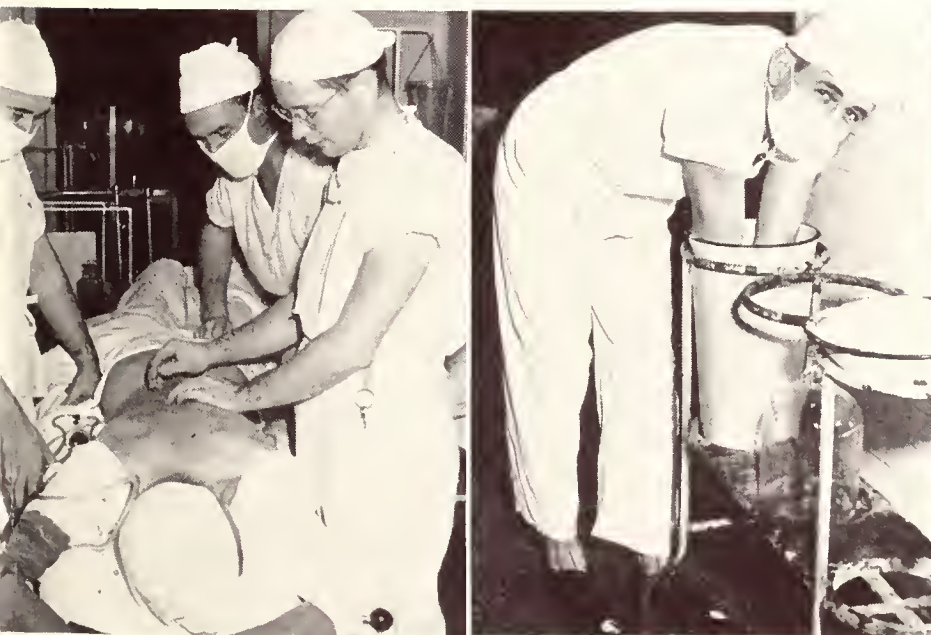
TO the average citizen as well as to the new senior student, whose naive idealism isn't much different from the layman's, the surgeon represents the epitome of medical achievement. He embodies all the diagnostic skill, the quick and certain decisiveness of any practitioner, plus the technical ability and element of drama that are singular to his specialty. It is no wonder, then, that the senior student veritably is bursting with enthusiasm when he begins his section on surgery. Here is the opportunity to study this fascinating field, which heretofore was something out of a blue-covered book: to see it in practice, to study and to learn management and procedures under one of the finest staffs in the nation. He quickly learned to like the sub-specialties during his interesting hours in outpatient clinics—orthopedics, x-ray, gynecology, urology, and so on. He then is somewhat stopped by a pleasing sort of service, affectionately known as, "The merry-go-round." Here, each morning, the would-be surgeon is greeted by the admitting clerk who wears a bright and cheery snarl and assigns the blood counts for the day. Thus, for two weeks, he dashes about the wards for another drop of blood and back to student lab, where fascinating blood counts and urinalyses are done—over and over. Still, these are necessary, and the student gains consolation from his fellows, who complain vehemently

about their same boat; so he isn't too unhappy although he feels he learns nothing on this service beyond the few gems dropped occasionally on the infrequent ward rounds.

Service on Babcock Ward is indeed intriguing. Here, the greeting comes from the head nurse who brightly says, "Get out of the office." The still-eager student grabs a couple of charts to memorize blood counts on the 5th, 10th, and 31st, and serum chlorides on the even days of the last two months so he can appear intelligent by spouting those memorable facts on rounds. "Put those . . . charts back!" he is told. "You will not sit on the men's porch." Or, "You will not leave the ward." And, later, "You will sit on the porch in *this* chair." It is a morale-bending blow at first, but, after a while, the student learns that the hand cracking the whip isn't so terrible as it appeared early in his stay. On the ward, the smaller glows of this stellar surgical staff, especially Dr. Hall, prove most helpful in trying to teach the student a point or two. The bright stars shine somewhere, but their light rarely penetrates the portals of Babcock Ward when a student is present.

Accident Dispensary service, shackled as it is, gives the student a feeling of being able to do a little, which again fires his enthusiasm. The all-too-brief sessions with Dr. Shuman make this newcomer to Temple extremely popular with the

*Left: Del Toro watches for the level of anesthesia.
Right: Effinger . . . now, how do I get out?*



*Left: Church reviews a case with Dr. Hines.
Right: Freeman takes a history.*



senior class, for he likes to see students learn.

Finally, comes that hallowed day when the student goes on surgical assist. He doesn't expect to do much as he doesn't know how, but he wants to learn. For this his enthusiasm knows no bounds. He will see procedures, learn operating room technique from the masters, and see pathology in its most informative state. It is no small wonder that his eagerness gives him an almost parkinsonian gait as he approaches the operating pavilion. If his disillusionment isn't complete by the time he has one foot through the door, it certainly is by the time both are in. The only persons who don't go out of their way to walk up and down the sorry student's frame are the boys who mop the floor. The only thing that keeps *them* from swatting these miserable, stupid beings with a wet mop is pity gained from years of observing the downtrodden lot of the student. Again, he learns to appreciate the sub-specialists typified by Dr. Willson, who, in his patient manner will ask, "Doctor, do you understand what we are doing here, and why?" Then he will proceed to show what he means. Or Dr. Beecham's, "Do you see the pathology, doctor, and what must be avoided?" Even the volatile Dr. Bacon will push his first nine assistants aside to allow the student to palpate a mitotic lymph node.

In the general surgical rooms, instruction is

slightly different. The classic pearl of teaching is, "Sonny boy, you come down here by the feet, out of the way." The next gem of instruction is an atomic, "Goddammit, you're contaminated!" The student is so far out of things that, almost of necessity, his attention shifts to speculating on what the nurse looks like under her mask. The green student obviously is expected to pull a few boners, but these are corrected with all the tender patience of a loving father—as he strangles the serpent that has just killed his only child.

So, comes the dusk of evening; the crestfallen, beaten, and discouraged student drags his stooped form into the dressing room. He wonders if he has remembered to get his anesthesia time card signed often enough so someone won't scream negligence to the dean, and bring down all sorts of temporal and eternal punishment. Other times, he just wonders . . .

Senior year pediatrics introduced us to the diminutive patient. There were, of course, the inevitable morning quiz sections conducted by various members of the department. Usually, the oral quizzing was preceded by a five-minute written; a vitriolic Dr. Kendall confounded us once by requesting a discussion of congenital toxoplasmosis.

We toured Philadelphia for our pediatrics work. At Munic, while we raced down the long

*Left: Dr. MacCrae examines a lesion with Clayburgh.
Right: Dr. Sonntag performs a slit-lamp examination.*



*Left: Fraatz watches Dr. Whitney change a dressing.
Right: Dr. Caswell discusses a diagnosis with Foreman.*



drafty corridors in pursuit of Dr. LaBocchetta, we wore flapping and faded blue nightgown affairs that supposedly protected us from leprosy and chicken pox and laryngeal diphtheria.

St. Christopher's outpatient department taught us that the examiner's calculated agility can often compensate for the patient's erratic bladder. It was pleasant on OPD; we never felt rushed, though there were always sufficient ailing children to keep us busy.

Ward work at St. Christopher's was a little trying. Dr. Richardson, the chief resident, thoroughly depressed us from the very beginning. She said, in effect, "You are now senior medical students, and as such, have reached one of the pinnacles of your careers. But don't forget—you're *only* students." And to help us remember, she introduced us to the parents, saying, "... and this is Mr. Jones, who is a senior medical student. He is here to learn and wants to ask you lots of questions so he can become a bi-i-i-g doctor!" Small wonder that a parent answered the questions with a "yes" or "no" and finally asked impatiently, "When do I get to talk to the real doctor?"

At Temple we were permitted to see newborn and prematures at close range. The outpatient service, under Dr. Cohn's experienced lead, featured a constant supply of acute URI's. Across the street, on ward service, we were in student

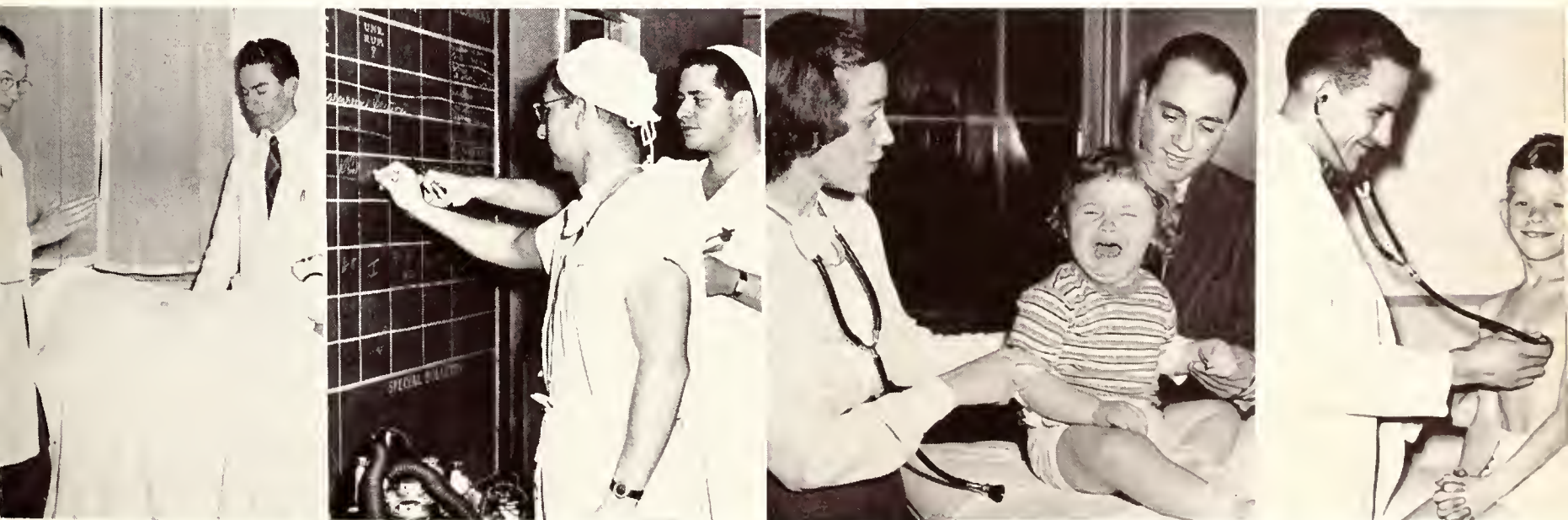
lab much of the time—a necessity which several instructors found difficult to understand. Daily ward conferences conducted by the staff dispensed various pediatric pearls. We also were exposed to the subtle arts of bottle feeding and diaper application. Through it all, there was a schedule of conferences and seminars. The final *critical review of the current literature on some pediatric problem* served to introduce many of us to the library (the Minotaur finally had been deposed), and to the Cumulative Index Medicus.

Saturday mornings throughout the year presented us with a variety of pediatric miscellany, and the attendance of the class was in direct proportion to the organization of the material presented.

In obstetrics, Dr. Willson and Dr. Bumgardner took turns on morning quizzes; the former emphasized important points and details, while the latter concentrated on more minute inconsequentialities—does anyone know the dose of heroin? Ward sections had been going on since summer, and amounted to a more than full time job. Deliveries, which had seemed so simple from the vantage point of the junior year observations, suddenly became quite complicated. Asepsis plus delivery technique seemed almost impossible at first, but they gradually penetrated. The labor rooms' occupants moved steadily

Left: Dr. Willson . . . doctor, what is this patient's Hb, Rbc, Rh, LMP, PMP, EDC, DC, BP, and weight gain?
Right: Schmidt and Saber chalk up another one.

Left: Williams and Dr. Cucinotta gaining the patient's confidence.
Right: Taylor and patient . . . tel-e-phone!



through the delivery room in the usual fashion, flattered by the attention of so many doctors.

Ward duty included observation and minimal assistance on the occasional cesareans. We palpated uteri full, and uteri empty, and listened to fetal heart tones until our ears ached. It was tough work, especially for the poor soul on duty alone, but it was a worth-while and rewarding work that left us with a feeling of lasting gain.

Gynecology clinic sections were all too short, but they gave us a great deal of practical material. The entire staff cooperated in demonstrating diagnostic points, from pregnancy to CA. Friday afternoons, in projection. "Hobey" amused and amazed us all with his knowledge pathological—modestly referred to as "a hobby, like playing the horses." Weekly Saturday morning conferences by various department members served to refresh us on important points and to bring new ones to our attention. We all agreed that our obstetrics work was one of the (if not *the*) most valuable services of the senior year.

In this, our last year, medicine was divided between outpatient and hospital ward sections. Our stamping grounds for the six weeks of ward work were Temple, Philadelphia General, or Episcopal Hospital. Reactions in the class to the hospital assignments were varied. One third of us were smug; another third were well-satisfied; and the remaining third rationalized, thinking

of all the carfare they would save.

The travail of the Temple wards was always under discussion. Histories and physicals were made up in deciquintuplicate, then repeated for some minor error, or because some resident wanted to appear thorough and exacting in the eyes of his chief. The omnipresent lab work stimulated the seniors to an occasional frenzy; they had to spend so much time over their basement microscopes that they seldom had time to cultivate their patients. Then, there was the constant search for the disappearing residents, who apparently could fade from the wards at will. However, the ward rounds at Temple made up, in great measure, for all the technician's and secretary's work required.

Before New Year's Day, part of us had medicine at Episcopal Hospital under Dr. Manlove. That part of the physical examination, *sine qua non* no examination is complete, was performed so often by the Episcopal section that some of us wondered why at least one five dollar bill had not been unearthed. The patients at Front and Lehigh gave some of us our first dealings with large groups of the chronically unwashed. Noses never quite adapted to the aroma that so often pervaded the receiving ward. After January 1, 1949, Episcopal fell into the hands of the other school, and the Temple section migrated to Philadelphia General Hospital.

Left: Freeman and Gerner on Medical Ward . . . in the student lab.
Right: Dr. Chamberlain in chest conference.



Left: Dr. Silverstein tracks down a neurologic lesion.
Right: Laise administers a deep IM of bismuth.



No matter how good the other sections might have been, the entire class would have been delighted to make the tiresome daily trip to PGH to work under Dr. Tom Durant. It would have been worth it, not only for the excellence of his instruction, but also to observe, to acquire some of his rapport with patients. On his service, the patient is an individual, not merely a case with so many interesting signs and symptoms. Dr. Durant often told us, "Medicine today suffers from hypertrophy of material and atrophy of the spiritual." His manner, his methods, are living proof that gentleness and understanding often do as much for the patient as do our miracle drugs.

Dr. Manlove and Dr. Durant took each group for half the scheduled time at PGH. Dr. Manlove emerged as a man well-versed in both the art and the science of medicine. Under him, the section learned the value of sympathy coupled with the scientific approach.

On the outpatient services we made the rounds of the fourteen medical clinics. Each day we met new patients in the medical clinic, where we treated everything from URI's to behavior problems that had outgrown pediatrics. We learned the ease with which diagnostic problems can be referred to specialists' clinics, where we met the same problems, again. We ran the gamut of the physicians' temperaments, learned to

adapt to them as quickly as possible. In dermatology clinic, we unbared buttock after buttock, to slap and inject so quickly that the patient never even winced.

Tuesday night was cardiology and philosophy night, with an accent. Dr. Hugo Roessler, in the few hours we spent with him, taught us a few of the principles of heart disease; and theorized about stupid seniors who can't think without a "chromium-plated gadget." We enjoyed his hours so much that some of us went back on our own time. Temple students would like to see more of Dr. Roessler.

The senior year was not completely ward and clinical work. Thursday afternoons we had clinicopathological conferences, fill-in problems of medicine—you fill in the diagnosis. One of the professors would lead us through the bizarre symptomatology to arrive at a conclusion with which the pathologists often were forced to disagree—and they always had the last word. We found these hours stimulating, and our only regret is that there were not two, or even three, such sessions each week.

* * *

As our fourth and final year of formal medical training draws toward a close, it is fitting that we put into words some of the deeper-lying thoughts that are ever with us. They are the sort of things we often leave unsaid, but which

*Left: Monteleone, a patient, a watchful mother.
Right: Case discussion, medical service.*

*Left: Ogilvie lines up the armamentarium.
Right: Mrs. Hirst listens to Schwimmer's recommendations.*



exercise a real influence upon us and our associates.

Some are thoughts of gratitude: gratitude for the great privilege of studying medicine, and for the earnest efforts expended by the fine men and women who gave themselves completely to the task of converting college students into professional men and women.

There is pride, too, strong in our hearts. Pride in our school, the Temple University School of Medicine, which has offered us the very best medical training available anywhere. Pride in our profession, in the rich traditions of the healing art which merge with and finally are lost in the shadows obscuring the beginnings of history itself. And, finally, there is that pride we feel in our accomplishment in surviving the discipline that is medical training.

We are humble before the magnitude of the responsibility to come; a humility that counts us as but humans, with human limitations and fallibilities. It also is a humility that bows before the vastness of the field of medical endeavor, lined by the paths of men greater in mind, richer in spirit than we. We humbly recognize the complex beauty of the world that is nature's, the magic phenomena of homeostasis and symbiosis, and the myriad "laws" and "principles" which help us to utilize them.

Last, suppressed and repressed, there is fear. We fear the unknown that lies ahead, the many pitfalls and errors, of commission and of omission. We are fearful that we may be found wanting when the call is made, that the reed might snap instead of bending when the strain be applied. Adding to our alarm, is the impending threat of impotence of our dreams of a free medical practice.

We make resolutions, too; not overtly, perhaps, nor loud enough for our neighbors to hear. But within us are stirrings of resolves befitting the inspiration developed in us during the past four years. Without a specific knowledge of the Hippocratic Law we trace those same thoughts, recorded centuries ago, "Medicine is of all the Arts the most noble; but owing to the ignorance of those who practice it . . ." We resolve to maintain always an inquiring mind, an open mind, one which abhors the dogma of ignorance and clings to the evolutions of a dynamic science. We resolve, and fervently hope, that never shall the most noble of arts be considered less so because of our ignorance. In our daily, critical, contact with the clinical side of our profession, we have brief glimpses of the practice of medicine. We have a growing suspicion that ". . . physicians are many in title but very few in reality." The resolve takes form and we de-

Left: Van DerWerker, Weber, Thiele, and Taylor at St. Christopher's Hospital.

Center: Van DerWerker looks at the pearly grey membrane.

Right: Young does his first jugular tap under the guidance of Miss Grauer and Dr. Cook.



termine to qualify for the smaller group, to preserve and maintain the principles of medical practice as they have been presented to us.

There is a kind of comfort in the conviction that such conduct insures a full future life. The conclusion is not entirely our own, for we anticipate the day, shortly, when we will be privileged to say, *I swear by Apollo the physician, and Aesculapius . . . that . . . according to my ability and judgment . . . I will pass my life and practice my Art . . . While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the art, respected by all men, in all times . . .*



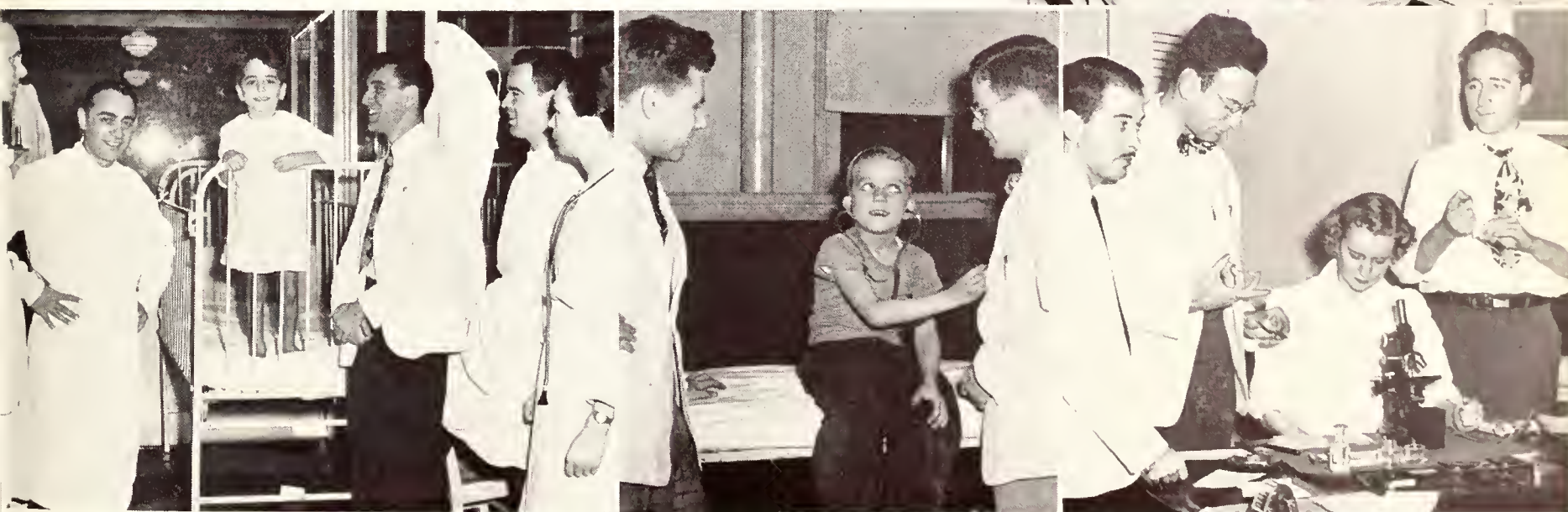
Bottom, left: Dr. Cucinotta, Weiss, Weed, and Wiese on the ward at St. Christopher's Hospital.

Bottom, center: Stechel and Stanton undergo examination.

Bottom, right: Miss Seltzer checks(!) CBC's and UA's for Garcia, Foreman, and Fry in the student lab.

Right, center: Schindel gets the low-down from Dr. Hoberman.

Right, top: Dr. Colm shows Winston how it is done on pediatrics outpatient service.

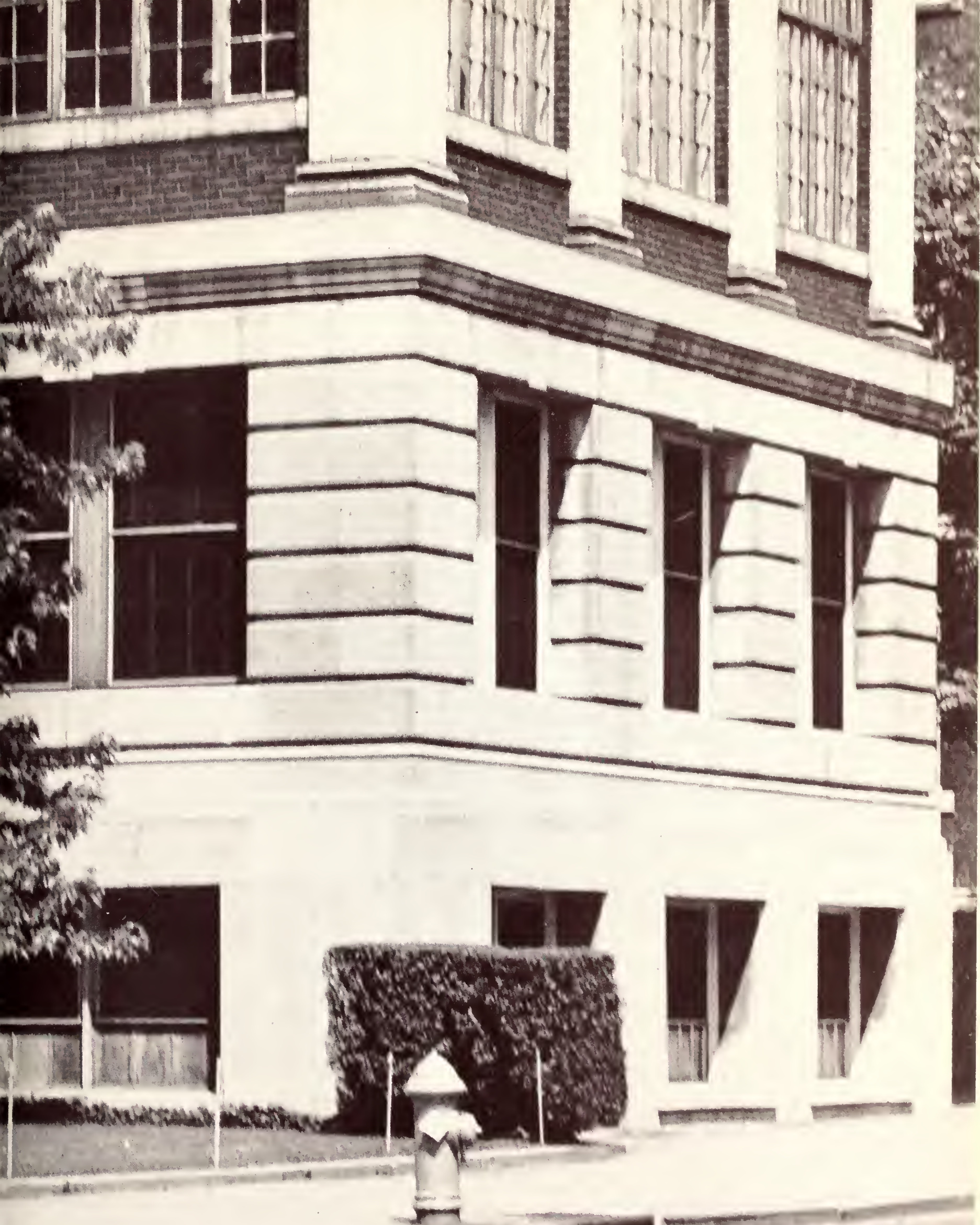




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Chester A. Anderson

Address: 806 5th St. N.W., Minot, North Dakota.

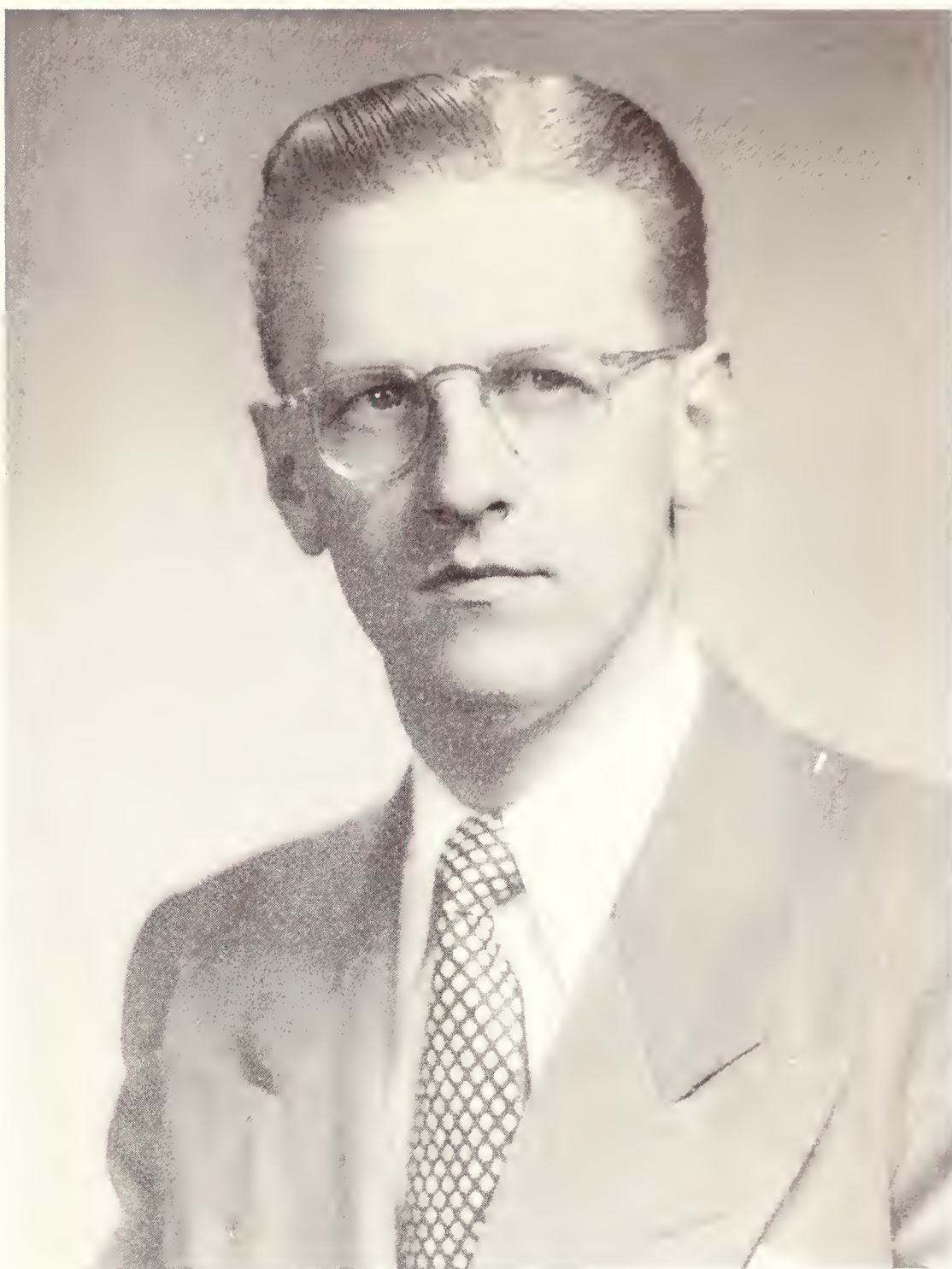
Colleges: North Dakota State College; University of North Dakota. B.S. degree.

Internship: Swedish Hospital, Minneapolis, Minn.

Plans: General Practice.



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William Edward Anderson

Address: 222 Brooks St., Missoula, Montana.
Colleges: Univ. of Notre Dame; Univ. of North Dakota; Montana State University. B.S. degree.
Activities: Phi Beta Pi.
Jr. Internship: Thomas D. Dee Hospital, Ogden, Utah.
Internship: United States Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Maryland.
Plans: General Practice.





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Vernon Benson Astler

Address: 224 Hillcrest Drive, Wyoming, Ohio.

College: Miami University, Oxford, Ohio.

Activities: Phi Chi.

Jr. Internship: Fay's Neurophysical Rehabilitation Clinic, Chestnut Hill; Bethesda Hospital, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Internship: University Hospital, Univ. of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.



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Joe D. Bentz

Address: 1630 W. Market St., York, Penna.
Colleges: College of William and Mary; Temple University.
Activities: Phi Chi; Medical ROTC.
Jr. Internship: Doctors Hospital, Phila., Penna.
Internship: York Hospital, York, Penna.
Plans: General Practice.





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Sidney Bolter

Address: 3136 S. Humboldt Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

Colleges: Univ. of Minnesota; Univ. of Alabama; Johns Hopkins University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon, President.

Internship: University Hospital, University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich.

Plans: Specialization in Psychiatry.



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Robert James Brinning

Address: 442 Washington Ave., Montclair, N. J.

College: Middlebury College, Middlebury, Vermont.
B.A. degree.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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John Edward Burke

Address: State Street. Bangor. Maine.

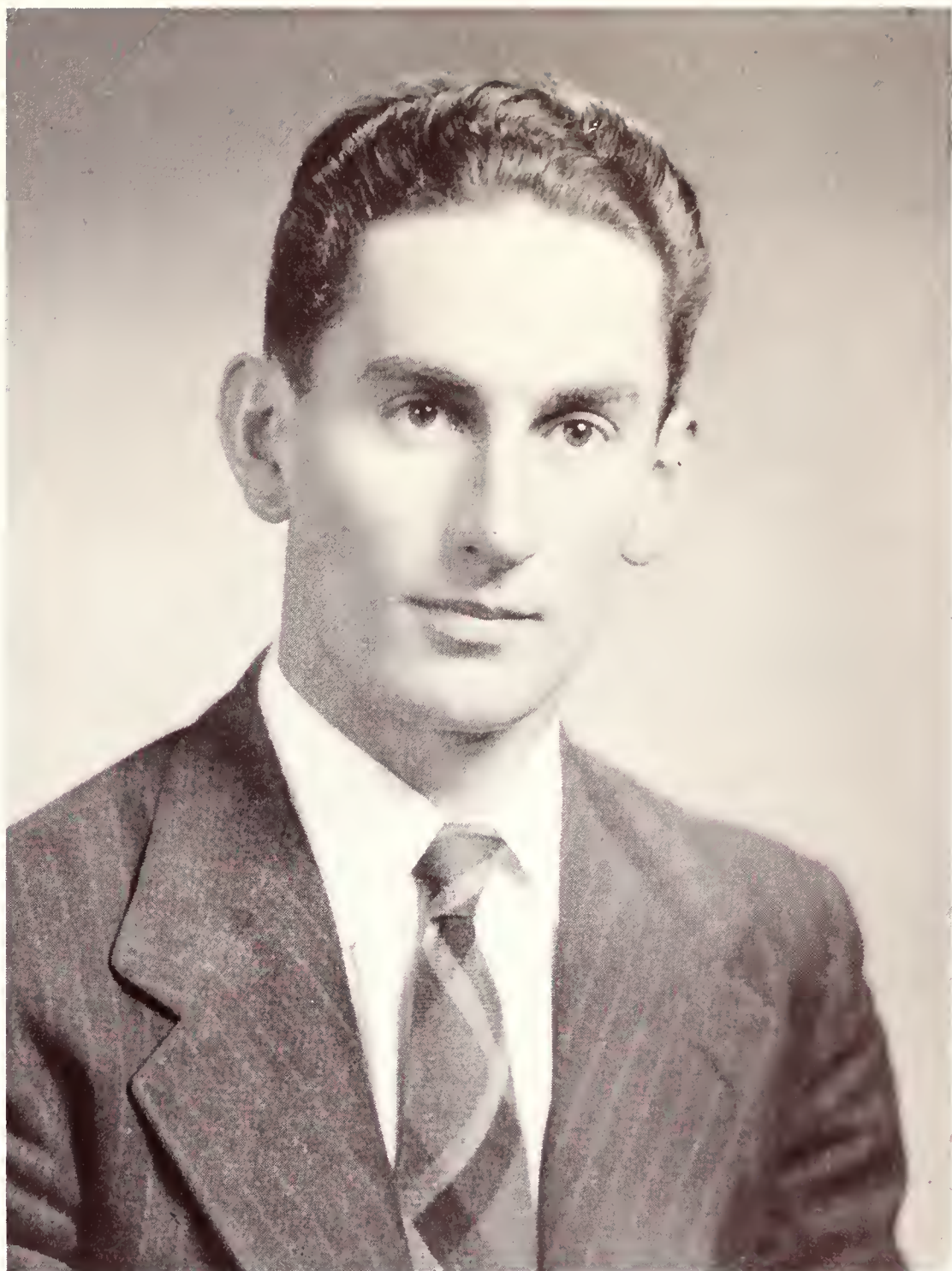
Colleges: Univ. of Maine, B.S. degree; Tufts College Medical School.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: General Practice.



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James Bernard Busi

Address: 257 Jackson, California.

College: Stanford University, Palo Alto, Calif.

Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa; Babcock Surgical Society, President; Interfraternity Council, President.
Jr. Internship: St. Joseph's Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.

Internship: San Francisco Hospital, San Francisco, Calif.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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Donald Caine

Address: 2735 N. 47th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Colleges: Univ. of Wisconsin; Johns Hopkins University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon, Vice Consul.

Jr. Internship: St. Joseph's Hospital, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Internship: Milwaukee County Hospital, Milwaukee, Wisc.

Plans: Internal Medicine or General Practice.



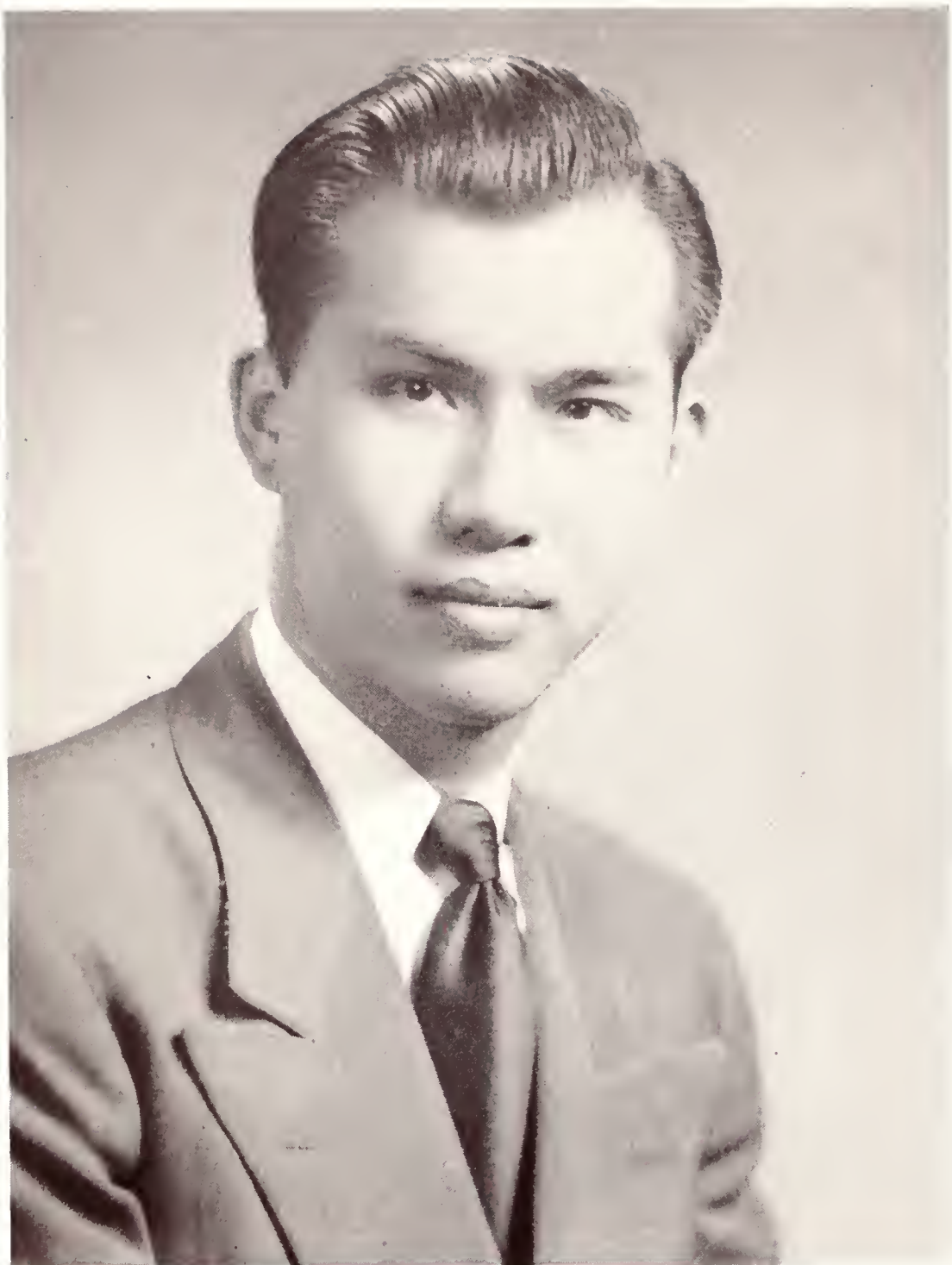
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Nathan Junius Campbell

Address: 3305 N. 17th St., Philadelphia, Penna.
College: Ohio University, Athens, Ohio.
Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa.
Internship: Emanuel Hospital, Portland, Oregon.
Plans: General Practice.





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Clifford K. W. Chock

Address: 1235 Rycroft St., Honolulu, Hawaii.

College: Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma.

Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Penna.



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Marguerite L. Church

Address: 4071 Barbarossa Ave., Miami, Florida.

College: Univ. of Alabama. B.S. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Jr. Internships: Methodist Hospital; Woman's Hospital; Frankford Hospital, Phila., Penna.

Internship: Methodist Hospital, Phila., Penna.

Plans: Undecided.





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Randall Lee Clark

Address: 520 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Penna.

College: Haverford College, Haverford, Penna.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi.

Jr. Internship: Northeastern Hospital.

Internship: Abington Memorial Hospital, Abington, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.



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Bennie James Clayburgh

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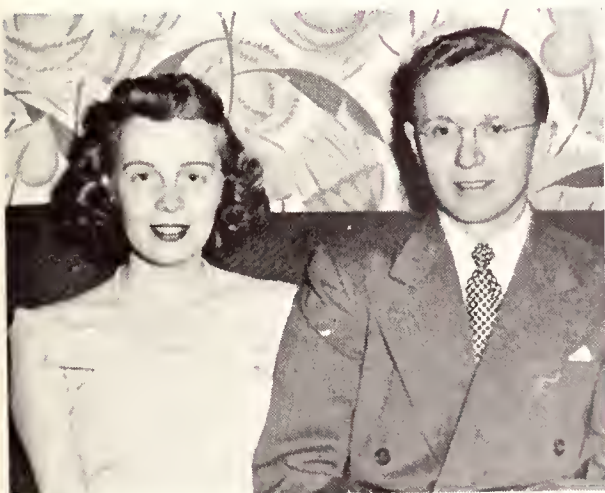
Colleges: Univ. of North Dakota. B.A. degree: Univ. of North Dakota Medical School. B.S. degree.

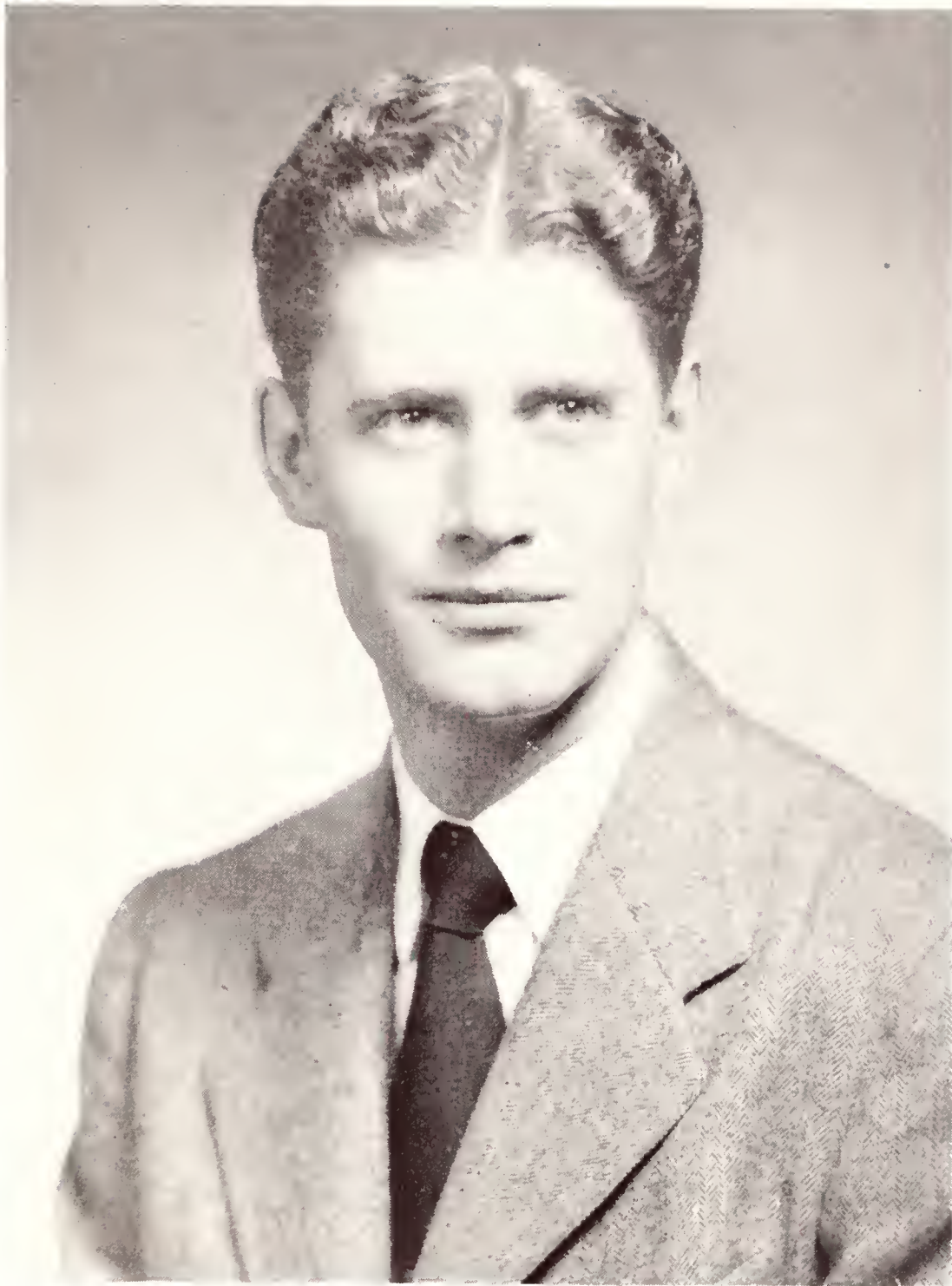
Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Beta Theta Pi.

Jr. Internship: Deaconess Hospital, Grand Forks, North Dakota.

Internship: Ancker General Hospital, St. Paul, Minn.

Plans: General Practice.





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F. Willson Daily

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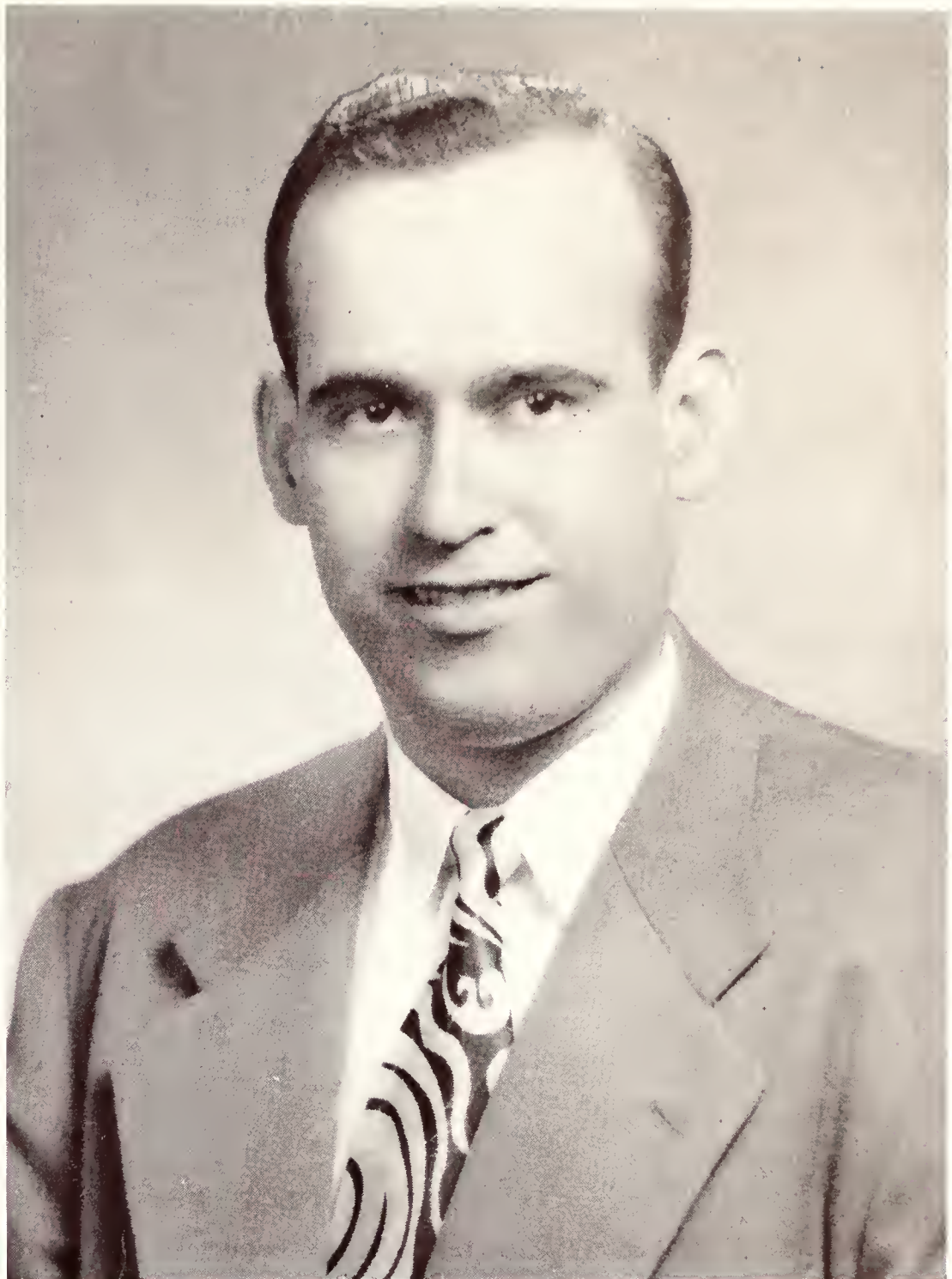
College: Univ. of Vermont. B.A. degree.

Internship: Methodist Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Plans: General Practice.



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Asdrubal R. Del Toro

Address: Cabo Rojo, Puerto Rico.
College: Univ. of Puerto Rico. B.S. degree.
Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society.
Jr. Internship: Kensington Hospital, Phila., Penna.
Internship: Clinical Quirurgica Dr. Pila, Ponce, Puerto Rico.
Plans: General Practice.





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Felipa Diaz-Santini

Address: Rio Grande, Puerto Rico.

College: Univ. of Puerto Rico. B.S. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Internship: Clinica Quirurgica Dr. Pila, Ponce, Puerto Rico.

Plans: General Practice.



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Robert Francis Dillon

Address: 102 Boynton St., Manchester, N. H.
Colleges: Univ. of New Hampshire; Univ. of Maryland.
Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa; Babcock Surgical Society; Treasurer, Senior Class; Medical ROTC.
Internship: Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Plans: Specialization in Pathology.





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Thomas Hudson Eaton

Address: Cleveland, Ohio.

Colleges: Yale University; Univ. of Pennsylvania.

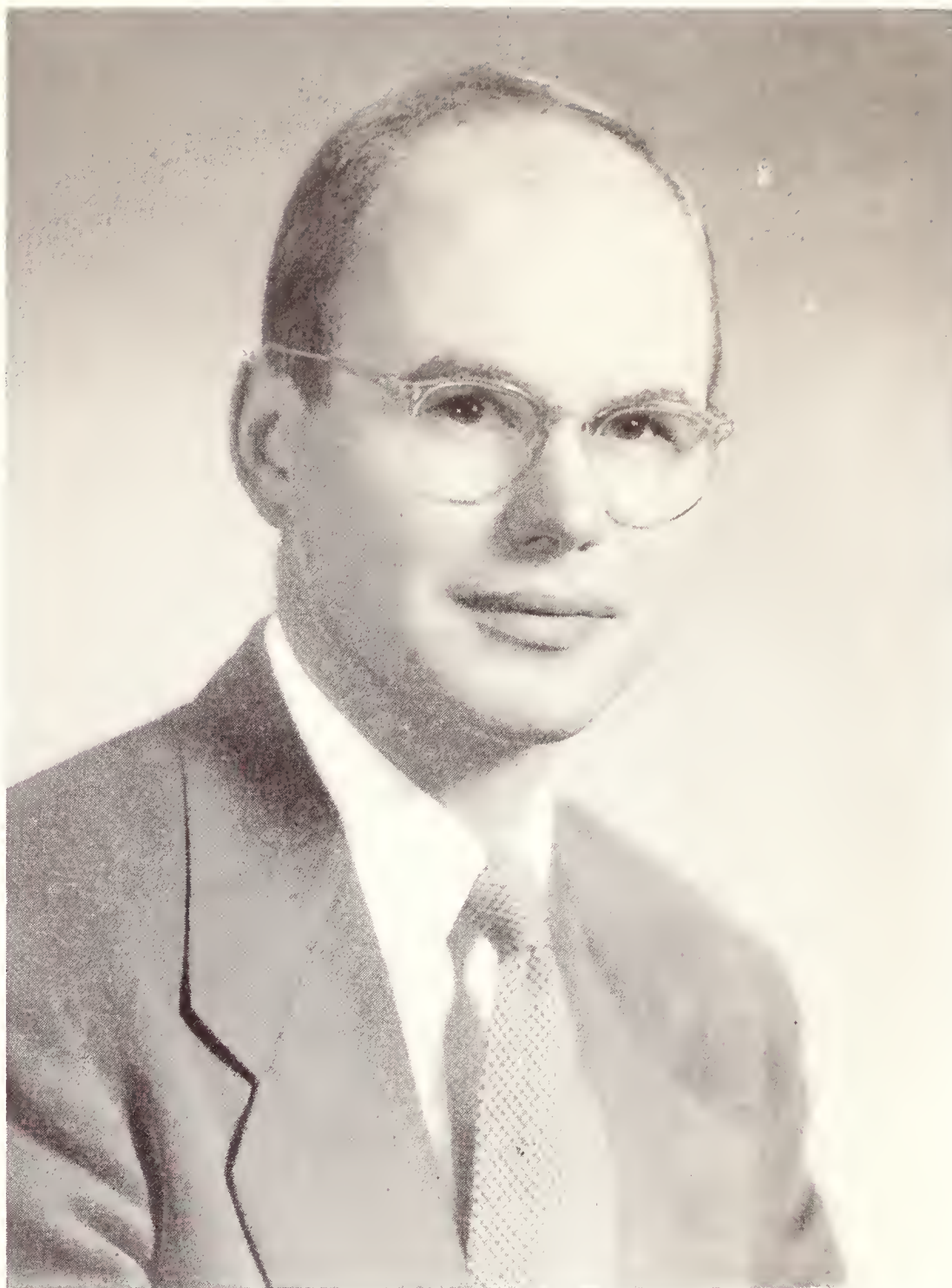
Jr. Internship: Lakewood Hospital, Lakewood, Ohio.

Internship: United States Naval Hospital, Chelsea, Mass.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.



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Howard Jay Eddy, Jr.

Address: 7236 Oglesby Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Colleges: Northwestern University; Yale University.
Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma; Medical ROTC.
Internship: Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine or Obstetrics and Gynecology.





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Gerold J. Eflinger

Address: 430 W. Carey St., Philadelphia 40, Penna.

College: Haverford College, Haverford, Penna.

Activities: Medical ROTC.

Jr. Internship: Doctors Hospital, Phila., Penna.

Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital.

Plans: General Practice.



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William Thomas Ellis

Address: 603 22nd St., N.W., Canton, Ohio.
Colleges: Danbury State Teachers College, Danbury, Conn.; The Citadel, Charleston, S. C.; Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, Md.
Jr. Internship: Aultman Hospital, Canton, Ohio.
Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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Milton M. Evans, Jr.

Address: 746 S. Main St., Taylor, Penna.

College: Univ. of Scranton, Scranton, Penna. B.S. degree.

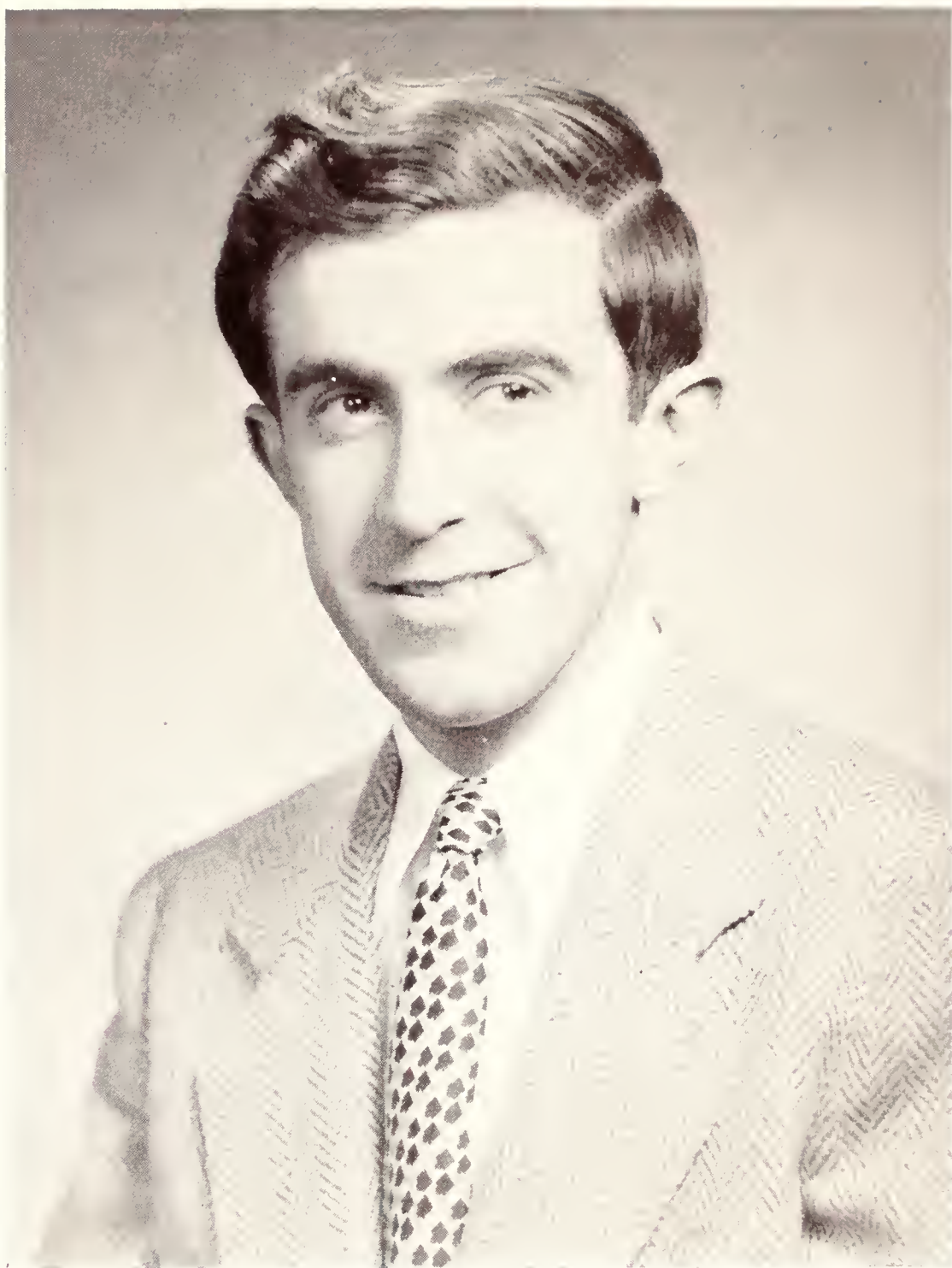
Activities: Babcock Surgical Society.

Jr. Internship: Moses Taylor Hospital, Scranton, Penna.

Internship: Moses Taylor Hospital, Scranton, Penna.



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Joseph Louis Feingold

Address: 1713 Providence Ave., Chester, Penna.

College: Temple University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.

Jr. Internship: Chester Hospital, Chester, Penna.

Internship: Chester Hospital, Chester, Penna.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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Jane Collins Foreacre

Address: 717 Madison St., Chester, Penna.

College: Beaver College. B.A. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Internship: Chester Hospital, Chester, Penna.



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Joseph Foreman

Address: 1144 W. Venango St., Philadelphia, Penna.

College: Temple University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.

Internship: Mount Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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Myron Forman

Address: 7700 Rugby St., Philadelphia, Penna.
Colleges: Univ. of Pennsylvania. B.A. degree; Randolph-Macon College; Temple University.
Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.
Internship: Jewish Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.
Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.



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Donald B. Fraatz

Address: Route 1, Box 232, La Porte, Indiana.
Colleges: Virginia Polytechnic Institute; University of Maryland.
Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa; Babcock Surgical Society; Medical ROTC.
Jr. Internship: Valley Forge General Hospital; Polk State Hospital.
Internship: Williamsport Hospital, Williamsport, Penn.





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Robert F. R. Freeman

Address: Highland Park, N. J.

College: Rutgers University. B.S. degree.

Internship: Muhlenberg Hospital, Plainfield, N. J.

Plans: General Practice.



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Robert P. Fry

Address: 230 Spring St., Naperville, Ill.

College: Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society; Medical ROTC.

Jr. Internship: Taylor Hospital, Ridley Park, Penna.

Internship: The California Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.





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Alberto J. Garcia-Zamora

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Colleges: Univ. of Puerto Rico; Univ. of Maryland.
B.S. degree.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Medical ROTC.

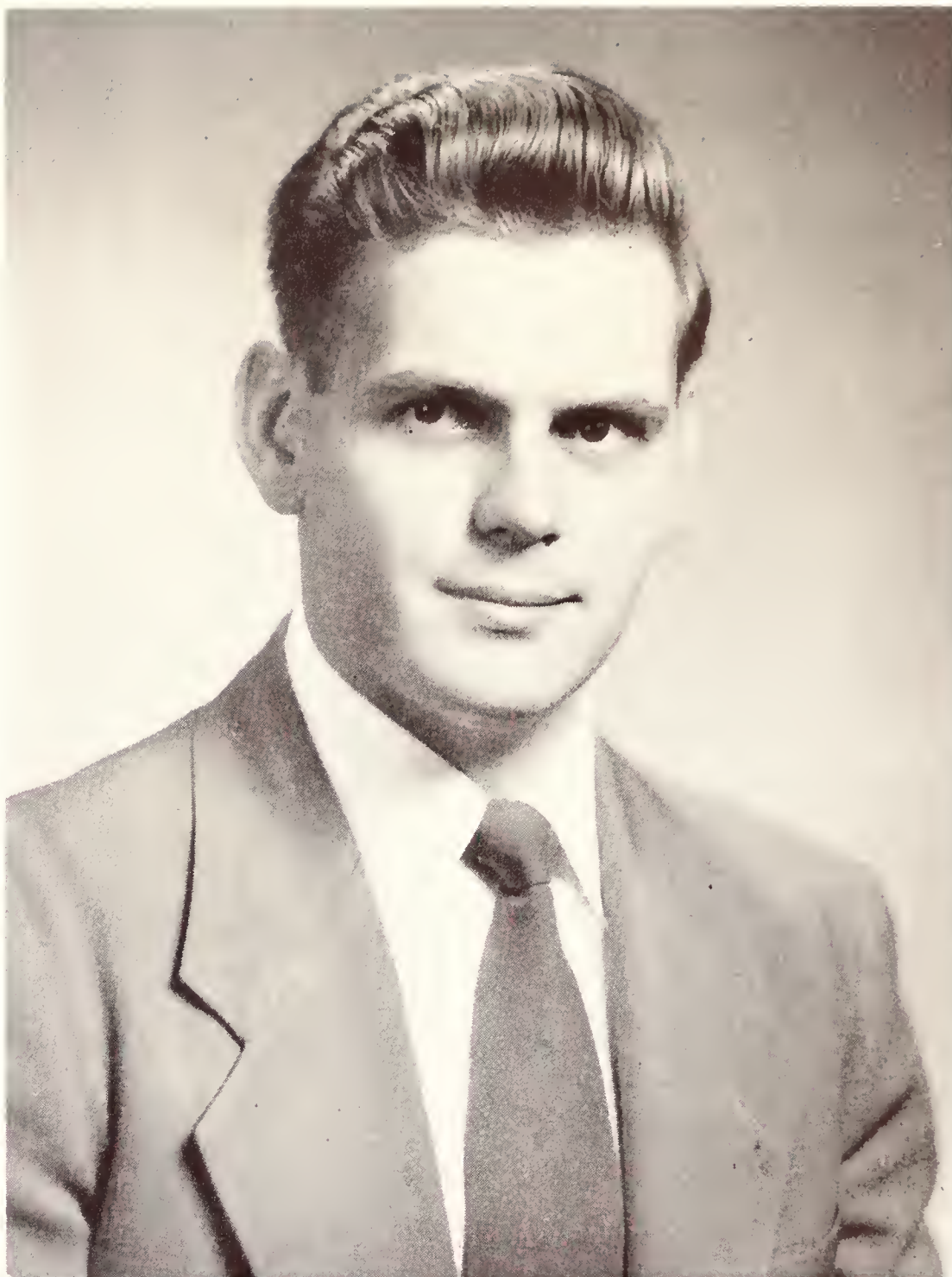
Jr. Internship: Kensington Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Internship: Kensington Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.



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Ross M. Gerner

Address: 303 E. Washington St., Slatington, Penna.
College: Muhlenberg College.
Activities: Phi Beta Pi, Secretary.
Internship: Sacred Heart Hospital, Allentown, Penna.
Plans: General Practice.





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Robert Sherman Graham

Address: 345 19th Ave., Columbus, Ohio.

Colleges: Mars Hill College; Ohio State University.
B.A. degree; Wake Forest College.

Activities: Phi Rho Sigma, Vice-President, President.

Jr. Internships: Columbia Hospital, Columbia, S. C.;
Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Internship: Columbia Hospital, Columbia, S. C.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.



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Floyd L. Harris

Address: 4767 W. End Ave., Merchantville, N. J.

Colleges: Bucknell University; New York Medical College.

Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa; Medical ROTC.

Jr. Internship: Taylor Hospital, Ridley Park, Penna.

Internship: Portsmouth Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.

Plans: General Practice.





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Warren Elliott Hawes

Address: El Cajon, California.

College: San Diego State College. B.A. degree.

Jr. Internship: Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.

Internship: San Diego County Hospital, Calif.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.



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Alford Rockefeller Hazzard

Address: 2601 Parkway, Philadelphia 30, Penna.

College: Johns Hopkins University.

Activities: Medical ROTC.

Internship: Brooke General Hospital, San Antonio, Texas.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.





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Donald D. Hillan

Address: Wentworth, South Dakota.

College: Univ. of South Dakota. B.A. and B.S. degrees.

Activities: Phi Chi; Associate Editor 1949 SKULL.

Jr. Internship: Madison Community Hospital, Madison, S. D.

Internship: St. Joseph's Hospital, Milwaukee, Wisc.



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William E. Hooper

Address: 15 E. Westwood Park Drive, Havertown, Pa.

College: Villanova College. M.S. degree.

Internship: Misericordia Hospital, Philadelphia, Penn.

Plans: General Practice.





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Geraldine Rider Huss

Address: 150 S. Hanover St., Hummelstown, Penna.

College: Lebanon Valley College. B.S. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Jr. Internship: Harrisburg Hospital, Harrisburg, Penn.

Internship: Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, N. Y.



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Olive Marguerite Jack

Address: 1603 F. Street. Napa, California.

College: Univ. of Nebraska. B.S. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota, Secretary, President.

Jr. Internship: Parks Victory Memorial Hospital, Napa, Calif.

Internship: Children's Hospital. San Francisco, Calif.

Plans: General Practice.





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William Robert Jahnke

Address: 852 York Ave., St. Paul, Minnesota.

Colleges: St. Lawrence University; Univ. of North Dakota School of Medicine. B.S. degree.

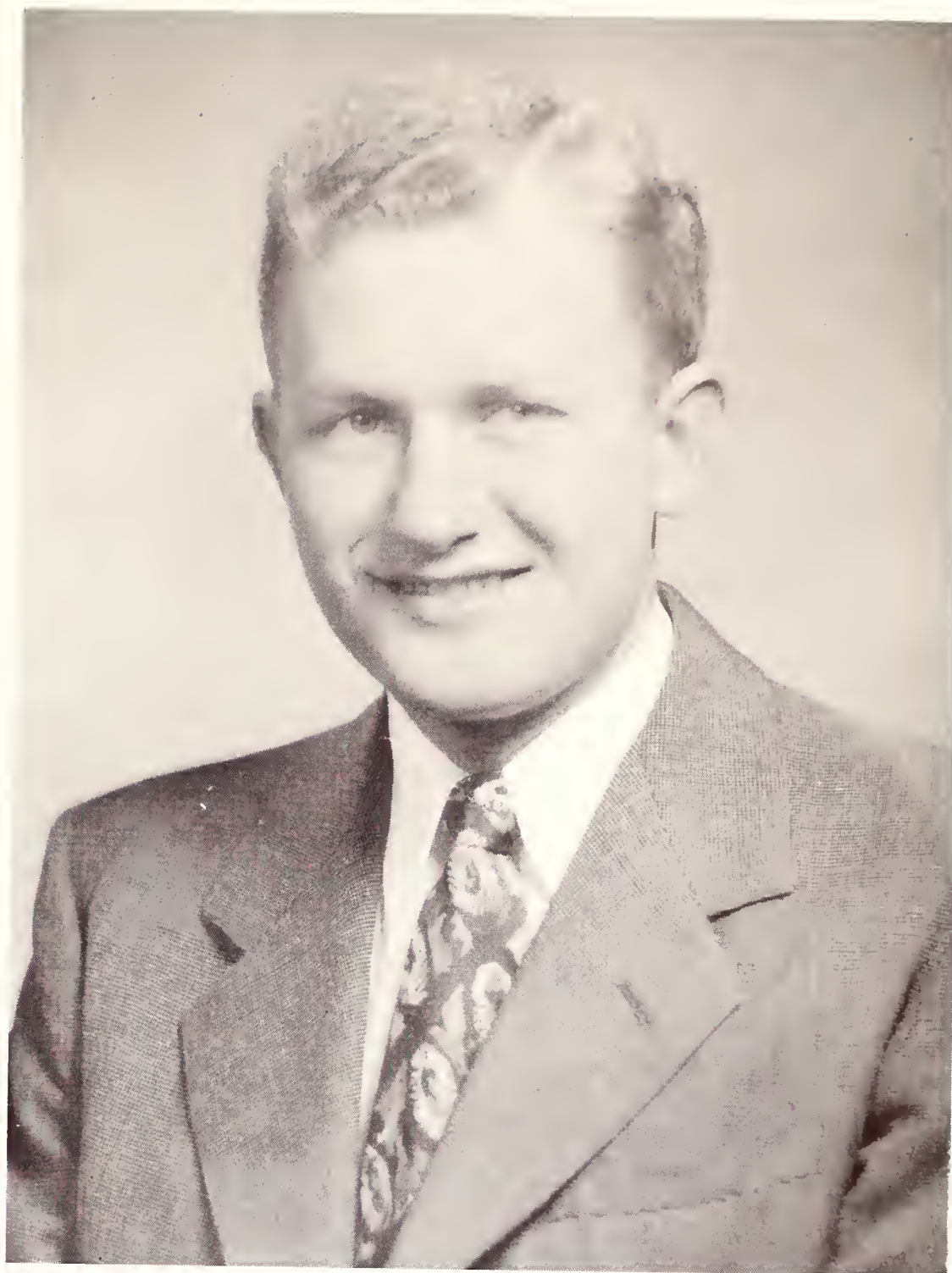
Activities: Phi Beta Pi.

Internship: Bethesda Hospital, St. Paul, Minn.

Plans: General Practice.



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Abraham Kaplan

Address: 231 McLaren St., Red Bank, N. J.
College: Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Penna. B.S. degree.
Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.
Jr. Internship: Kensington Hospital, Philadelphia, Pa.
Internship: Queens General Hospital, N. Y.
Plans: Undecided.





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Lester Karafin

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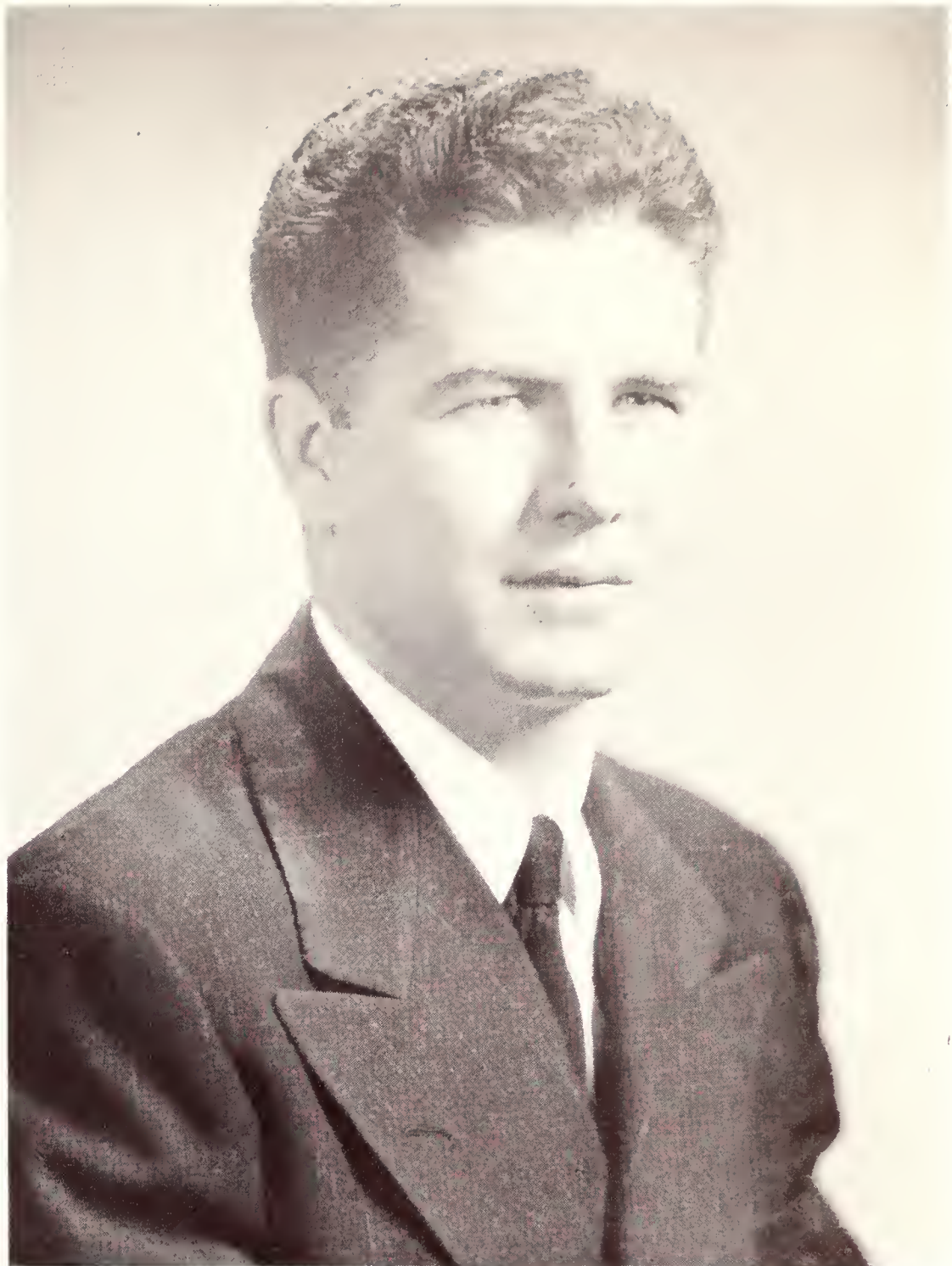
Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon, Scribe.

Interuship: Mount Sinai Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Plans: Specialization in Pediatrics.



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Walter Clyde Kelly, II

Address: St. Petersburg, Florida.

College: Univ. of Florida. B.A. degree.

Activities: Phi Chi; Babcock Surgical Society.

Jr. Internships: Temple University Hospital; North-eastern Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Internship: Duval Medical Center, Florida.

Plans: Undecided.





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Rodney Lee Kirk

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Activities: Phi Chi.

Jr. Internship: York Hospital, York, Penna.

Internship: York Hospital, York, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.



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John Arthur Kirkpatrick, Jr.

Address: 51 N. Broad St., Waynesboro, Penna.

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Activities: Phi Chi, Secretary, President; Babcock Surgical Society; President, Junior and Senior Classes; Business Staff 1949 SKULL.

Jr. Internship: York Hospital, York, Penna.

Internship: York Hospital, York, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.





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Robert J. Lachman

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Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Undecided.



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Johanna Laise Leighton

Address: Route No. 202, New Britain, Bucks County, Penna.

College: Univ. of Pennsylvania, B.S. degree; Jefferson Hospital Training School, R.N.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Interuship: Allentown Hospital.

Plans: General Practice.





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Eugene B. Levin

Address: 927 Belmont Ave., Philadelphia, Penna.

College: Temple University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.

Jr. Internship: Taylor Hospital, Ridley Park, Penna.

Internship: Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Los Angeles, Calif.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine—Cardiology.



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Lillian R. Lord

Address: Fallsington, Penna.
College: Pennsylvania State College.
Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.
Jr. Internships: Woman's Hospital; Frankford Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.
Internship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.
Plans: General Practice.





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Wilmer Bartley Mahon, Jr.

Address: R.F.D. No. 2, Box 284, Aliquippa, Penna.

College: Geneva College.

Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa.

Jr. Internships: Chester Hospital; Polk State Hospital.

Internship: Mercy Hospital, Pittsburgh, Penna.



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Angel M. Mattos-Nieves

Address: Fajardo, Puerto Rico.

Colleges: Polytechnic Institute of Puerto Rico, B.A. degree; Univ. of Puerto Rico; School of Tropical Medicine of Puerto Rico, M.T. degree.

Internship: St. John's Long Island City Hospital, N. Y.

Plans: General Practice.





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Curtis P. McCammon

Address: 323 Petway Ave., Knoxville, Tenn.

Colleges: Harvard University; Univ. of Tennessee;
Georgetown University. B.A. degree.

Activities: Phil Alpha Sigma, Treasurer, President; In-
terfraternity Council; Medical ROTC.



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William H. Middleton, Jr.

Address: 1508 W. Allegheny Ave., Philadelphia, Penn.

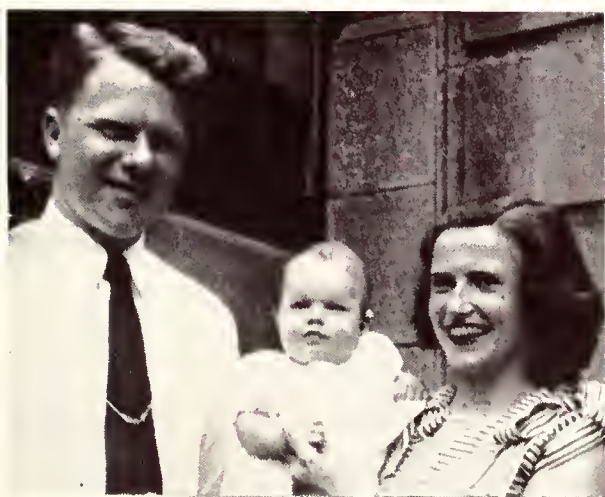
College: Ursinus College. B.S. degree.

Activities: Phi Chi. Vice-President: Interfraternity Council.

Jr. Internship: Northeastern Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Internship: United States Naval Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Plans: General Practice in Pennsylvania.





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Charles F. Miserendino

Address: Philadelphia, Penna.

Colleges: Philadelphia College of Pharmacy and Science; Univ. of Notre Dame.

Internship: United States Naval Hospital, Portsmouth, Va.



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Lyndall Molthan

Address: Wayne, Penna.

College: Pennsylvania State College.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota; Babcock Surgical Society; Business Manager 1949 SKULL.

Jr. Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.





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Melville R. Monte

Address: 2395 Valentine Ave., Bronx 57, N. Y.

College: Georgetown University, Washington, D. C.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma, Secretary; Medical ROTC.

Jr. Internship: Frankford Hospital.

Internship: Hurley Hospital, Flint, Michigan.

Plans: General Practice.



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Virgilio Monteleone, Jr.

Address: 796 Clarence Ave., New York, N. Y.

Colleges: Columbia University; Pennsylvania Military College.

Jr. Internships: Mother Cabrini Hospital; Morrisania City Hospital.

Internship: Morrisania City Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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C. Paul Nay

Address: 1123 Kenwood Ave., Camden, N. J.

College: Muhlenberg College.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Art Editor 1949 SKULL.

Jr. Internship: Northeastern Hospital, Phila., Pa.

Internship: Cooper Hospital, Camden, N. J.

Plans: General Practice.



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James David Nixon

Address: Panama City, Florida.
Colleges: Univ. of Florida; Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Activities: Phi Chi.
Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital.
Plans: General Practice in Panama City, Florida.





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Robert Jerrold Ogilvie

Address: Cristobal, Canal Zone.

Colleges: Harvard University; Univ. of Pittsburgh;
Haverford College, Penna.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society.

Jr. Interuship: Taylor Hospital, Ridley Park, Penna.

Interuship: King's County Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.



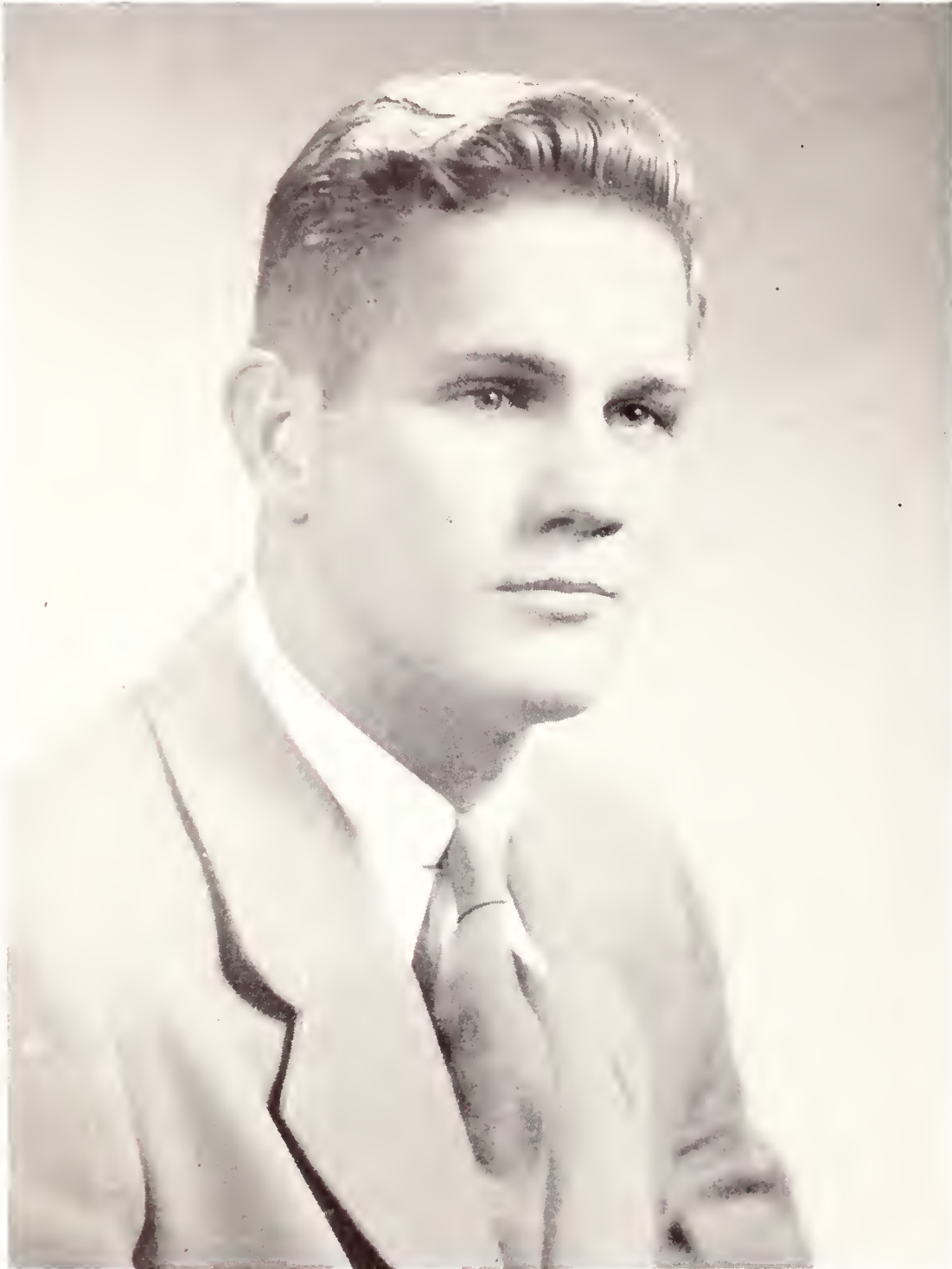
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Jack Marion Osborn

Address: 308 Drake Ave., Centerville, Iowa.
Colleges: Univ. of Iowa; Franklin and Marshall College. B.S. degree; Univ. of Minnesota Medical School.
Activities: Phi Chi.
Internship: United States Naval Hospital, Houston, Texas.
Plans: General Practice.





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William F. Peters, Jr.

Address: 139 Main St., Homer City, Penna.

College: Univ. of Pennsylvania.

Activities: Phi Rho Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society.

Internship: Philadelphia General Hospital.

Plans: General Practice.



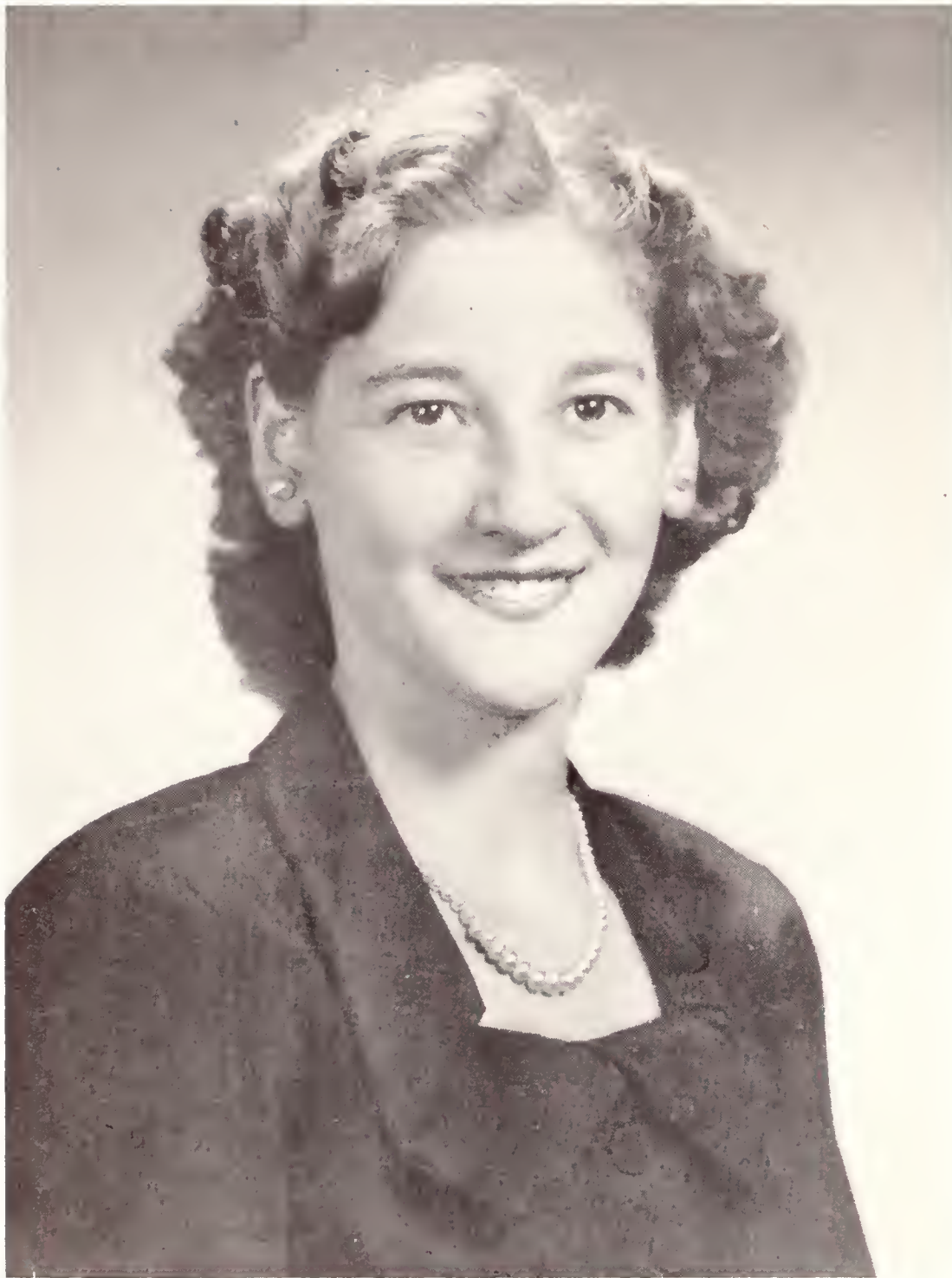
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Rafael R. Ramirez-Weiser

Address: P.O. Box 205, Hato Rey, Puerto Rico.
College: Polytechnic Institute of Puerto Rico.
Internship: Presbyterian Hospital, San Juan, P. R.
Plans: General Practice.





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Flora Lucille Halin Rauer

Address: 1415 Princeton Ave., Phila. 11, Penna.

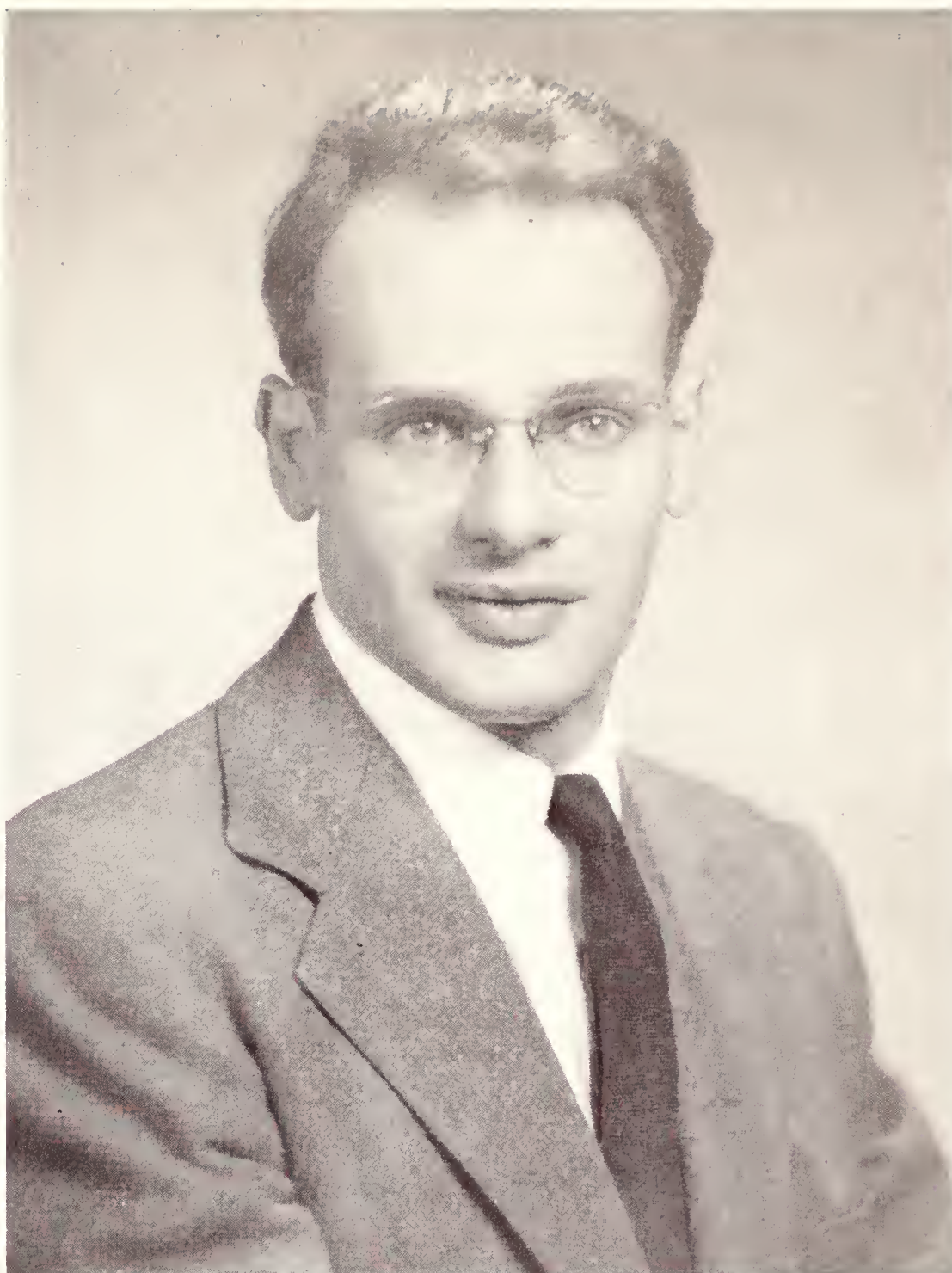
Colleges: Univ. of Pennsylvania; Columbia University.
B.A. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.



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Lester Rice

Address: 7703 West Ave., Elkins Park, Penna.
College: Univ. of Chicago. B.S., M.S., and Ph.D. degrees.
Internship: Michael Reese Hospital, Chicago, Ill.





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Hilton Rodriguez Delgado

Address: Arecibo, Puerto Rico.

College: Univ. of Puerto Rico. B.S. degree.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma.

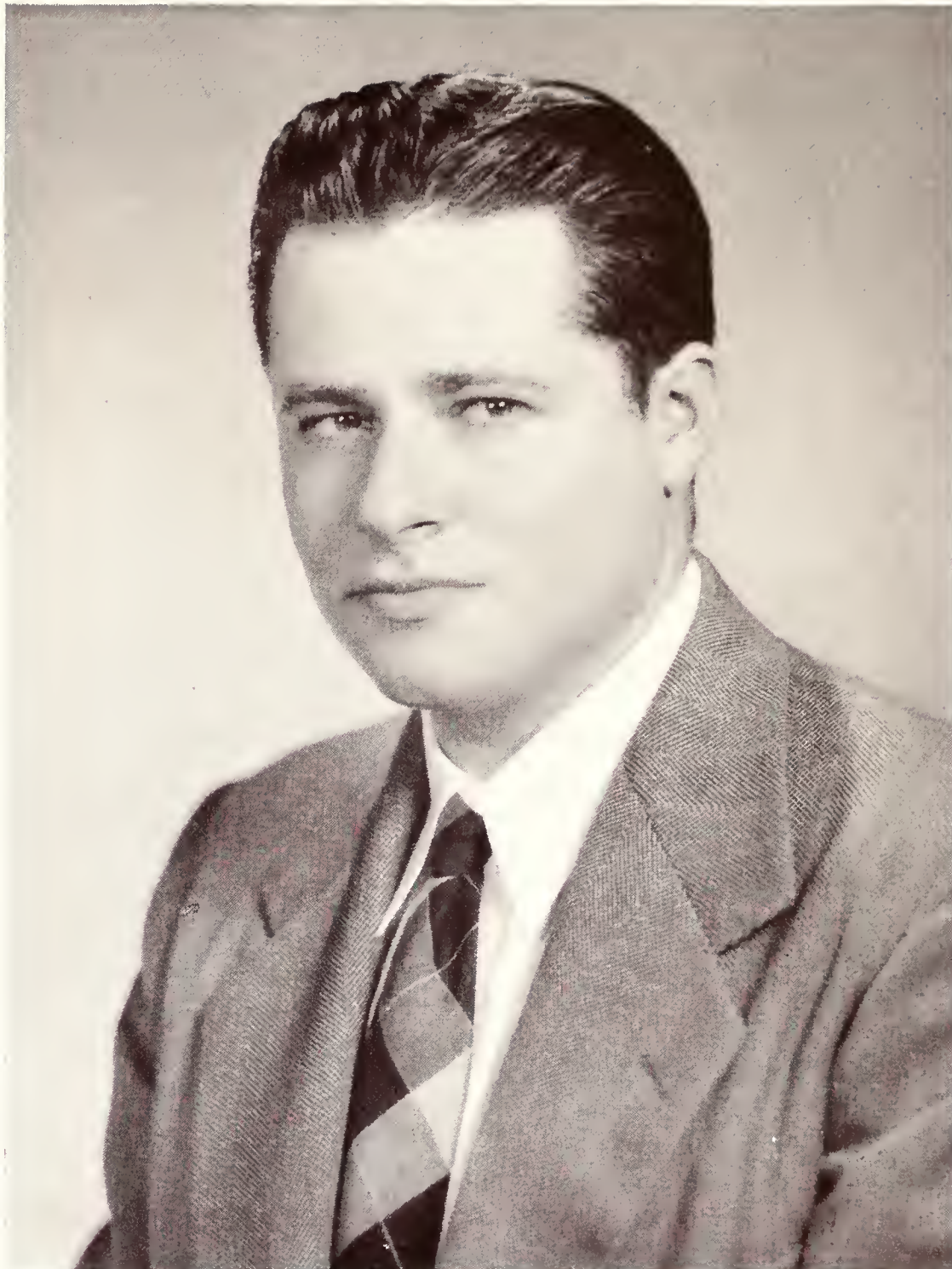
Jr. Internship: Kensington Hospital.

Internship: Jackson Memorial Hospital, Miami, Fla.

Plans: General Practice for four years; Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology later.



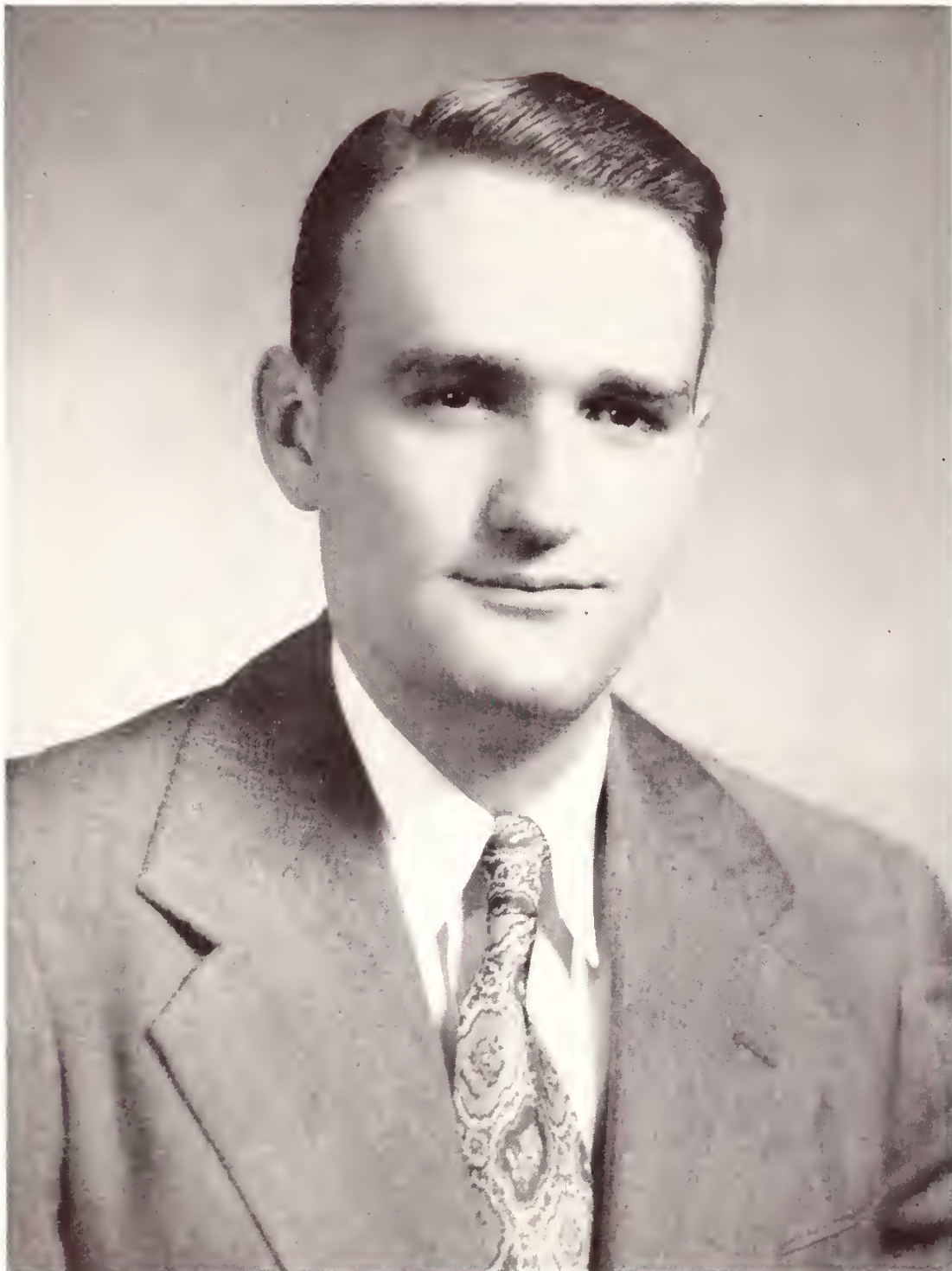
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Eugene Saber

Address: 2346 Marshall St., Phila., Penna.
College: Temple University. B.S. and M.S. degrees.
Jr. Internship: Bridgeton City Hospital, Bridgeton, N. J.
Internship: Hospital of the Good Samaritan, Los Angeles, Calif.
Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.





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Robert Charles Schilling

Address: 58 Baldwin St., New Brunswick, N. J.

Colleges: Harvard University; Princeton University.
B.A. degree.

Activities: Phi Alpha Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society.

Internship: Presbyterian Hospital of Chicago, Ill.

Plans: Specialization in Cardiology.



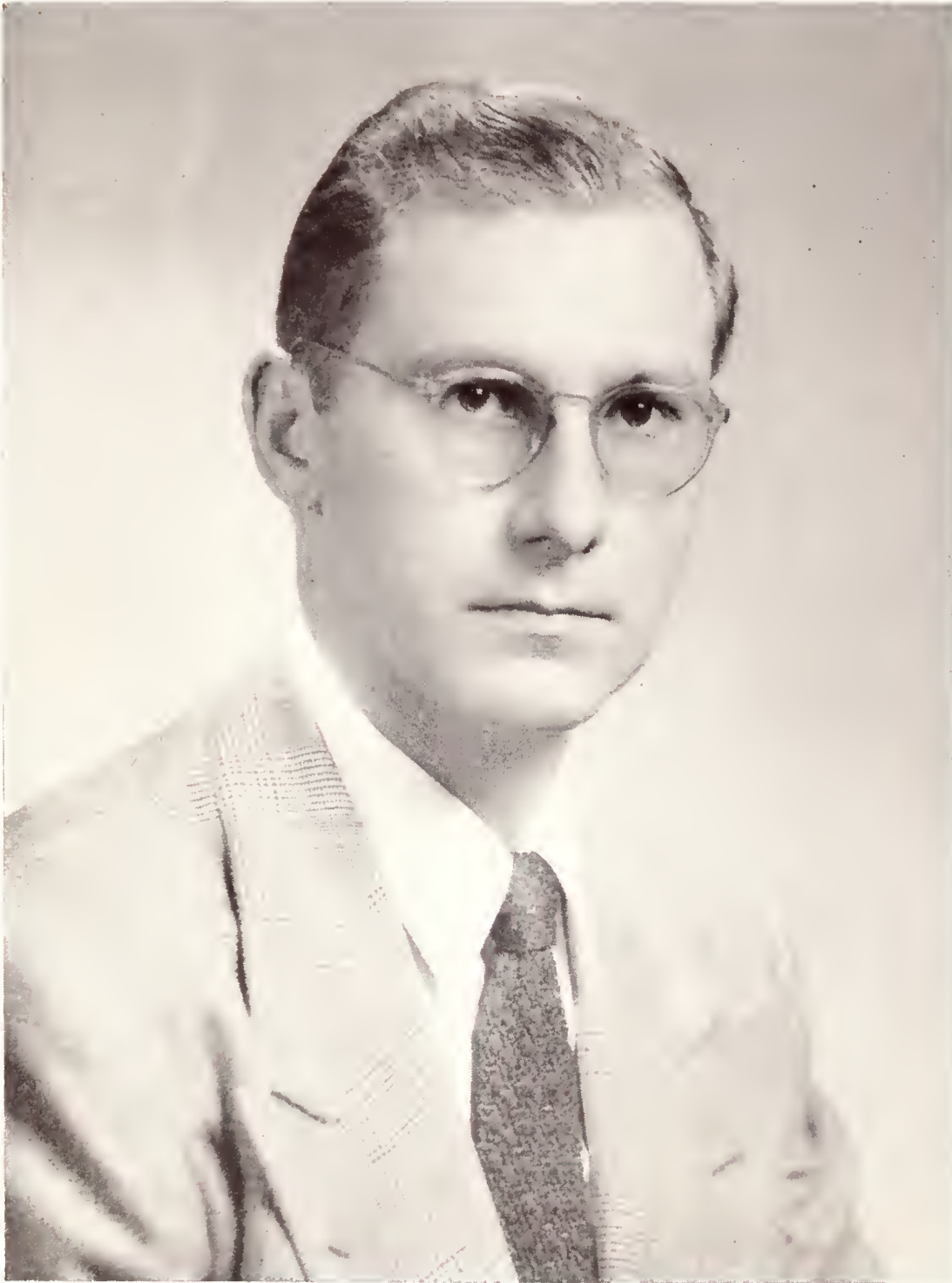
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William Herbert Schindel

Address: 23 E. Irwin Ave., Hagerstown, Md.
Colleges: Washington and Lee University; Lebanon Valley College. B.S. degree.
Activities: Phi Rho Sigma; Literary Editor 1949
 SKULL.
Jr. Internship: Atlantic City Hospital.
Internship: Passavant Memorial Hospital, Chicago, Ill.
Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.





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Robert Bernard Schmidt

Address: 3516 Handman Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Colleges: Univ. of Cincinnati; College of the City of New York.

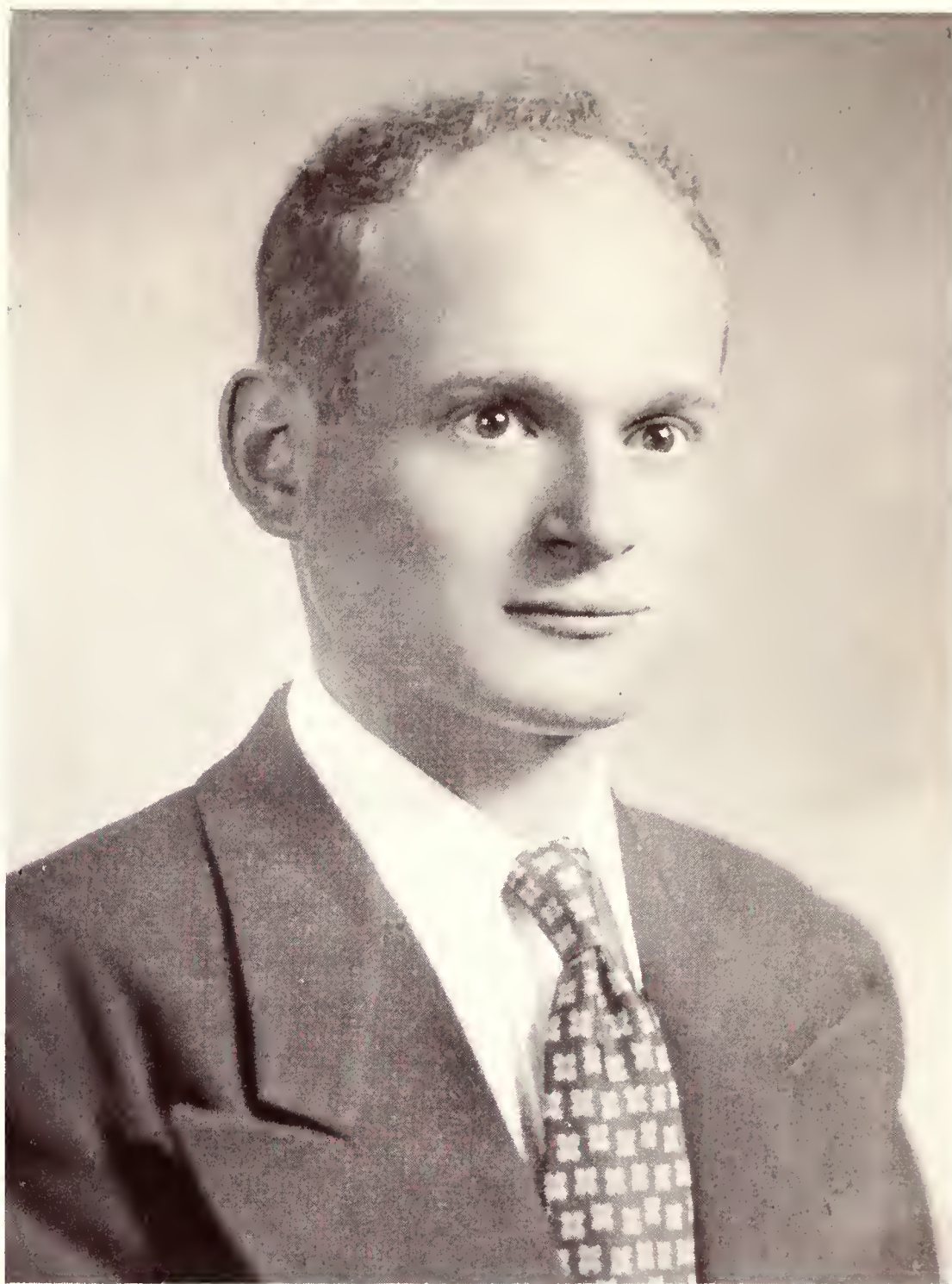
Activities: Medical ROTC.

Internship: Brooke General Hospital. San Antonio, Texas.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.



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Robert Schwimmer

Address: 136 E. 208th St., New York 67, N. Y.

College: College of the City of New York, B.A. degree.

Activities: Medical ROTC.

Jr. Internship: Frankford Hospital.

Internship: New Rochelle Hospital, N. Y.

Plans: Specialization in Internal Medicine.





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James H. Shindel

Address: Route 4, York, Penna.

College: Pennsylvania State College. B.S. degree.

Jr. Internship: Williamsport Hospital, Penna.

Interuship: Williamsport Hospital, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.



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Nancy Jordan Small

Address: 6225 Baynton St., Phila., Penna.

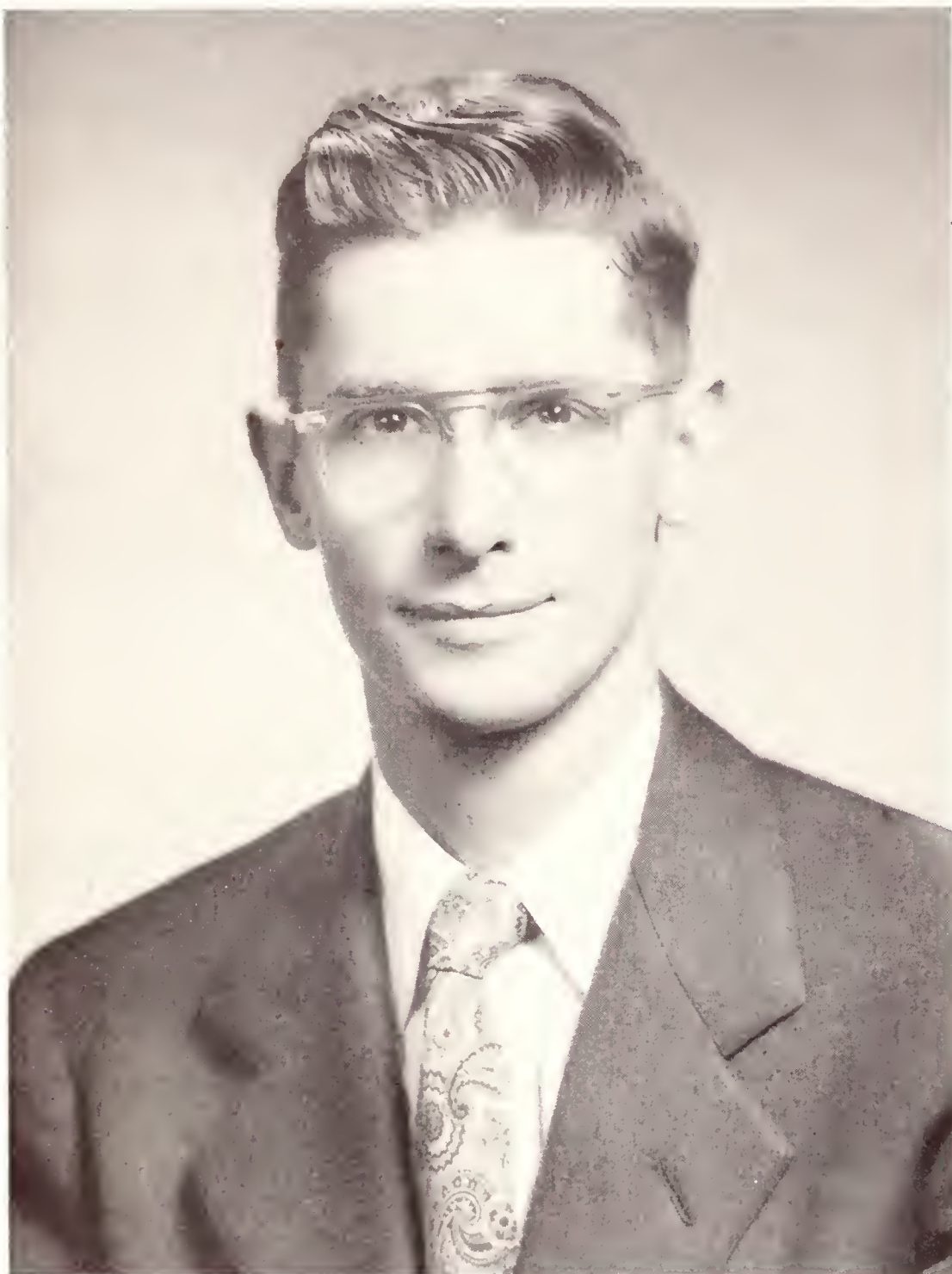
College: Temple University.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Possibly research in Radiology and Radioactive Isotopes.





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Vernon Milan Smith

Address: 609 Lemox St., Baltimore 17, Md.

Colleges: St. John's College, Annapolis, Md.; College of William and Mary; Temple University.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Vice-President Junior Class; Editor-in-Chief 1949 SKULL; Medical ROTC.

Internship: Walter Reed General Hospital, Washington, D. C.

Plans: General Practice for a few years; specialization later.



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Eugene Richard Stanton

Address: 81 Van Cott Ave., Hempstead, L. I., N. Y.

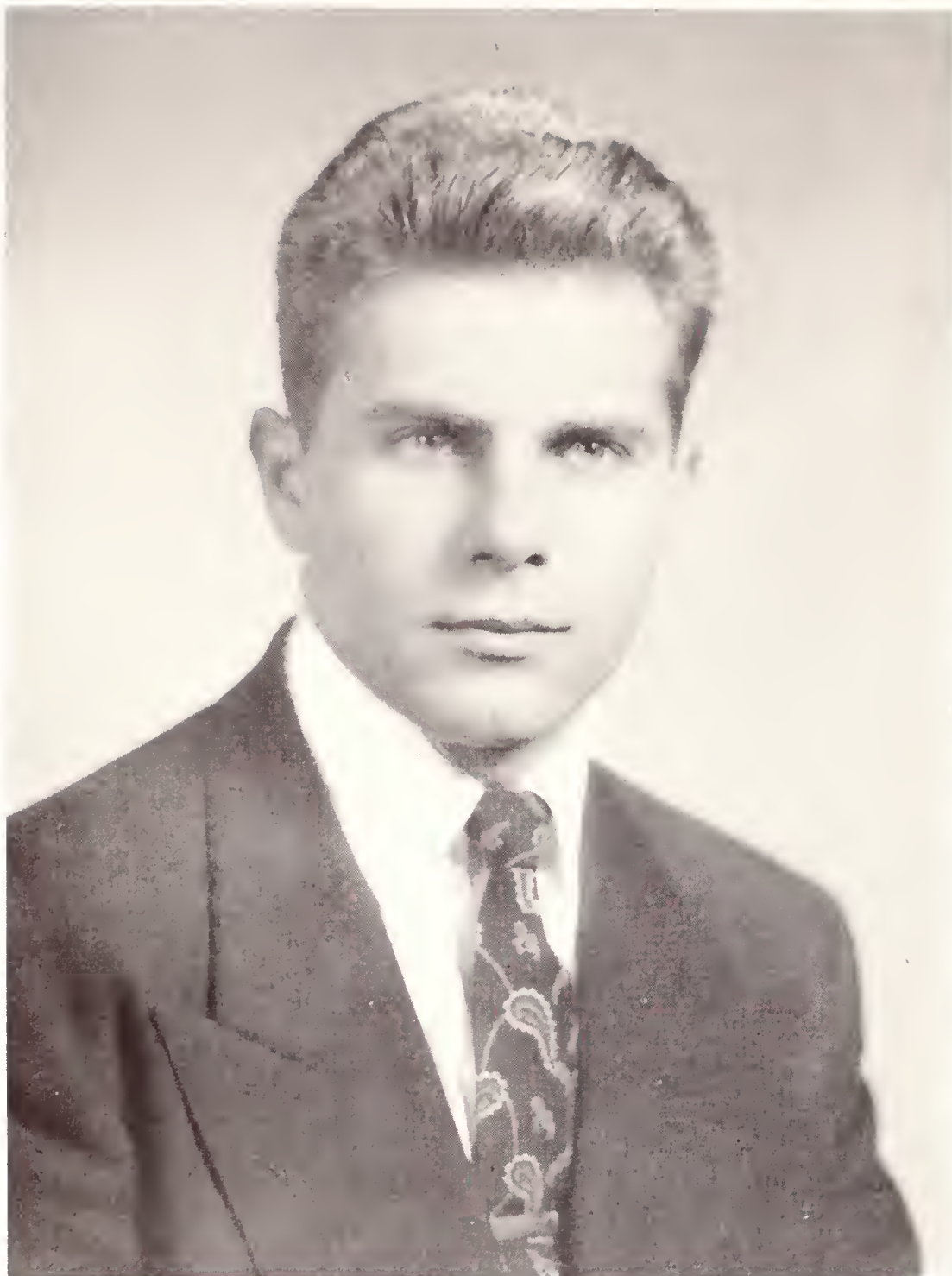
Colleges: Columbia University; Lehigh University; Rutgers University.

Activities: Member Literary Staff 1949 SKULL; Medical ROTC.

Internship: The Nassau Hospital, Mineola, L. I., N. Y.

Plans: General Practice.





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George Stechel

Address: 410 Neptune Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Colleges: Brooklyn College; Washington and Lee University; Temple University.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon; Member Business Staff 1949 SKULL.

Internship: King's County Hospital, Brooklyn, N. Y.



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Ruth Stekert

Address: Allentown, N. J.

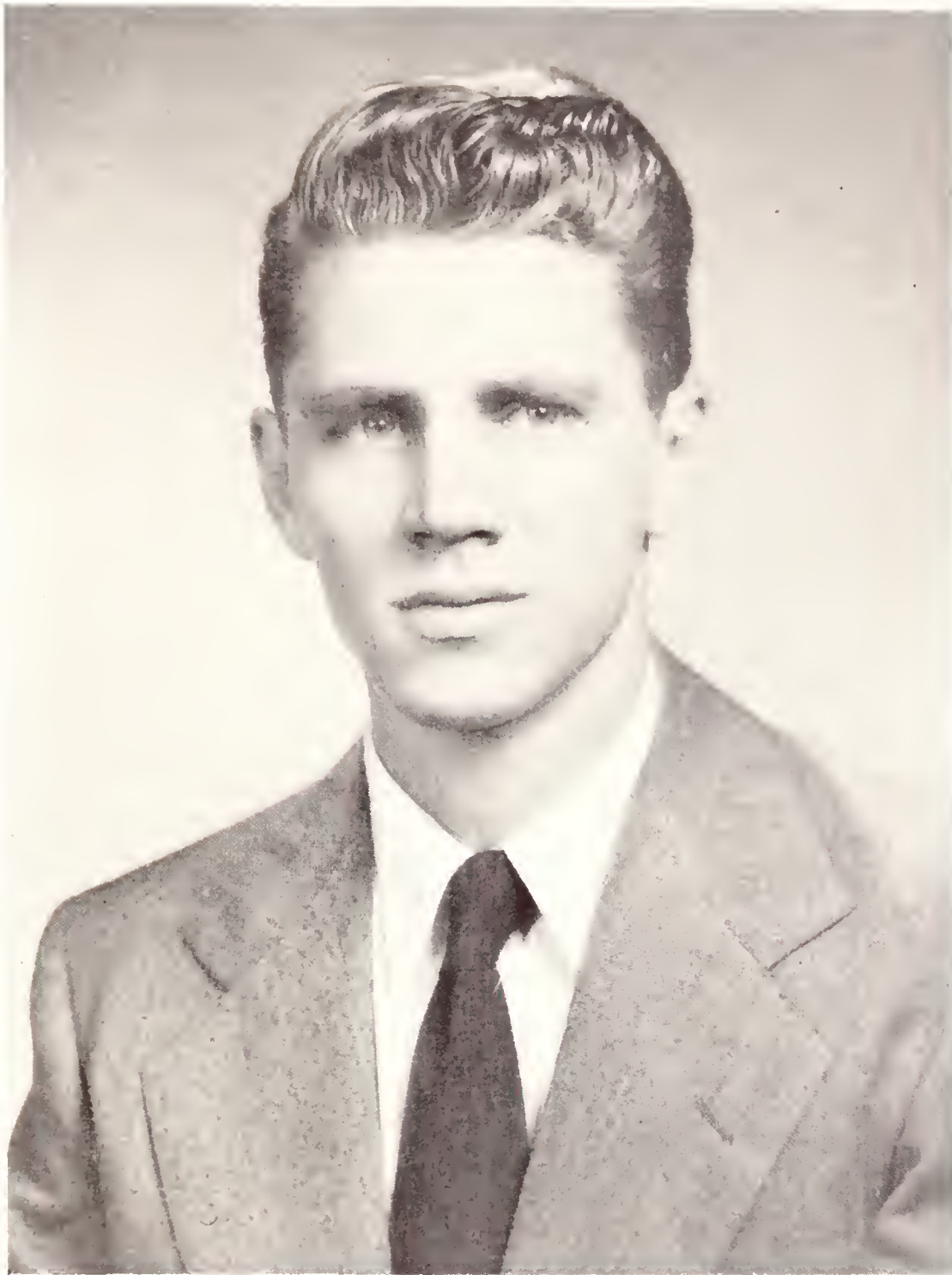
Colleges: Rider College; Rutgers University; Temple University.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Jr. Internships: Chestnut Hill Hospital; Sewickley Valley Hospital.

Internship: Harrisburg General Hospital.





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Robert B. Stewart, III

Address: 37 Midway Court, Hammond, Indiana.

Colleges: Kalamazoo College, Ursinus College. B.S. degree.

Internship: Maine General Hospital, Portland, Maine.

Plans: General Practice.



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Gerald O. Stubenrauch

Address: 144 S. 61st St., Milwaukee 13, Wis.
Colleges: Manhattan College; Rutgers University.
Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Photography Editor 1949
 SKULL; Medical ROTC.
Internship: Fitzsimons General Hospital, Denver, Colo.
Plans: General Practice.





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Henry T. Sugiura

Address: 3225 Lan Franco St., Los Angeles, Calif.

College: Univ. of California. B.A. degree.

Activities: Babcock Surgical Society.

Interuship: Hahnemann Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.

Plans: Teaching and Research in Medicine.



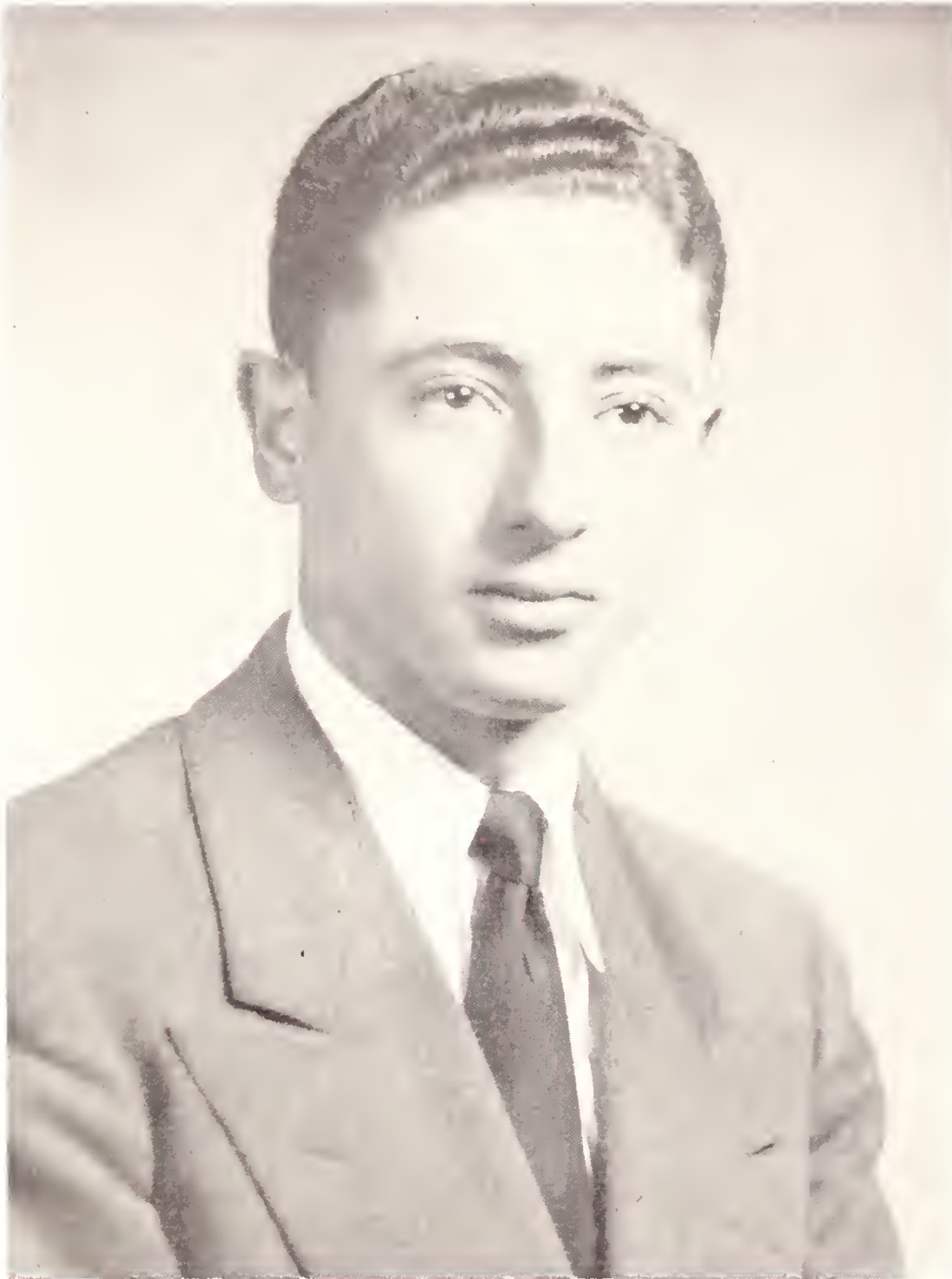
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Harry Edwin Taylor

Address: 328 W. 20th St., Erie, Penna.
Colleges: Rochester Junior College, Rochester, Minn.;
 Franklin and Marshall College, Lancaster, Penna. B.S.
 degree.
Activities: Phi Chi.
Internship: Temple University Hospital.
Plans: General Practice.





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Victor Jerome Teichner

Address: 3748 Maple Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

College: Univ. of Wisconsin.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon.

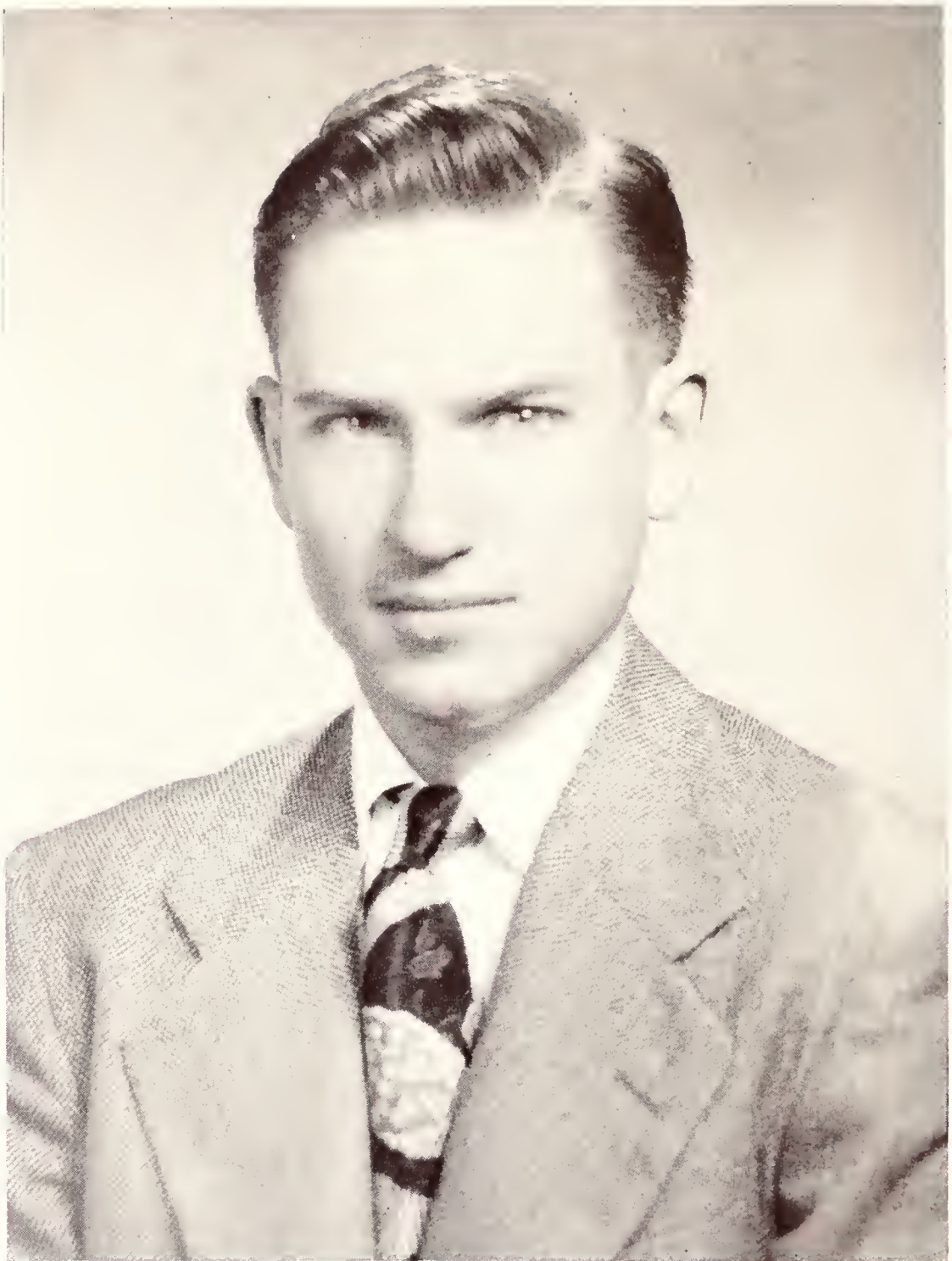
Jr. Internships: Warren State Hospital, Warren, Penn.:
Memorial Hospital, Roxborough, Penna.

Internship: Harlem Hospital, New York, N. Y.

Plans: Specialization in Pediatrics in New York City.



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Arthur J. Thiele, Jr.

Address: 301 N. Mechanic St., Berrien Springs, Mich.

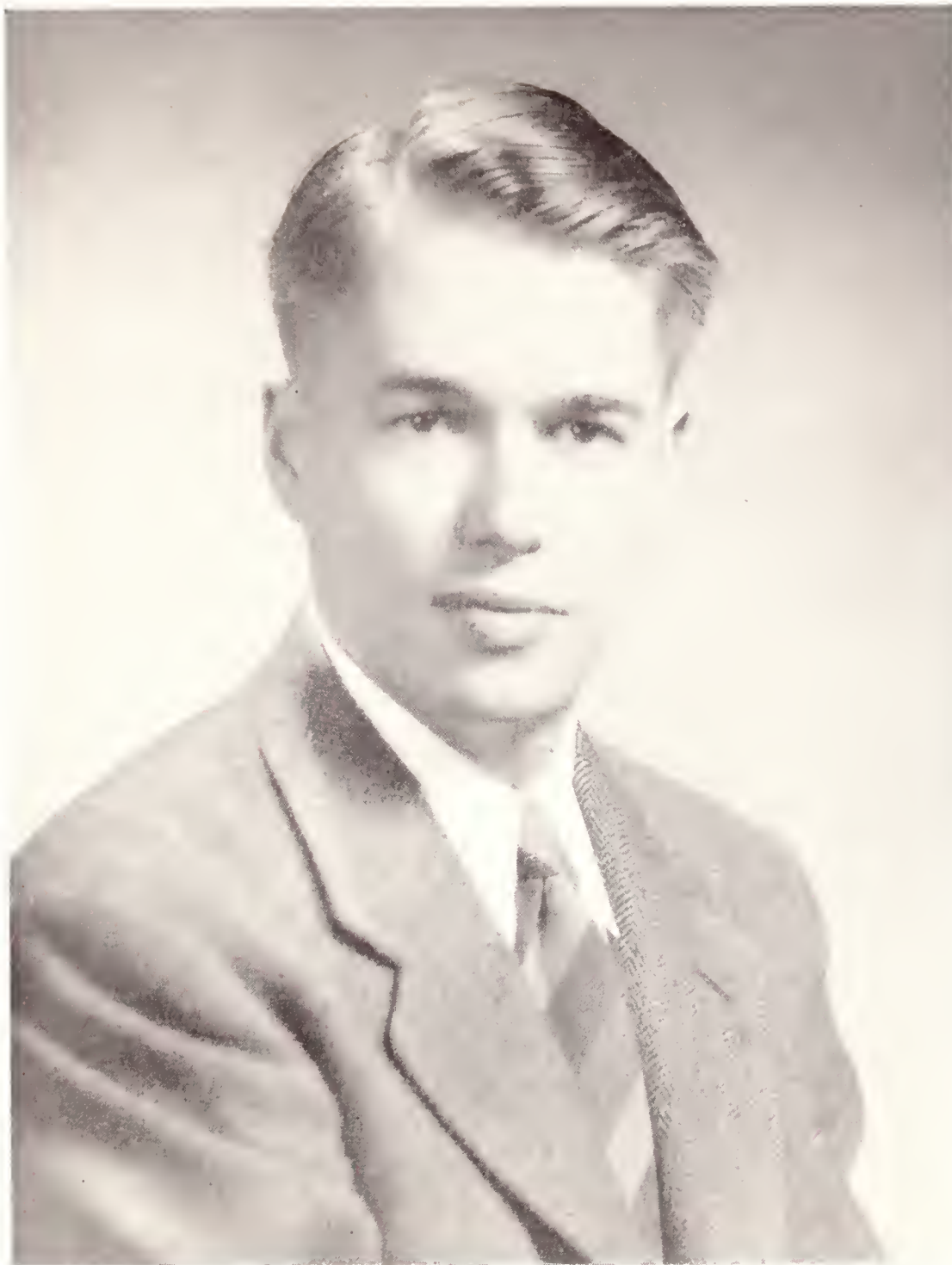
College: College of the City of New York.

Activities: Phi Chi; Member Photography Staff 1949
SKULL: Medical ROTC.

Internship: Scott and White Hospital, Temple, Texas.

Plans: General Practice in Texas.





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Earl E. VanDerwerker, Jr.

Address: Newtown, Connecticut.

College: Rutgers University.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Babcock Surgical Society.

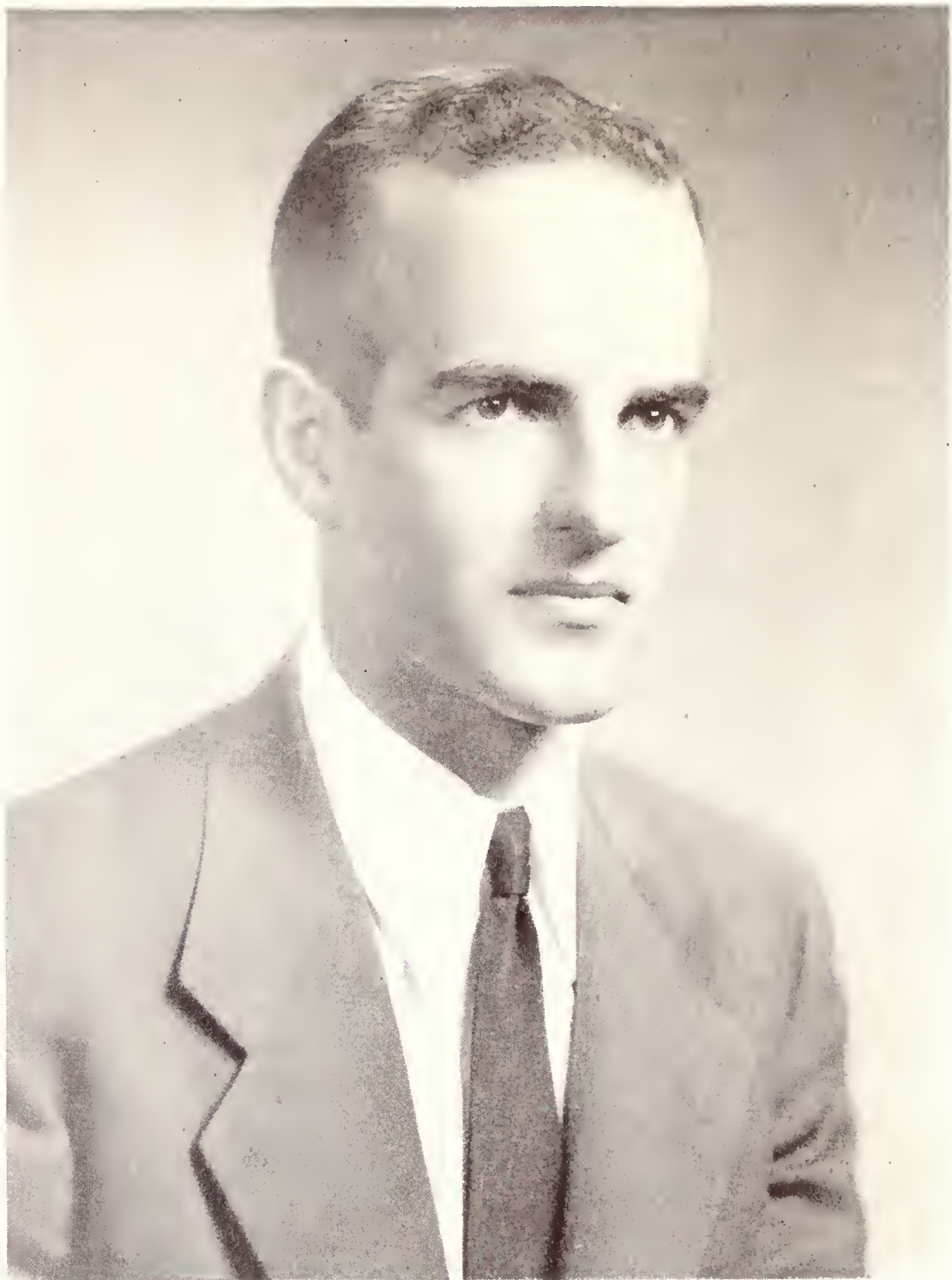
Jr. Internships: Hospital for Special Surgery, N. Y. C.;
Englewood Hospital, N. J.

Internship: Hartford Hospital, Connecticut.

Plans: Specialization in Orthopedic Surgery.



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William Henry Weber

Address: 211 Lime St., Woodville, Ohio.
Colleges: Capital University; Drexel Institute of Technology; Rutgers University.
Activities: Phi Rho Sigma; Babcock Surgical Society.
Jr. Internship: Frankford Hospital.
Internship: Temple University Hospital.
Plans: General Practice.





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Allen Stanley Weed

Address: 54 Wooding St., Hamden, Connecticut.

Colleges: Univ. of Maryland; Univ. of Connecticut.

Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa, Treasurer; Medical ROTC.

Internship: Stamford Hospital, Connecticut.

Plans: General Practice or Specialization in Anesthesiology.



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Leonard S. Weiss

Address: 1970 74th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Colleges: Brooklyn College; Lafayette College; Princeton University; Univ. of Pennsylvania. B.A. and M.B.A. degrees.

Activities: Medical ROTC.

Internship: United States Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I., N. Y.

Plans: Specialization in Pediatrics.





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David H. Welsh

Address: 407 Church St., Hackettstown, N. J.

College: Lehigh University. B.A. degree.

Activities: Phi Chi: Member Literary Staff 1949
SKULL.

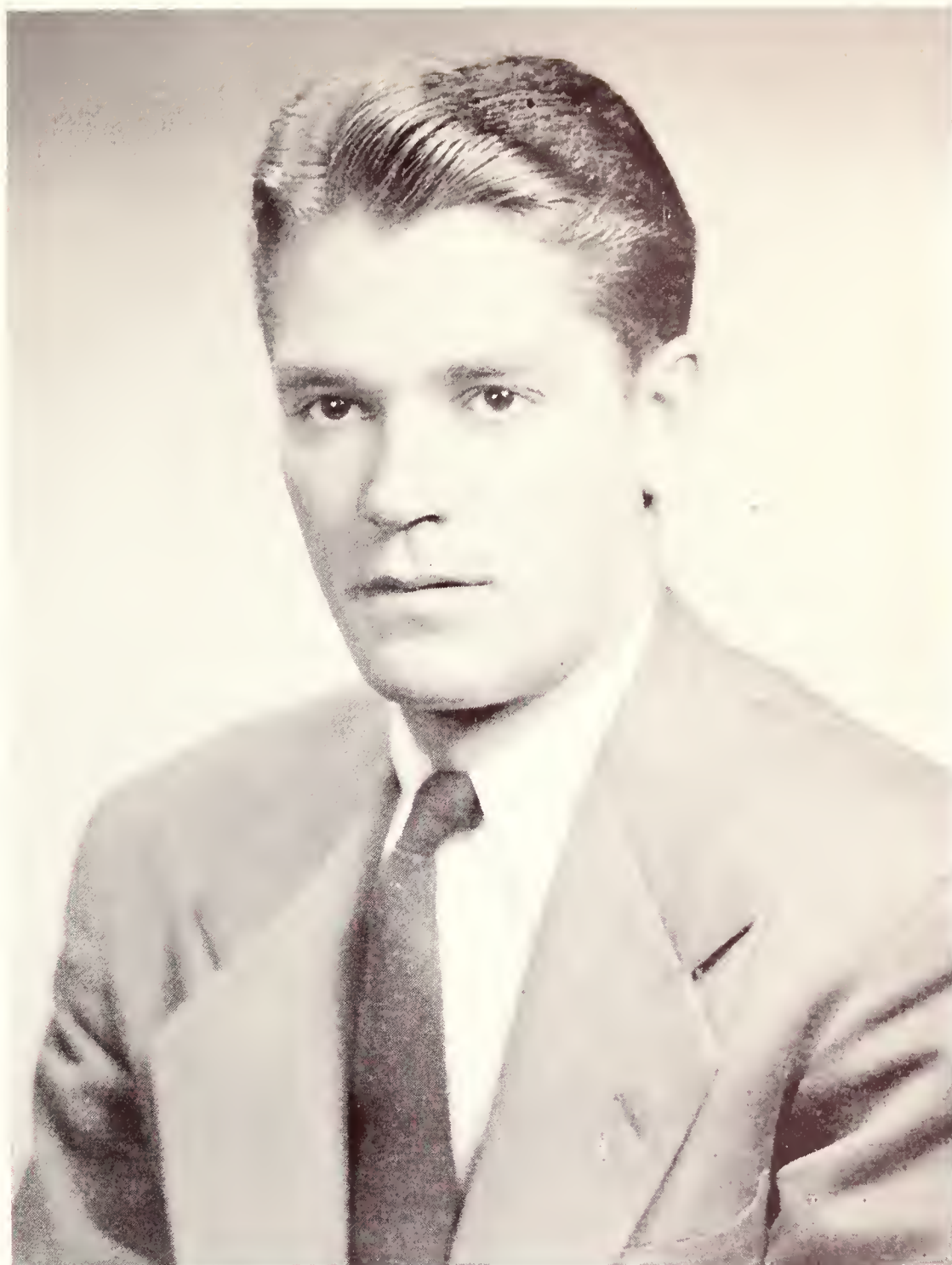
Jr. Internship: Morristown, N. J.

Internship: St. Luke's Hospital, Bethlehem, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.



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Richard H. White

Address: Hickman, Kentucky.

Colleges: Murray State Teachers College, Kentucky;
Lafayette College; Princeton University.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi; Vice-President, Senior Class;
Medical ROTC.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.



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Fred T. Wickis

Address: 325 Reese St., Sharon Hill, Penna.

Colleges: Princeton University; Rutgers University.

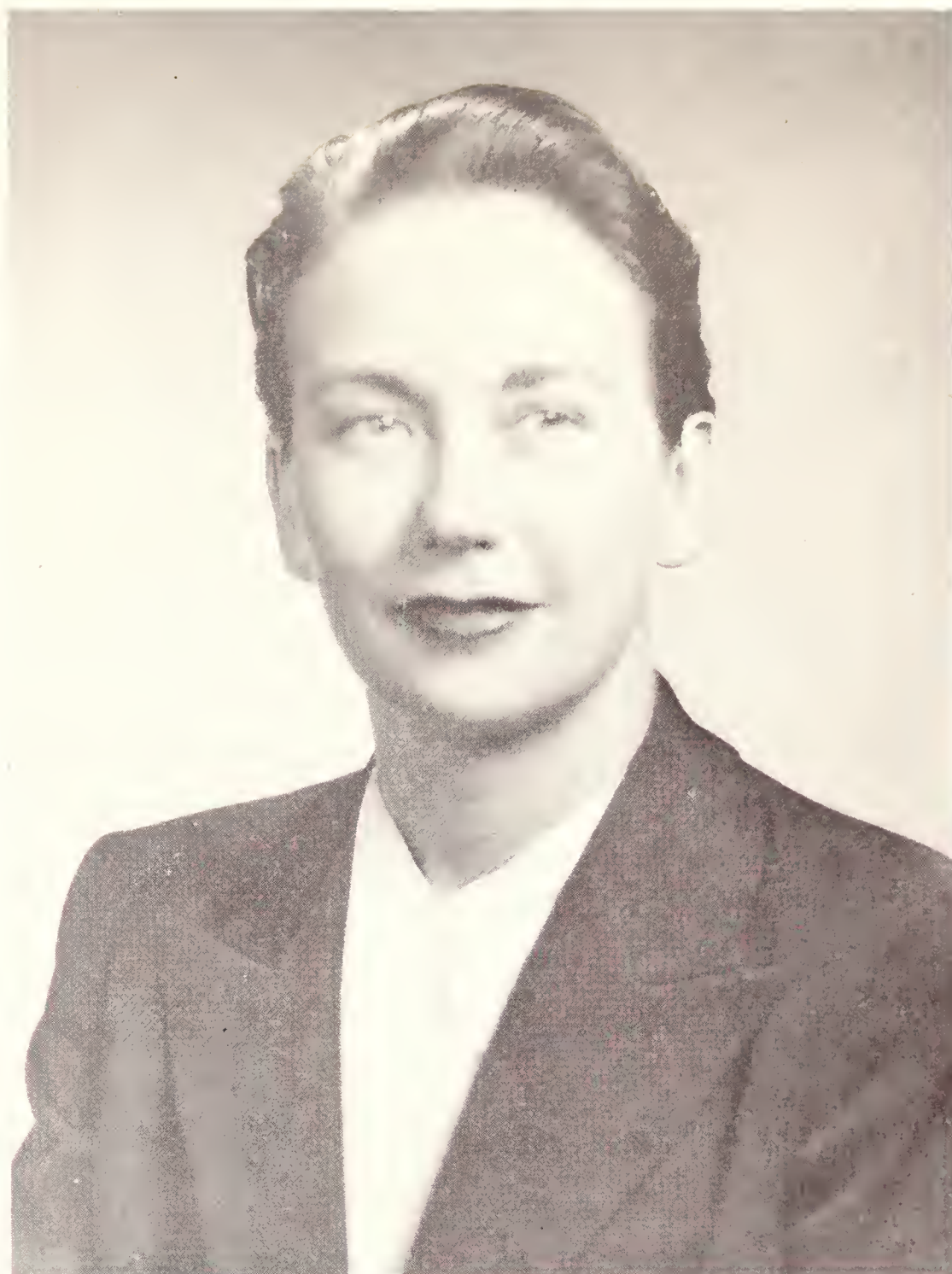
Activities: Medical ROTC.

Internship: Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital, Darby, Penna.

Plans: General Practice.



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Myrna Lenore Wiese

Address: 307 6th Ave., N.E., Jamestown, North Dakota.

Colleges: Jamestown College; Univ. of North Dakota School of Medicine. B.A. and B.S. degrees.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

Internships: Grasslands Hospital, Valhalla, N. Y.

Plans: Specialization in Psychiatry.





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Virginia Margaret Williams

Address: Alderson, West Virginia.

College: Maryville College, Maryville, Tenn. B.A. degree.

Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.

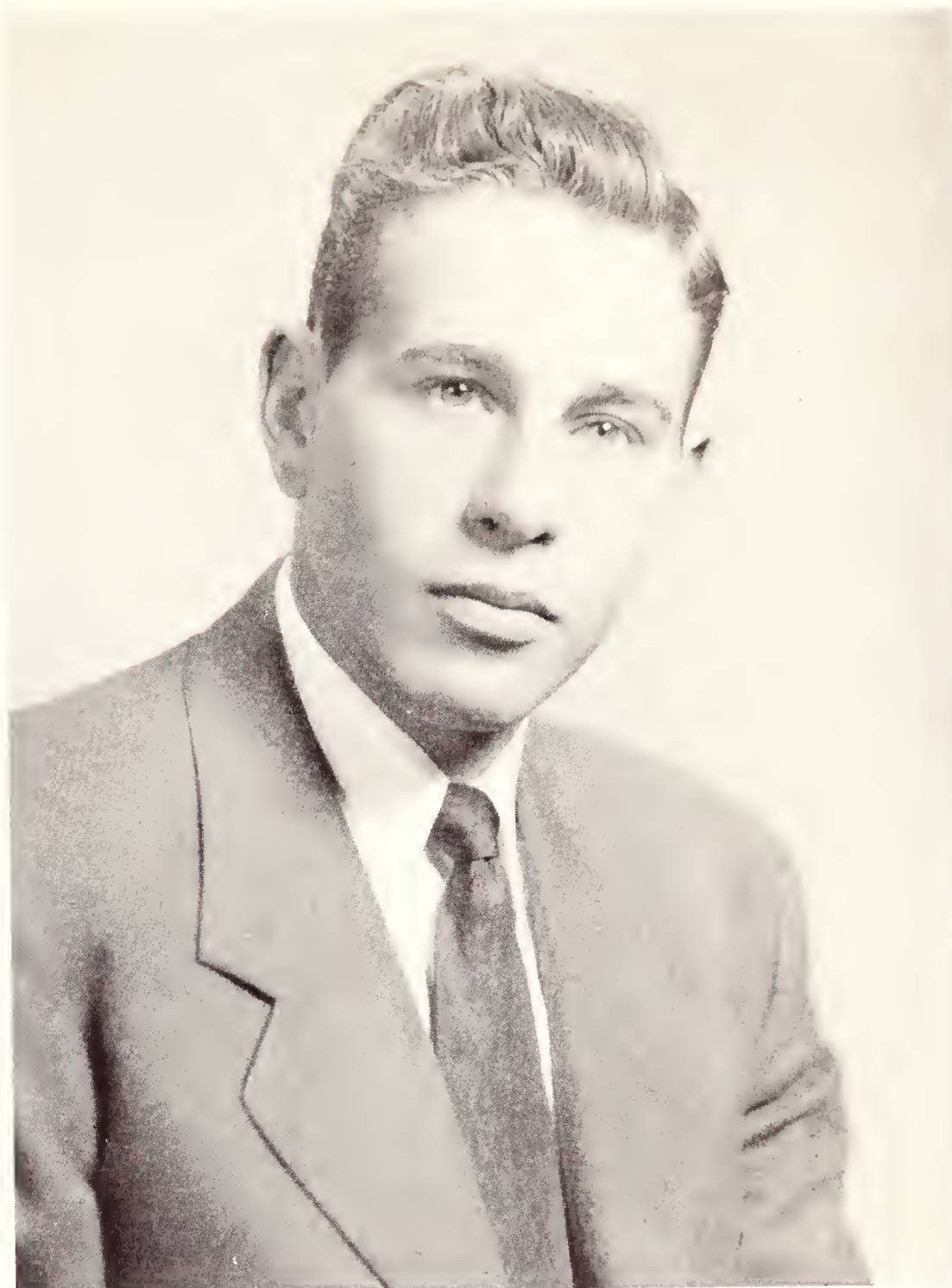
Jr. Internship: Sewickley Valley Hospital.

Internship: Harrisburg General Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Pediatrics.



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Norman Jules Winston

Address: 344 North 5th St., Reading, Penna.

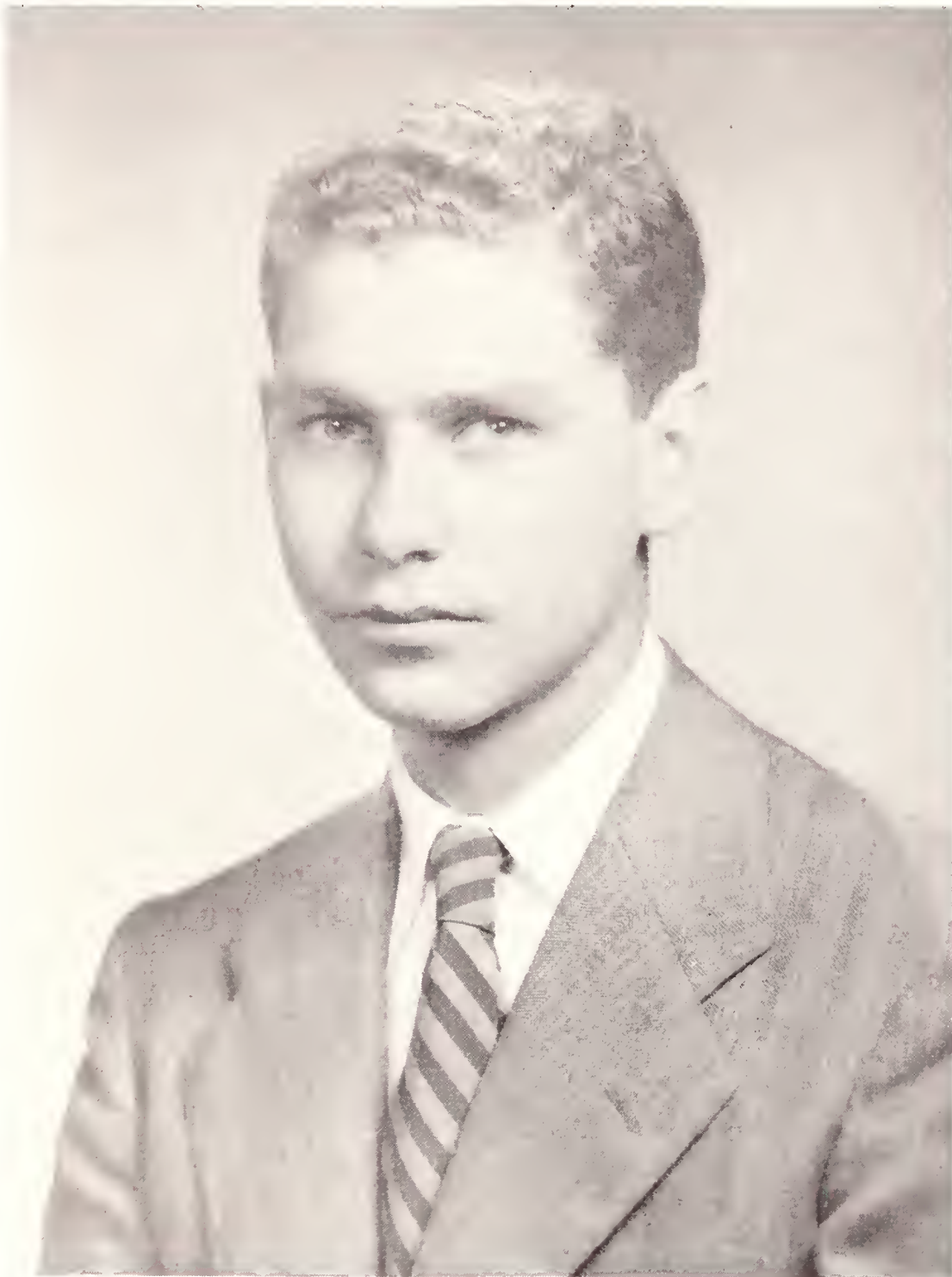
College: Swarthmore College. B.A. degree.

Activities: Babcock Surgical Society.

Internship: Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.





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Milton A. Wohl

Address: 1727 Pine St., Philadelphia 3, Penna.

College: Swarthmore College. B.A. degree.

Activities: Phi Delta Epsilon; Babcock Surgical Society.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Surgery.



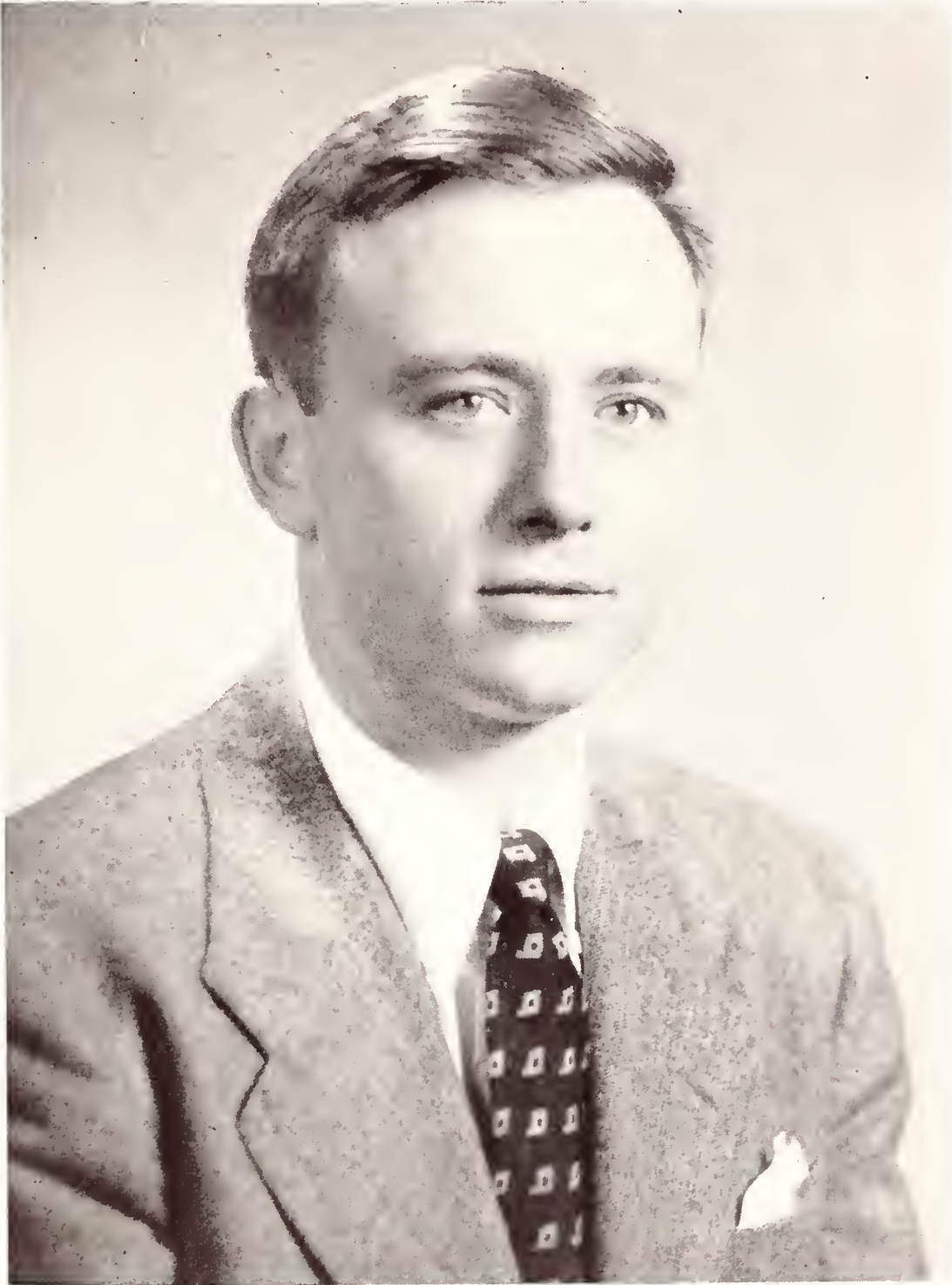
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Alice Wolferd

Address: 713 Magee Ave., Philadelphia 11, Penna.
College: Univ. of Pennsylvania.
Activities: Alpha Epsilon Iota.
Internship: Episcopal Hospital, Philadelphia, Penna.
Plans: Undecided.





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Charles Frederickson Wright

Address: 902 Cambridge Road, Coshocton, Ohio.

College: Denison University. B.A. degree.

Activities: Phi Beta Pi.

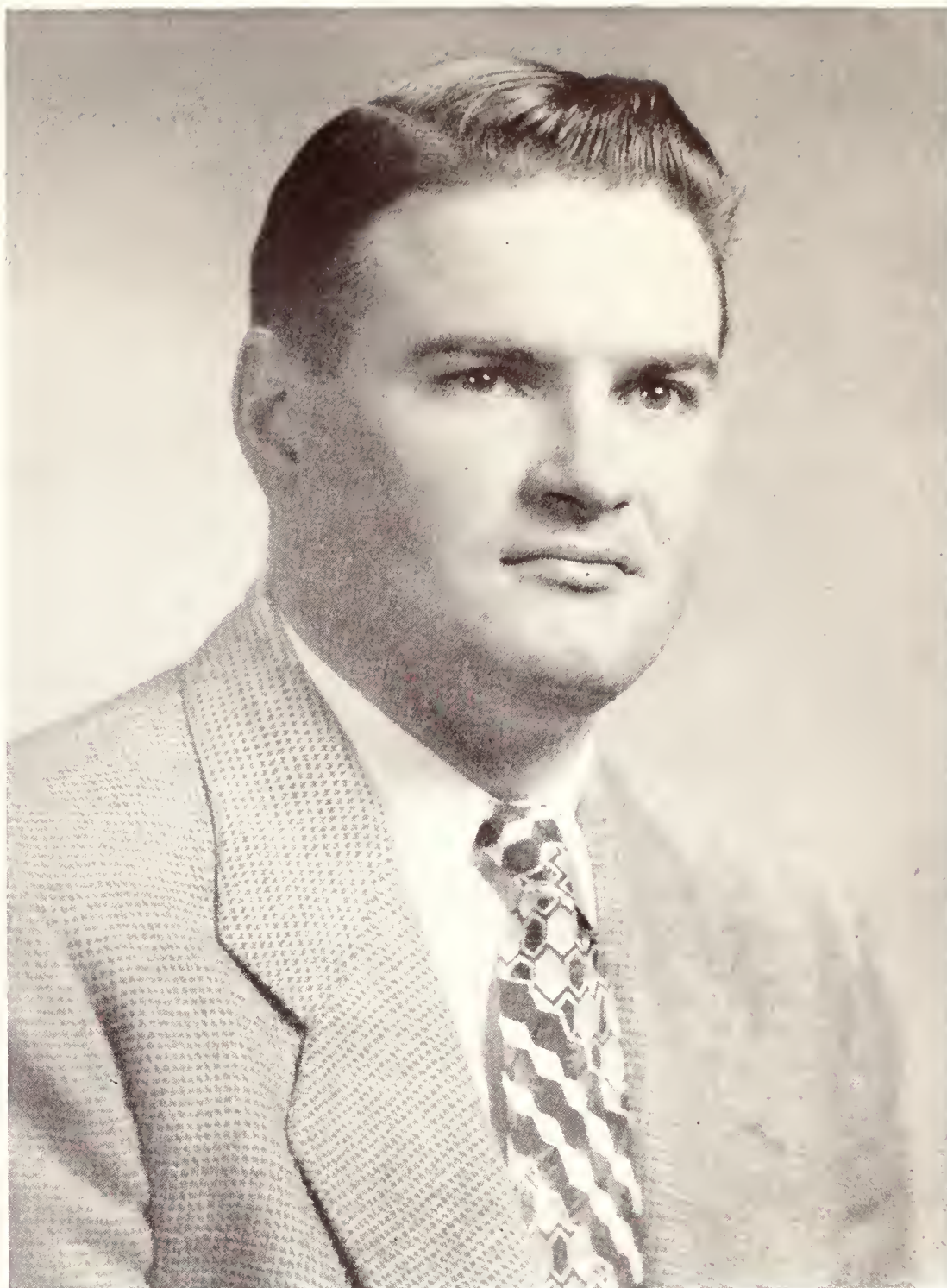
Jr. Interuship: Northeastern Hospital, Philadelphia.

Internship: Temple University Hospital.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.



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Richard Darrell Young

Address: 13193 Ilene Ave., Detroit, Mich.

Colleges: Purdue University; Univ. of Maryland.

Activities: Alpha Kappa Kappa; Babcock Surgical Society.

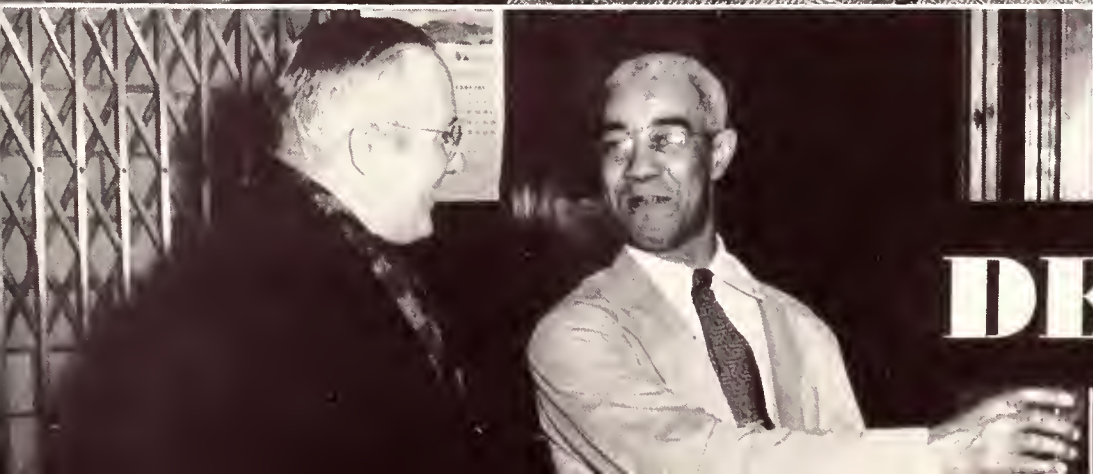
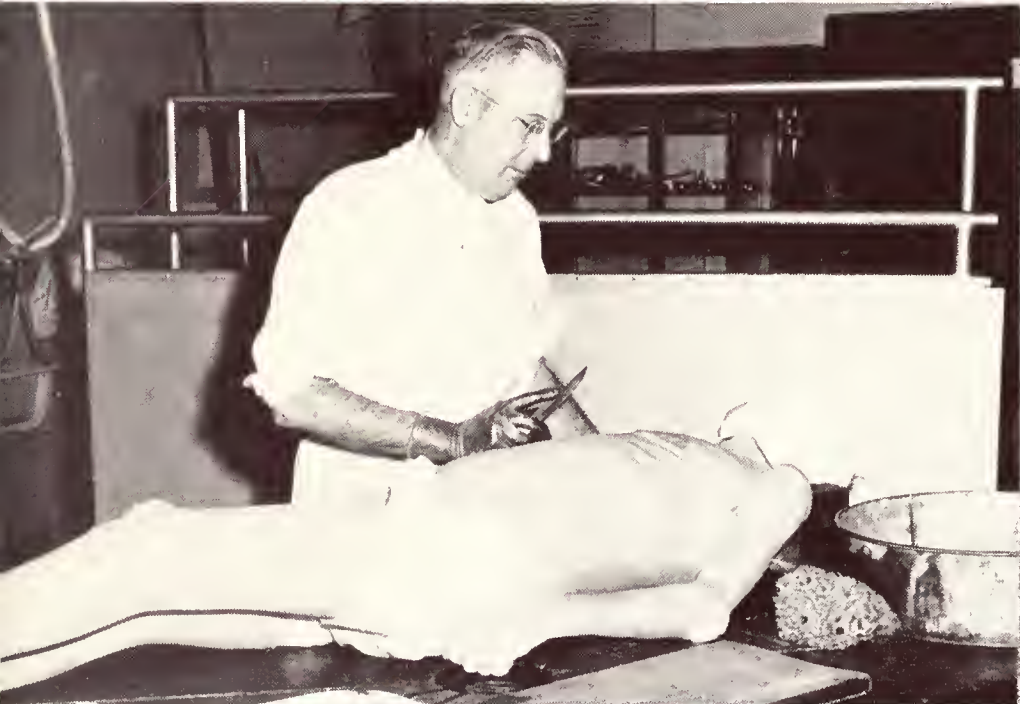
Internship: Harper Hospital, Detroit, Mich.

Plans: Specialization in Obstetrics and Gynecology.



THE OATH

I swear by Apollo the physician, and Aesculapius, and Health, and All-heal, and all the gods and goddesses, that, according to my ability and judgment, I will keep this Oath and this stipulation--to reckon him who taught me this Art equally dear to me as my parents, to share my substance with him, and relieve his necessities if required; to look upon his offspring in the same footing as my own brothers, and to teach them this precept, lecture, and every other mode of instruction, I will impart a knowledge of the Art to my own sons, and those of my teachers, and to disciples bound by a stipulation and oath according to the law of medicine, but to none others. I will follow that system of regimen which, according to my ability and judgment, I consider for the benefit of my patients, and abstain from whatever is deleterious and mischievous. I will give no deadly medicine to any one if asked, nor suggest any such counsel; and in like manner I will not give to a woman a pessary to produce abortion. With purity and with holiness I will pass my life and practice my Art. I will not cut persons laboring under the stone, but will leave this to be done by men who are practitioners of this work. Into whatever houses I enter, I will go into them for the benefit of the sick, and will abstain from every voluntary act of mischief and corruption; and, further, from the seduction of females or males, of freemen and slaves. Whatever, in connection with my professional practice or not, in connection with it, I see or hear, in the life of men, which ought not to be spoken of abroad, I will not divulge, as reckoning that all such should be kept secret. While I continue to keep this Oath unviolated, may it be granted to me to enjoy life and the practice of the Art, respected by all men, in all times! But should I trespass and violate this Oath, may the reverse be my lot!



DEDICATION



DR. AUGUSTIN R. PEALE
A.B., M.D., M.S.

WE DEDICATE . . .

Back during the American Revolution, Charles Wilson Peale and his son, Rembrandt, painted portraits of George Washington that, to-day, every child of six recognizes on sight. After these two men, with the exception of occasional dabblers in paints, art as such was lost from the family. Then, on February 3, 1909, a Philadelphia plumber and contractor and his wife had their second child, a son. They named him Au-

gustin R. Peale. As little Gus grew, so did the family, for there finally were eight of them, two boys and six girls.

Gus was educated entirely in Philadelphia, first in parochial school, then at St. Joseph's High School, and finally at St. Joseph's College, from which he was graduated *cum laude* in 1929. During college he debated whether to follow medicine or law as a career. Because of

a dread of public speaking, he chose medicine, believing that in this field such demands would be few. So, in 1929, he entered Temple University School of Medicine. At the end of his senior year, Dr. Peale was admitted to Eagleville Sanatorium, under the care of Dr. Louis Cohen, who spent considerable time advising the young doctor to take up pathology rather than general practice. Three years later, however, Dr. Peale was discharged, intent upon taking up a general practice, and intent upon marrying Agnes Eckerle, a nurse he had met at the sanatorium.

A year and a half later, as a resident under Dr. Lawrence W. Smith, he decided to remain in pathology. So it was that he, who had turned away from law because of a dread of public speaking, found himself standing nervously before a class of 120 sophomores to teach them the pathology of the pancreas. He was so excited that he broke his glasses. The next year, during the first of three lectures, he broke his glasses, again.

Dr. Peale is grateful to pathology, for it allows him time to spend with his family, his sufficient hobby. The Peales have two children; Penny, six, and Billy, four and a half. Each morning he gets one of the children out of bed, dressed, and off to school. In the evening, he reverses the process, getting one of them ready for sleep. Penny and Billy like the way he reads the funnies to them at night, or sometimes a fairy tale, or maybe both.

It was in the parasitology laboratory that we first met Dr. Peale, but it was in pathology

that we developed our deep regard for him. As he stood before us, during his first lecture, his lop-sided smile seemed to say, "I understand the difficulties you're having with this new course: I want only to help you grasp it." Dr. Peale's knowledge, and his ability to present it in simple words made him a much-sought-after man. We worried him with questions we should have settled weeks before, but his answers were couched in terms that made us feel we were not unintelligent, only a little confused. There never is any condescension in his teaching. In the lecture room and out of it, he is that combination of professor and friend which is rarely attained. He understands enough of human vanities and frailties to put them to work.

Dr. Peale is an example of the man people think of when they think, "Doctor." He wanted an education and he worked for it. In the midst of his learning, he spent three years recovering from an illness we all dread. Surely those three years were not lost—nature has her own methods for tempering the mettle of her subjects. He has emerged a man whom all admire: one who has much to give, and who gives it freely.

Thus, it is to this man, Dr. Augustin R. Peale, A.B., M.D., M.S., associate professor of pathology, that we, the class of 1949, dedicate this chronicle of our four years. We dedicate this 1949 SKULL to him, grateful for the way he has shown us, in the hope that we may develop some of his wisdom, some of his tact, some of his humanity.

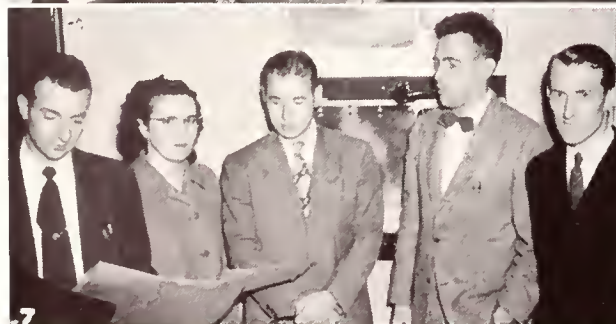
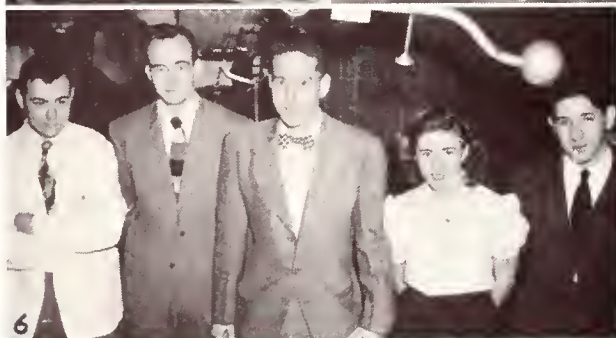
Dr. Peale and family







UNDERCLASSES



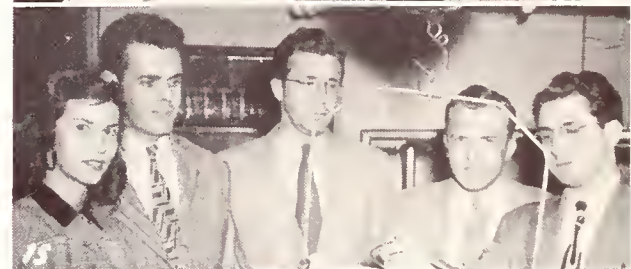
THE JUNIOR CLASS »

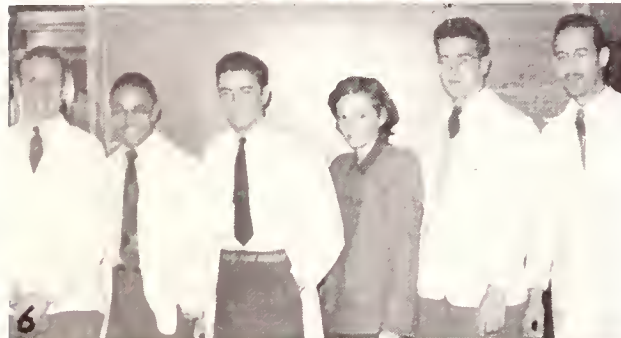
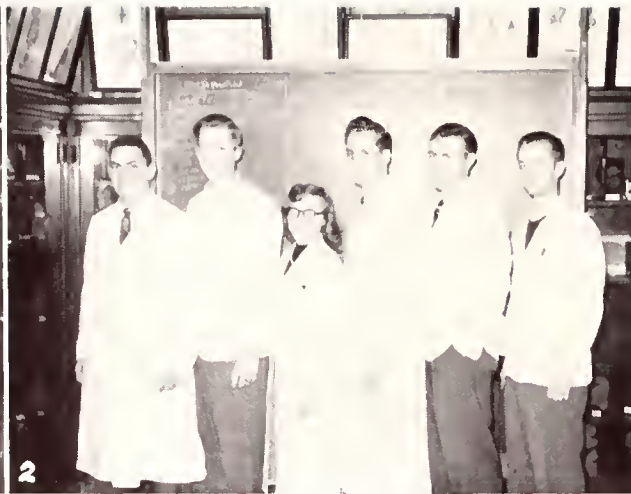
- 1—D. ALLEN, W. ALLISON, F. ARZOLA, M. ASHODIAN;
C. ANGSTADT, *absent*.
- 2—J. BARBER, R. E. BECK, R. S. BECK, R. BRALOVE, P.
BRIGHAM.
- 3—H. BROWNLEE, R. BRYAN, H. BUSH, P. CALDWELL,
D. CHAR.
- 4—K. CHOBANIAN, G. COCHRANE, K. COOPER, J. COR-
NELY, W. CRIGGER.
- 5—K. DANLEY, T. DAVID, J. DENNEY, J. DICKENS, T.
ECKFELDT.
- 6—H. ESTERLY, J. EVES, J. FEIST, A. FINCH, J. FISHBEIN.
- 7—H. FISHEL, M. FISHEL, G. FLORA, C. FOX, N. GIPSON.
- 8—B. GIRARD, P. GRANSON, C. GREEN, J. GROSH, W.
HARRIS.
- 9—C. HEFELE, N. HERRON, E. HIMMELSTEIN, R. HORST-
MAN, H. HUSKEY.
- 10—K. ING, Y. ITOH, J. KISTENMACHER, E. KOETSIER,
P. KONYHA.



« GRADUATES OF 1950

- 11—E. KRAUSE, A. KROSNICK, L. LOW, R. MACDOUGALL, G. MANCHESTER.
- 12—D. MANDRY, R. MANEGOLD, R. MARTZ, A. MANNING, R. MAY.
- 13—E. MEDLIN, E. MICEK, J. MILLER, M. MISCHINSKI, E. MOSS.
- 14—M. NEWTON, R. OVERMAN, F. OYEN, W. OYEN, B. PARK.
- 15—M. PARKS, S. PETRIE, R. PILGRIM, J. PINNEO, E. PISERCHIA.
- 16—G. POLANCO, PATIENT, H. REDDICK, J. REX, D. RIVERA, M. RINGOLD.
- 17—H. RUDEL, R. SAUL, G. SAYLER, E. SCHRAEDER, A. SCOTT.
- 18—G. SHARSHON, F. SHEFFIELD, W. SMITH, K. SNYDER, J. SPROWLS.
- 19—J. STELLA, G. STEVENS, J. STOCKLER, C. SUTLIFF, A. TAYLOR, V. TORRES-RIVERA.
- 20—E. TUFTS, K. UHLIG SMITH, W. WADDELL, H. WALKER, W. WARREN, A. WATSON.
- 21—P. WEAVER, J. WILLIAMS, S. WILSON, C. YOUNKIN, A. ZINOVENKO.





THE SOPHOMORE CLASS »

1—D. ALBERT, W. ANDERSON, J. ARBOGAST, L. BALTER, M. BASSIS, A. BEHARRY.

2—L. CANDER, R. CARPENTER, J. CATON, G. CHALAL, L. CHAPIN, W. COCHRAN.

3—J. COFFMAN, T. COLKET, D. CONE, R. COOK, J. COOPER, J. CUTLER.

4—E. DEAN, R. DELAPLAINE, P. DIDIER, B. DINMAN, A. DONAN, W. DOVEY.

5—A. ERICKSON, K. ESTERLY, B. EVANS, R. EVANS, J. FLAGG, G. FIELD, M. FRIEDBERG.

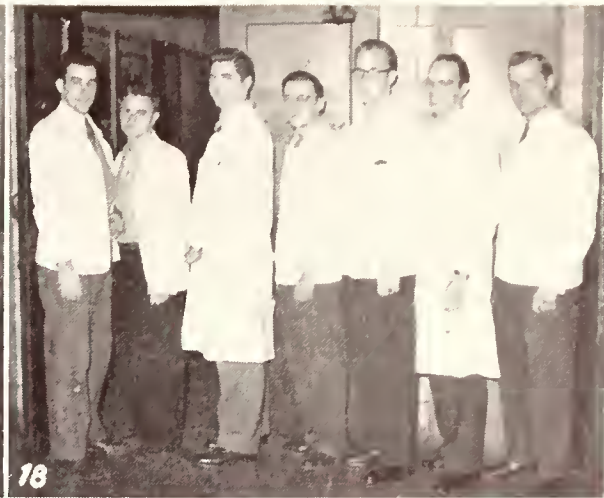
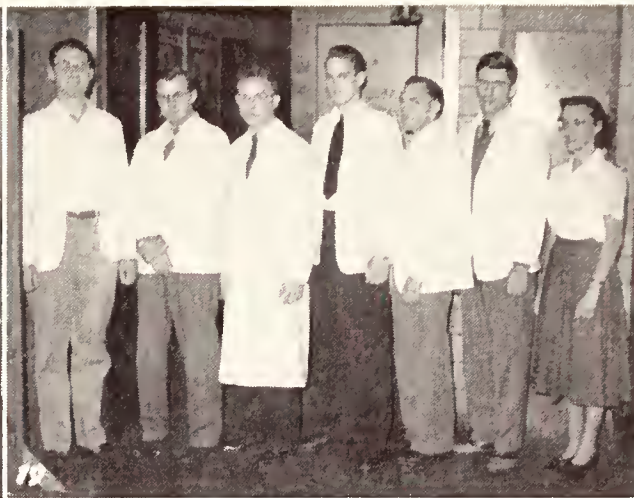
6—R. FRY, R. GANDY, J. GARCIA-ESTEVEZ, F. GARFIELD, J. GIAMBALVO, E. GONZALEZ-JIMINEZ.

7—W. GOODENOW, H. GOTTLIEB, J. GRANA-RODRIGUEZ, A. GRASMICK, A. GREENFELD, D. GRUTSKI.

8—T. HART, H. HARTMAN, D. HEATH, R. HO, M. INOUE, P. JOHNSON.

9—J. JONAS, R. JONES, F. KELLEY, J. B. KELLY, J. J. KELLY, R. KEMP.

10—G. KENT, A. KOCH, E. KOSTER, F. KREJCI, N. KUDDELKO.



« GRADUATES OF 1951

11—C. KYREAGES, J. LADD, K. LAQUER, H. LEE, W. LEVY, F. LONG.

12—W. LOUI, B. MANNING, W. MARGIE, M. MATSON, D. McALEER, T. McGRAW.

13—J. McMASTERS, G. MILLER, J. MINICK, M. MINORA, E. MORENO, N. MUSCHANY.

14—A. MYERS, V. PAGAN-FORTIZ, R. PINKERTON, E. POLITOSKE, H. POLLACK, J. POTANOS.

15—J. POWERS, R. PUTNAM, S. RABIN, W. REPPERT, E. RESNICK.

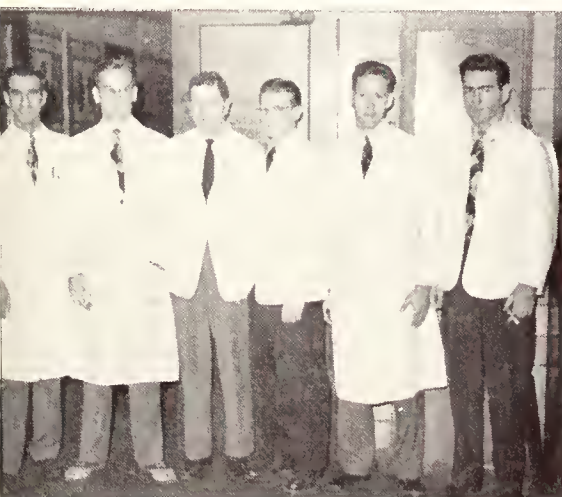
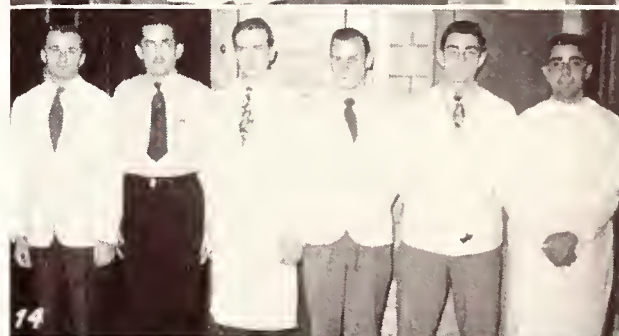
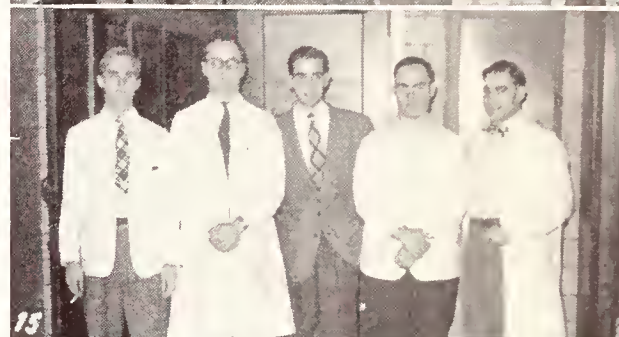
16—W. RICHARDS, J. RICHARDSON, F. RIVERA-CINTRON, J. ROE, F. ROOT.

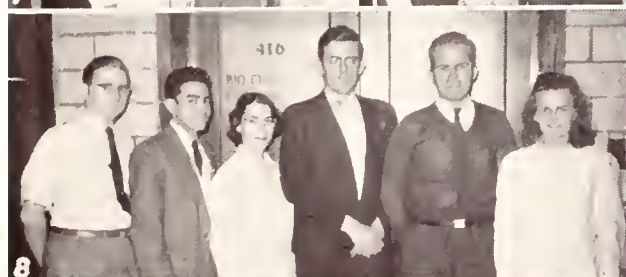
17—J. ROPER, R. RUSSELL, C. SARDI, R. SASKILL, M. SCHWARTZ.

18—E. SEBASTIAN, R. SEMLEAR, W. SHELLENBERGER, J. SIEGER, G. SOUTHWICK, R. STEWART, R. STRATTON.

19—W. TRAGLE, F. VIHLEN, A. VOGELE, R. WAGNER, M. WATTS, H. WELDON, M. WESTER.

20—D. WILSON, K. WILT, W. WRIGHT, C. YATES, N. YODER, J. ZIEGLER, W. ZELECHOSKY.





THE FRESHMAN CLASS »

- 1—J. ABERLE, G. AKIN, G. ALLEN, O. ALLEN, C. ANTOLIN, J. ARCANO.
- 2—H. ARMSTRONG, M. ARONSON, B. AXELROD, B. BAIL, N. BAILEY, D. BAKER.
- 3—G. BANZHOFF, H. BAUER, G. BEAN, J. BEEZER, G. BENDER, D. BENT.
- 4—M. BERENSON, E. BLASSER, W. BLEMKE, J. BUCHER, D. BURLEY, L. CAMPBELL.
- 5—E. CIRIACY, D. CLEMENTS, A. COLASANTE, F. COLOSEY, P. COPIT, G. COUCH.
- 6—L. DAHLKE, P. DEARDORFF, S. DEISHER, A. DWORKIN, G. EAKIN, R. EASTMAN.
- 7—G. EDMISTON, E. ERNST, R. FISCHER, D. FOX, E. FURUKAWA, D. GALLAGHER.
- 8—W. GAYNOR, B. GONZALEZ, R. HAEBERLIN, J. HAMMETT, M. HARDIN, S. HARDISON.
- 9—J. HARPER, W. HAZLETT, G. HEWLETT, W. C. HILL, W. E. HILL, C. HUNSBERGER.
- 10—T. JOHNSON, S. KARR, W. KEELER, S. KEILL, J. KENNEDY, R. KIRKPATRICK.
- 11—C. KLAMAN, T. KOURY, M. KUTSENKOW, W. LEMON, F. LEPPERD, J. LEVIN, S. LEVIN.



« GRADUATES OF 1952

12—H. LIVELY, J. LOTT, K. LOWE, R. LUBOWITZ, F. MEIDT.

13—W. MESSERLY, A. MORGAN, G. MOWRY, J. MOYER, W. NASH, J. NEISTADT.

14—A. NEZNEK, D. NORRIS, N. NUNEZ-COLON, G. OYLER, J. PACKER, R. PALMER.

15—J. PARRISH, M. POOLEY, N. POPPELL, H. RASMUSSEN, P. RASMUSSEN.

16—N. RESNICK, N. REVOTSKIE, G. RICHARDS, J. RICHARDS, W. RICHMAN, G. RINCK.

17—R. ROBERTSON, E. ROWE, M. SCHWEINSBERG, H. SCUDDER, R. SHERWOOD, F. SIMPSON.

18—C. SMATHERS, A. SMITH, S. SMITH, J. SOLTERO, R. STANTON, P. STEEL.

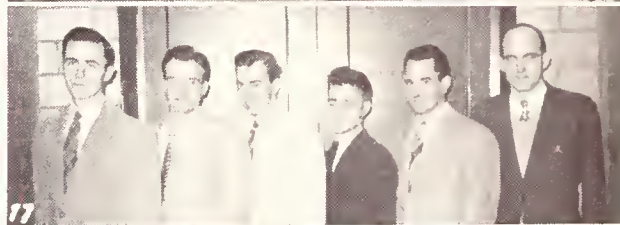
19—S. STEINBERG, H. STRENGE, J. STRITE, E. SULLIVAN, W. SYPIER, V. TAHAN.

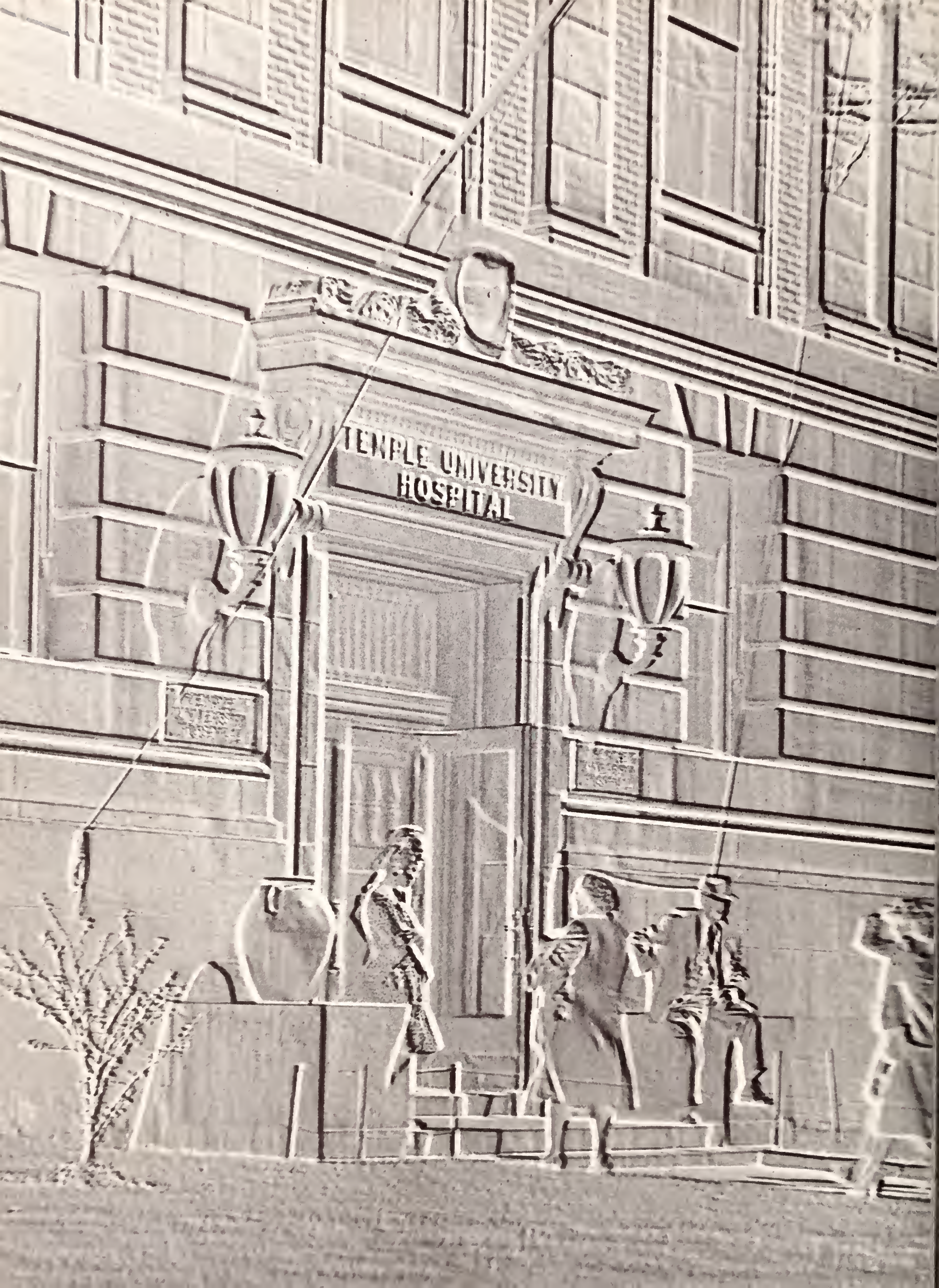
20—M. TELLEM, J. THOMPSON, L. TITUS, J. TOBIN, J. TODD, C. TOLLETT.

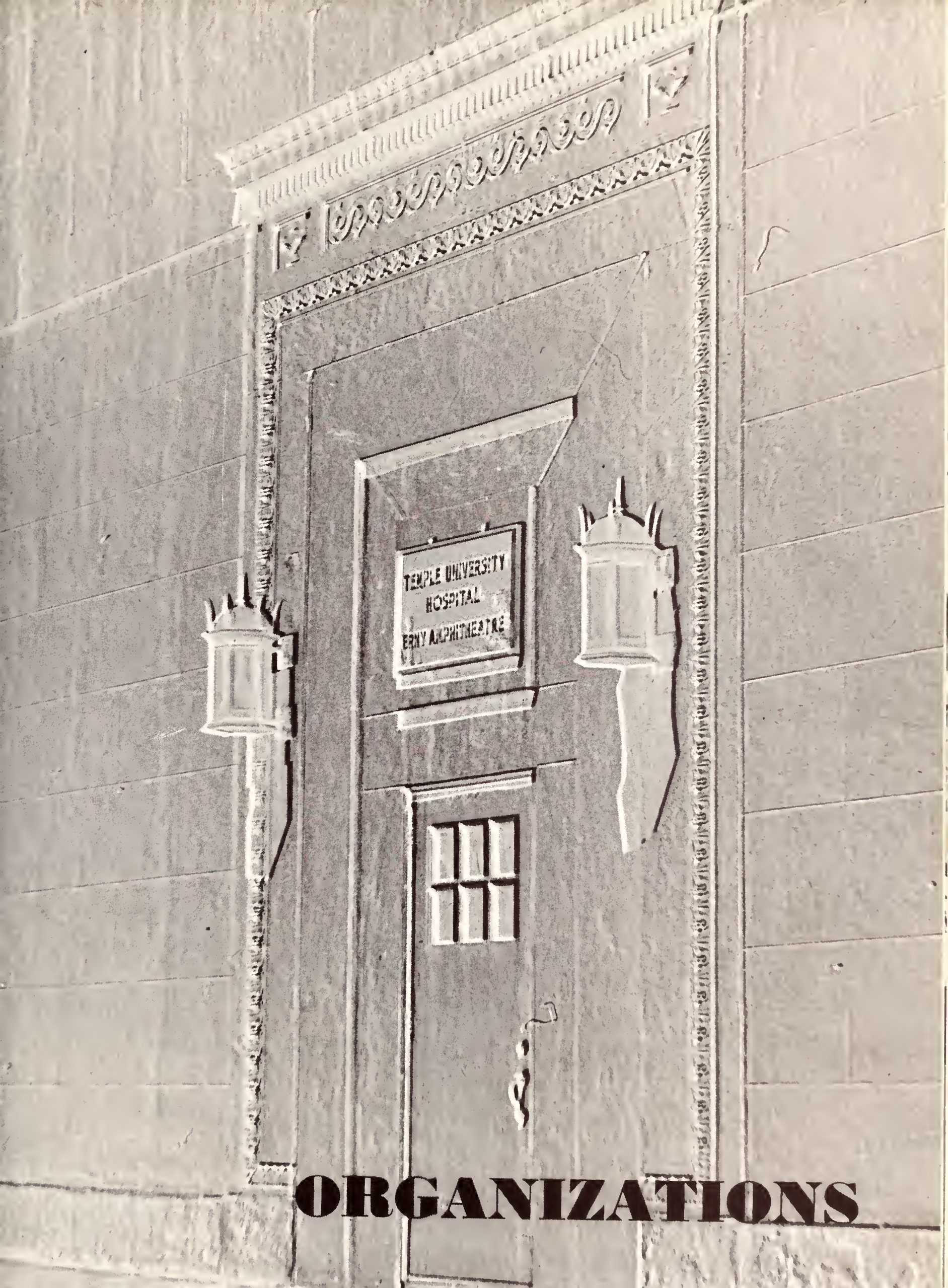
21—L. TRIGIANO, H. TSUJI, G. TUELLER, S. VERBIT, H. WALKER, E. WALTER.

22—W. WEAVER, J. WEBER, R. WEITZEL, G. WESSEL, C. WILCOX, J. WOLFF.

23—J. WONG, R. WOOD, L. WOODRING, J. WOYNAROWSKI, J. WRIGHT.







ORGANIZATIONS



ALPHA EPSILON IOTA

<i>President</i>	Olive Jack
<i>Vice-President</i>	Virginia Williams
<i>Treasurer</i>	Jean Caton
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Christina Yates
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Dorothy G. Wilson
<i>Social Secretary</i>	Felipa Diaz-Santini

On April 7, 1948, forty-six women medical students of the Temple School of Medicine were installed as charter members of the Alpha Epsilon Chapter of Alpha Epsilon Iota. The same year eight of these women graduated, seven of whom are now interning, the other teaching. At present we are making plans for the initiation of eleven new members in February 1949.

This year we are making good use of our kitchen. Breakfasts and dinners are served at the house, and each meal is accompanied by lively discussions and a general good feeling of friendship. By next year we hope to have our basement fixed up as a recreation room, and eventually we plan to get a piano. Thanks to a



Front row: C. Esterly, R. Stekert, L. Lord, R. Haberlin, M. Inouye, M. Fishel. *Middle row:* J. Caton, F. Diaz-Santini, N. Nunez, F. Rauer, V. Williams, O. Jack, D. Wilson, J. Grana-Rodriguez, K. Danley, G. Huss. *Back row:* K. Uhlig Smith, E. Koetsier, A. Wolferd, E. Tufts, N. Herron, M. Newton, L. Molthan, W. Oyen, M. Parks, G. Allen, F. Krejci, B. Manning, A. Finch. *Absent:* M. Ashodian, L. Balter, M. Church, J. Foreacre, J. Dickens, D. Cleaver, S. Hardison, J. Long, N. Small, J. Laise, G. Miller, K. Weston, H. Walker, M. Wiese, C. Yates, L. Dahlke, A. Neznec, N. Poppell, M. Pooley, M. Matson.

vigorous campaign of magazine-selling, we were able to acquire a radio-phonograph combination.

Among the various activities of Alpha Epsilon Iota this year are, the annual tea given in honor of the Freshmen, a Hallowe'en party aptly termed the "Witches' Brawl" with its theme centered entirely on Shakespeare's Macbeth, and a concert given by medical students.

This concert was the first of its kind ever to be presented at the Temple University School of Medicine, and it is the hope of Alpha Epsilon Iota to make it a yearly occasion. Then, too, we were very fortunate in having our chapter represented by our president at the grand convention at Oklahoma City in October. Many visitors and faculty members give talks at AEI.



ALPHA KAPPA KAPPA

<i>President</i>	John L. Grosh
<i>Vice-President</i>	Robert W. Jones
<i>Treasurer</i>	Allen S. Weed
<i>Corresponding Secretary</i>	Gilbert C. Cochrane
<i>Recording Secretary</i>	Willis G. Goodenow



Caught in the flux of post-war real estate turmoil, the AK's were the first to feel the pangs of the homeless that later affected most of the old sixteenth street "fraternity row." Through the diligence of the class of '48 and the generous assistance of Drs. Chamberlain, Burnett, and Ammon the group finally set up housekeeping on 17th Street.

Budding surgeons became carpenters, embryo pediatricians became painters, and hopeful obstetricians became interior decorators over-



nite, and much to the consternation of the neighbors the quiet duplex apartment building on 17th Street became a bustling fraternity.

Teetering on the rim of the Temple campus the AKK Towers stand as an outpost of Temple medicine in the outside world. Cold winter mornings and eight o'clock classes make

a poor combination for those who must mush through blocks of snowy sidewalks to the classroom.

But despite the temporary changes of profession and earthly hardships, these missionaries of Temple teaching persist in the stamping out of disease in North Philadelphia.

Front row: R. Kirkpatrick, C. Smathers, J. Todd, J. Aberle, J. Tobin. *Middle Row:* G. Cochrane, G. Flora, R. Dillon, J. Busi, D. Fraatz, S. Wilson, J. Grosh, L. Low. *Back row:* J. Packer, J. Powers, W. Goodenow, R. Jones, F. Kelly, E. Koster, J. Kennedy, G. Kent, R. Evans, A. Weed. *Absent:* N. Campbell, W. Daily, F. Harris, W. Mahon, Jr., R. Young, L. Chapin, J. Kelly, R. Semlear, M. Hardin, L. Trigiano.

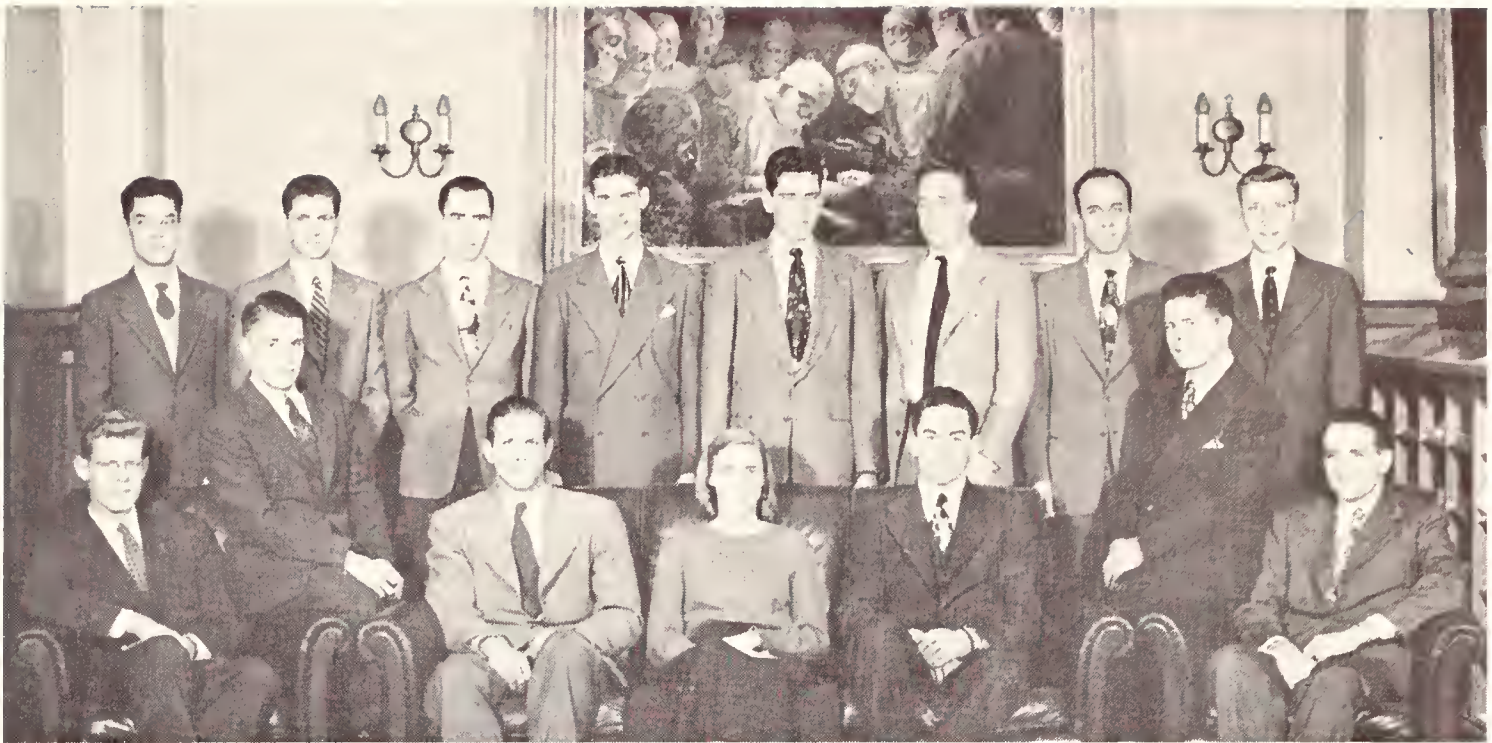




BABCOCK SURGICAL SOCIETY

<i>Honorary President</i>	W. W. Babcock, M.D.
<i>President</i>	W. E. Burnett, M.D.
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	G. P. Rosemond, M.D.
<i>Student President</i>	James B. Busi
<i>Student Secretary-Treasurer</i>	Roger S. Beck

Organized in 1907 to honor Dr. Wayne Babcock, the young professor of surgery, the Babcock Society has grown to become a vigorous and thriving part of Temple. Its aims are noteworthy. Scholarship is a prime requisite for the hopeful aspirate who tries for one of the fifty places as the scholastic requirements are stringent. Personal qualities are equally important as the new member must be voted in by the old members and be approved by the faculty advisors and the dean. The society endeavors to add just a little refinement to this group of students over and above the normal curriculum. Each senior student member prepares and reads a paper on some current subject before the society. This acquaints him with the current and past literature at least in one aspect, introduces him to the art of reviewing the literature, and develops his interest in other new matters in the papers presented by his fellows. Vitally important also, it serves as a start in that foreboding field of public speaking and teaching. This is obviously invaluable as every doctor must be



Above, front row: R. Ogilvie, E. Van DerWerker, W. Peters, L. Molthan, J. Busi, W. Kelly, R. Schilling. *Back row:* H. Sugiura, M. Wohl, M. Evans, R. Dillon, D. Fraatz, R. Fry, C. McCammon, J. Kirkpatrick.

Below, front row: P. Weaver, J. Cornely, W. Weber, J. Ladd, P. Caldwell. *Middle row:* G. Cochrane, G. Polanco, H. Huskey, K. Esterly, R. Beck, J. Grosh, R. Young. *Back row:* J. Denny, J. Erickson, R. Cooke, P. Brigham, K. Cooper, J. Feist, J. Rex, R. Kemp. *Absent:* L. Rice, A. Del Toro, N. Winston, A. Arzola, C. Hefelee, E. Moss, H. Rudel, W. Waddell, R. Bryan, M. Ringold, R. Delaplaine, W. Richards, R. Stratton, R. Wagner, J. Zeigler.

prepared to be a teacher as well as a student constantly the rest of his life.

Beside the academic interests, the society promotes several outstanding social functions during the school year. Each spring the members plus a few of the more vigorous alumni

gather for a picnic and ball game in some suitable outdoor site. During the winter, the annual banquet drawing faculty, friends, distinguished guests, and presenting some outstanding speaker poses as one of the highlights of the school year.



PHI ALPHA SIGMA

<i>Primarius</i>	Curtis P. McCammon
<i>Sub-Primarius</i>	William F. Waddell
<i>Scribus</i>	Edmund A. Krause
<i>Custos</i>	Emil G. Piserchia
<i>Steward</i>	Kenneth L. Cooper
<i>House Chairman</i>	Albert S. Beharry

Iota chapter of Phi Alpha Sigma was first organized at Temple University School of Medicine May 16, 1932. The history of our fraternity dates back to 1886 when the organization was founded at Bellevue Medical College.

Our chapter house at Temple, located at 3336 N. 16th Street, is the welcome haven of fellowship for brothers who reside therein as well as for those of our group who live elsewhere in the city. Our house is more than a dwelling for the passing parade of medical students, for its extensive library and comfortable quarters provide a pleasant study environment to members

of all four classes. In addition, our spacious dining hall and attractive living room make mealtimes enjoyable and relaxing. Furthermore, our chapter house is a favorite source of recreation. Our facilities and activities include such things as cards, chess, ping-pong, and television. The parties which we occasionally hold are made warm and friendly by our spirit of brotherhood and cooperation.

The doors of Iota Chapter are always open to those who would guide and inform us in our study of medicine. We enjoy addresses by many prominent personalities in the field of medicine whose experiences and wisdom has been valuable food for thought and endeavor to us. In addition, the preclinical students profit from the advice and aid offered by the more advanced brothers.

Front row: J. Sieger, J. Kistenmacher, E. Furukawa, J. Cornely, E. Politoski. *Middle row:* H. Eddy, A. Beharry, R. Schilling, E. Krause, C. McCammon, M. Monte, G. Eakin, R. Ogilvie. *Back row:* Y. Itoh, J. Cooper, W. Harris, C. Sardi, E. Sebastian, K. Cooper, J. Coffman, J. Rex, R. Fry, R. Stewart, A. Koch. *Absent:* R. Del Toro, C. Chock, T. Eaton, H. Rodriguez, C. Angstadt, J. Barber, C. Hefel, K. Ing, E. Piserchia, W. Waddell, H. Lively, J. Richardson.



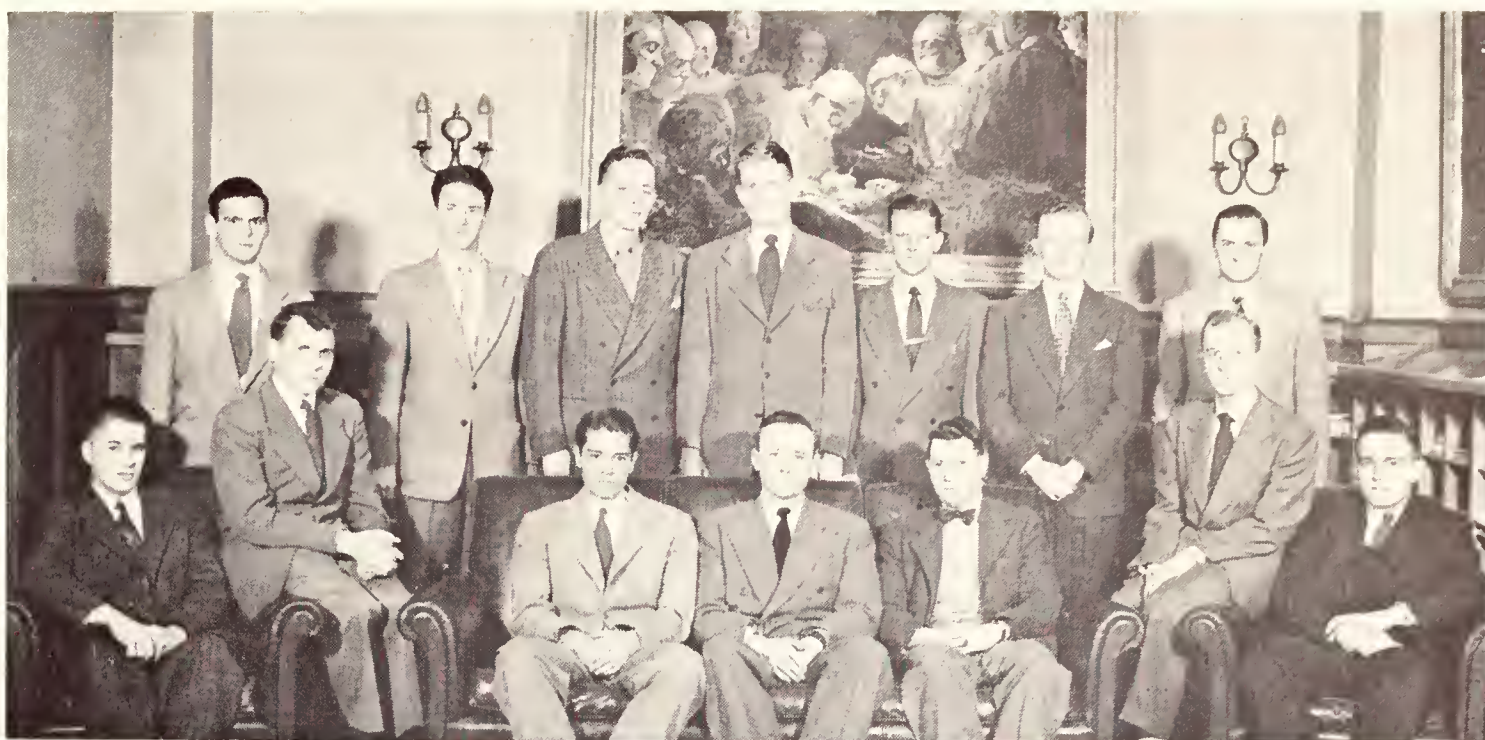


PHI BETA PI

<i>Archon</i>	Charles F. Wright
<i>Vice-Archon</i>	Boyd N. Park
<i>Secretary</i>	Ross M. Gerner
<i>Treasurer</i>	Matthew M. Mischinski

Beta Eta Chapter came into being in 1937 when the Upsilon Chapter of Omega Upsilon Phi, founded in 1918, merged with Phi Beta Pi. The merger proved to be a very wise and fortunate choice, for the chapter has since grown in prestige both locally and nationally.

Last year the chapter moved into its new house at 1421 W. Ontario Street. At that time new furnishings were purchased for the living room to provide members with the utmost in comfort and appearance for lounging and entertaining. The brothers also combined their efforts to transform the basement into a party room with a pleasant atmosphere where fellowship reigns supreme. At present the chapter has an active membership of forty men with many distinguished alumni represented on the faculty at Temple University. Membership has been kept small to allow for a close-knit, hard-working, progressive organization.



Above, first row: E. VanDerwerker, M. Mischinski, R. White, C. Wright, P. Nay, W. Jahnke, G. Manchester. Second row: R. Gerner, R. Clark, J. Flagg, G. Stevens, W. Anderson, B. Clayburgh, G. Stubenrauch. Below, first row: H. Walker, P. Rasmussen, G. Laquer, R. Kemp, B. Evans, M. Watts, W. Dovey. Second row: H. Hartman, G. Tueller, F. Wilcox, Unidentified, A. Donan, G. Southwick, F. Simpson, J. Ladd, F. Sherwood, W. Cochran, W. Loui. Absent: B. Park, A. Garcia, H. Esterly, P. Weaver, E. Dean, V. Smith, T. Hart, R. Bryan, C. Green, L. Campbell, A. Smith, M. Schweinsberg.

An integral part in the fraternity activities is the Wives' Club which holds regular meetings. They have provided such things as curtains and drapes for the house and have aided in sponsoring buffet suppers and alumni parties.

Quadri-chapter dances are held yearly in association with chapters from University of Pennsylvania, Hahneman Medical School, and Jefferson Medical School.

This year Beta Eta will add eleven men to the ever-growing alumni of Phi Beta Pi throughout the country.



PHI CHI

Presiding Senior

Presiding Junior

Judge Advocate

Treasurer

Secretary

House Manager

Doodle

Sentinel

John Kirkpatrick

Morton Brigham

Andrew Watson

Donald D. Hillan

Lynn Bush

Morton Brigham

Arthur Taylor

James Giambalvo

The initial activity of the fraternity on return to its Ontario Street domain was an intensified three-week rushing period designed to make up the deficiency in the ranks caused by last year's graduation.

With rushing parties starting our social activities, the sequential parties of note corresponded to the various holidays.

Inaugurating a new event which we hope will become a yearly one, Theta Upsilon sponsored a Christmas party for a group of underprivileged children, the success of which could be gauged by the clamor from the living room. Throughout the year members of the faculty

have obligingly visited the fraternity for post-prandial talks on subjects of non-medical nature yet with bearing upon the lives of future physicians.

The bridge games, bull sessions, dining club, hypochondriasis, the "Hey, whadya know about the brachial plexus," all round out the picture of Phi Chi.

Above, front row: H. Weldon, P. Didier, J. Giambalvo, R. Delaplaine, R. Stratton. *Middle row:* H. Taylor, A. Thiele, W. Kelly, J. Kirkpatrick, J. Osborn, V. Astler, W. Middleton, R. Kirk. *Back row:* D. Welsh, D. Hillan, P. Johnson, W. Treagle, J. Arbogast, N. Muschany, G. Field.
Above, front row: D. Mandry, W. Smith, R. Martz, D. Allen, G. Polanko. *Middle row:* R. Beck, C. Sutliff, A. Watson, P. Brigham, R. Saul, E. Micek, A. Taylor. *Back row:* P. Granson, A. Manning, J. Williams, R. Pilgrim, F. Oyen, R. Ouerman, G. Sharshon, C. Younkin, J. Denney.





PHI DELTA EPSILON

<i>Consul</i>	S. Bolter
<i>Vice-Consul</i>	D. Caine
<i>Scribe</i>	L. Karafin
<i>Corresponding Scribe</i>	H. Schwartz
<i>Treasurer</i>	J. Fishbein
<i>Senior Senator</i>	M. Forman
<i>Junior Senator</i>	E. Moss
<i>Historian</i>	V. Teichner

Phi Delta Epsilon Medical fraternity was founded in 1904 at the Cornell University Medical College, New York, by a group of eighty students headed by the late Doctor Aaron Brown, national organizer of the fraternity. It grew rapidly in size and name until 1918 when, after an amalgamation with Alpha Phi Sigma Fraternity was effected, Phi Delta Epsilon found itself one of the largest and most influential medical fraternities in the country.

The Chapter at Temple University School of Medicine was founded in 1915 and since its inception has closely paralleled the growth of

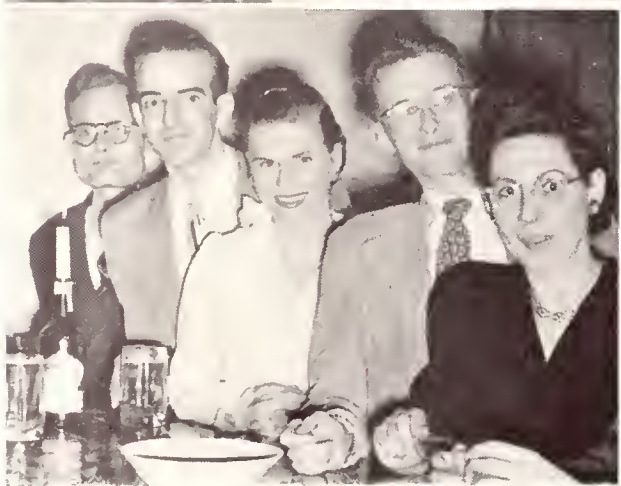
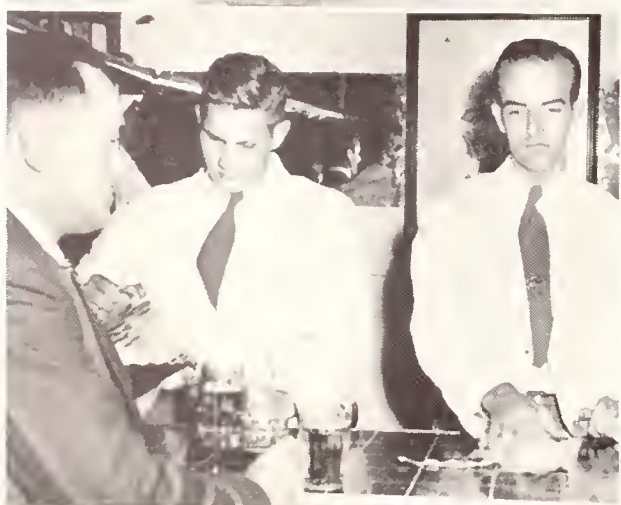


Above, front row: J. Fishbein, E. Moss, D. Caine, S. Bolter, M. Wohl, L. Karafin. *Back row:* A. Krosnick, M. Forman, L. Rice, E. Himmelstein, M. Ringold, G. Stechel, E. Levin.

Below, front row: J. Cutler, S. Rabin, H. Pollack, E. Resnick. *Back row:* J. Ziegler, B. Dinman, W. Levy, G. Chalal, L. Cander, H. Schwartz. *Absent:* J. Feingold, J. Foreman, A. Kaplan, E. Saber, V. Teichner, R. Bralove, J. Stockler, M. Bassis, M. Fricberg, H. Gottlieb, A. Greenfield, W. Levy, B. Axelrod, B. Bail, W. Richman, P. Copit, J. Levin, S. Karr, D. Lubowitz, S. Steinberg, S. Levin, M. Berenson, M. Tellum, M. Aronson, N. Resnick, S. Verbit, A. Dworkin.

the National Chapter. The local Chapter has devoted itself to the perpetuation of fraternal spirit, to the stimulation of its members along medical and non-medical lines, as evidenced by the effective functioning of our lectureship, scientific

and socioeconomic committees; and to a rousing, never-to-be-forgotten series of brilliant social events, which will surely bring many nostalgic memories to all of us when we leave the portals of Temple University School of Medicine.



PHI RHO SIGMA

<i>President</i>	Paul J. Caldwell
<i>Vice-president</i>	William H. Schindel
<i>Treasurer</i>	Thomas McGraw
<i>Secretary</i>	William Crigger
<i>Steward</i>	William H. Weber
<i>House Manager</i>	Michael Minora
<i>Sergeant-at-arms</i>	Alvin Vogele

For the past eleven years, the Alpha Lambda Chapter of the Phi Rho Sigma Fraternity has been established at 3232 North Sixteenth Street. Here the monthly open parties are held, here the Wives' Club meets for bridge, teas, and showers.

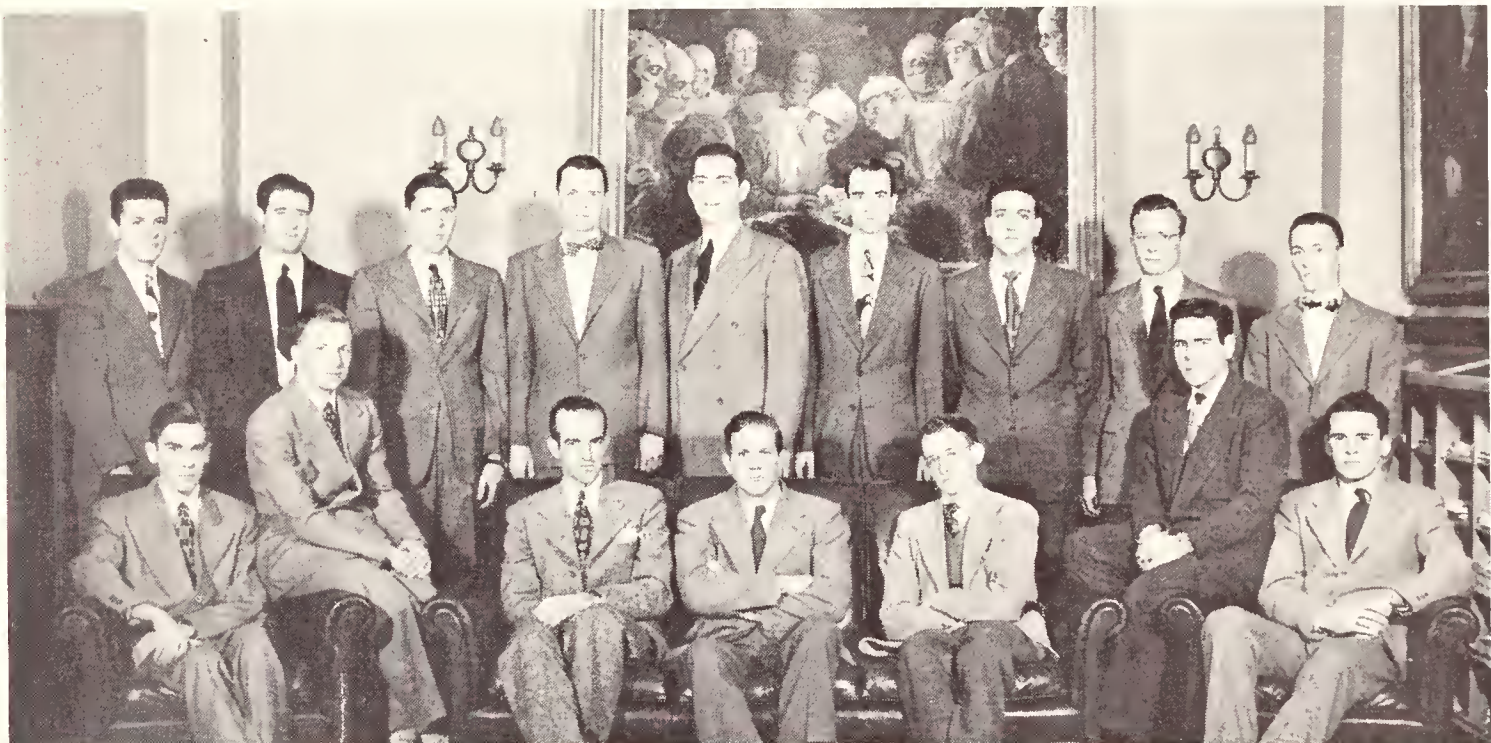
The fraternity's faculty advisor, Dr. John Franklin Huber, and Drs. Joseph C. Doane and H. Taylor Caswell, supervised the purchase of the house, so that Phi Rho Sigma became the first fraternity at Temple University School of Medicine to own its quarters. Since then, the house has been continuously improved for the benefit of the seventeen men who live there, and for the thirty-seven members who must live outside.

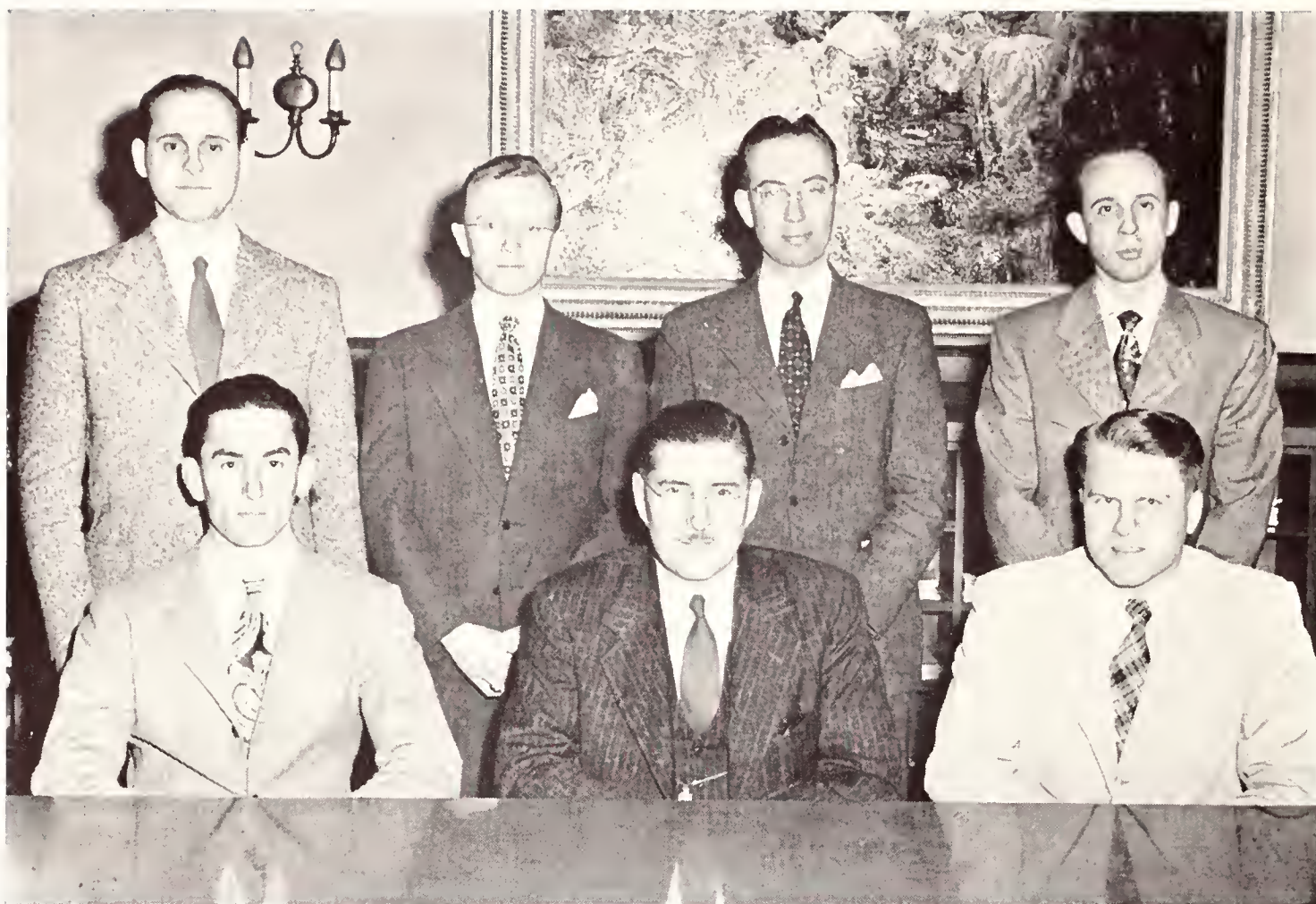
The function of the medical fraternity is much more important than that of the under-

graduate organization. The men of a professional school are bound closely together by a common interest which, though fascinating, is exhausting. The medical student needs a place where he can discuss his problems with con-

genial people, a place to play when there is time for it. It is to this end that Phi Rho Sigma is attempting to function, in the hope that its members may better appreciate and enjoy their four years in medical school.

Above, front row: W. Margie, M. Kudelko, W. Weber, W. Peters, W. Schindel, F. Long, J. Kelly. *Back row:* A. Grossmick, T. McGraw, J. Roper, E. Mowry, R. Cook, J. Erickson, M. Minora, A. Vogelee, J. Minick.
Below, front row: D. Baker, A. Morgan, A. Zinovenko, P. Caldwell, J. Eves, E. Sullivan, R. Eastman. *Back row:* H. Scudder, J. Mayer, S. Keill, P. Deardorff, J. Beezer, R. Robertson, A. Colosante, W. Hazelett, L. Titus, H. Bauer, E. Walters, E. Blasser, D. Burley. *Absent:* D. Albert, E. Ciriacy, F. Colosey, W. Crigger, R. Fry, W. Gaynor, R. Graham, C. Klamaw, M. Kutsenkow, C. Kyreages, D. McAleer, R. Pinkerton, W. Reppert, G. Ruick, N. Revatskie, H. Rudel, V. Tahav, N. Yoder.



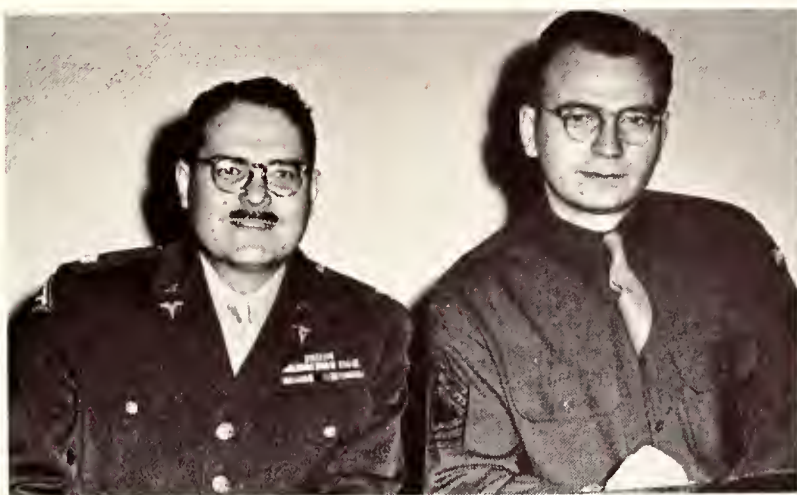


Front row: J. Busi, Dr. John Franklin Huber, W. Middleton. Back row: S. Bolter, B. Clayburgh, P. Caldwell, C. McCammon.

INTRAFRATERNITY COUNCIL

<i>Faculty Advisor</i>	Dr. John Franklin Huber
<i>Alpha Kappa Kappa</i>	James Busi
<i>Phi Alpha Sigma</i>	Curtis P. McCammon
<i>Phi Beta Pi</i>	Bennie Clayburgh
<i>Phi Chi</i>	William H. Middleton
<i>Phi Delta Epsilon</i>	Sidney Bolter
<i>Phi Rho Sigma</i>	Paul Caldwell

MEDICAL ROTC



Lt. Col. Lehman, commander 1947-48; M/Sgt. Henry.



Feline tendencies served a purpose.



THE TEMPLE UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE CONTINGENT AT FORT SAM HOUSTON, TEXAS, 1948. *Front row:* A. Weed, R. Schwimmer, A. Hazzard, M. Mischinski, Captain Keating, C. McCammon, H. Eddy, Berk, V. Smith. *Second row:* R. White, S. Petrie, L. Weiss, F. Harris, Sgt. Van Keuren, R. Fry, R. Dillon, J. Cornely, S. Wilson. *Third row:* G. Stubenrauch, F. Wickis, J. Nixon, Micek, A. Thiele, R. Schmidt, G. Effinger, W. Smith, Feist. *Fourth row:* C. Fox, G. Manchester, A. Watson, W. Weber, P. Granson, W. Waddell, E. Stanton, J. Bentz.

Open-air lectures . . . 1080 leaves no trace.



Lt. Col. Gatto commander 1948-49.





Vernon M. Smith *Editor-in-Chief*

1949 SKULL STAFF



Donald D. Hillan *Associate Editor*

Deep in the special *cave of shadows* reserved for poor mortals who essay to produce a record book, the staff of your 1949 SKULL discerned four main objectives. These furnished the pattern upon which the evolution of your book was wrought.

The first, was to create a *students' book*, one which any of us could pick up and find therein our very own emotions, impressions, and memories. The hope was to incorporate enough material so that, here and there, a single phrase or anecdote might marshal the forces of association and bring the memories crowding back, vivid and fresh. To achieve this end, we turned to you, our classmates, the friends we worked with in clinics and in laboratories. Rather than an isolation by departments, where the whole is obscured by the details, we asked you to relive, on paper, the various stages in the metamorphosis that separates the new freshman from the late senior. William Schindel did a fine job both in writing and in correlating the many write-ups, and in producing the continuity of the narrative section.

The second aim was to offer completely new illustrations and artwork. The excellence of the graphic shots and the special effects are

testimony of the success of this program. Too much cannot be said to commend Gerald O. Stubenrauch for the great effort and time he devoted to this phase of the work, both in and out of the darkroom. Paul Nay's talent is well-exemplified in the features section.

The third objective was to obtain the finest printing job available with our limited funds. Here the search led us up and down the sweltering streets of Philadelphia; and, finally, to Baltimore, Maryland, where the Horn-Shafer Company and Mr. I. H. Chamberlain offered both excellent printing service and expert advice.

The fourth main objective was to insure financial stability for the entire project. In this field, Lyndall Molthan picked up the unraveled threads of a disorganized business section late in the program, and by dint of continuous effort achieved the firm financial footing enjoyed by your 1949 SKULL.

These, then, are the principal guides for the accomplishment of this, your book. Credit for whatever commendation it merits belongs to you, who have furnished the shadows; whatever failings rest herein are the responsibility of us, who misinterpreted them.

LITERARY STAFF:

Vernon Astler
Joseph Foreman
Donald Fraatz
Alford Hazzard
Eugene Stanton
David Welsh

PHOTOGRAPHY STAFF:

Douglas F. Allen
Paul Didier

CONTRIBUTED PHOTOS:

Felipa Diaz-Santini
Lillian Lord
Angel Mattos
Henry Sugiura
Arthur Thiele

BUSINESS STAFF:

George H. Stechel
Nathan J. Campbell
Randall L. Clark
F. Willson Daily
Robert Ogilvie
Milton Wohl
also

Geraldine Huss, Olive Jack, Nancy A. Jordan Small, Melville Monte, Lester Rice, Ruth Stekert.

William Schindel
Literary Editor

Gerald O. Stubenrauch
Photography Editor

Paul Nay
Art Editor

Lyndall Molthan
Business Manager





Campbell University

FEATURES

WILL YOU EVER FORGET? . . .



"Today, Doctor!"



"A wiggle a day . . ."



"Our idea is, to make this course as difficult as possible, for you."



"You're digging your grave with your own teeth!"



"Get the general idea, then add the details."



"Did you hear that? The wind *blew* him over!"

"Did you ever see a cow spit?"

"The external nares, the columella; and the inferior, middle, and superior turbinates."

"Now, I don't claim to be the best *anatomist* in the world . . ."





"The modern girl . . ."



"An I. Q. of only twice her diagonal conjugate is *not* an indication . . ."



"Now, let us see if we can't bring all this together."



"Pathology bridges the gap between the laboratory and the clinical sides of medicine."



"The action of digitalis is to increase the force of cardiac contraction."

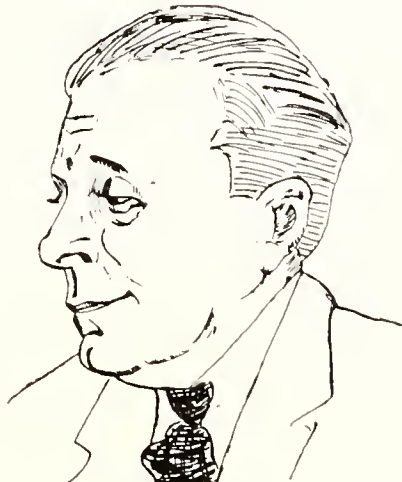


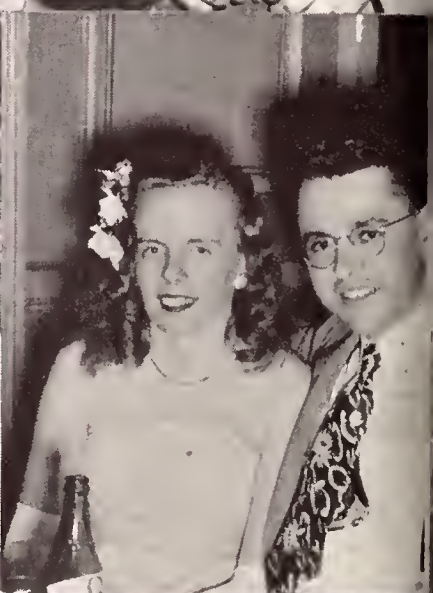
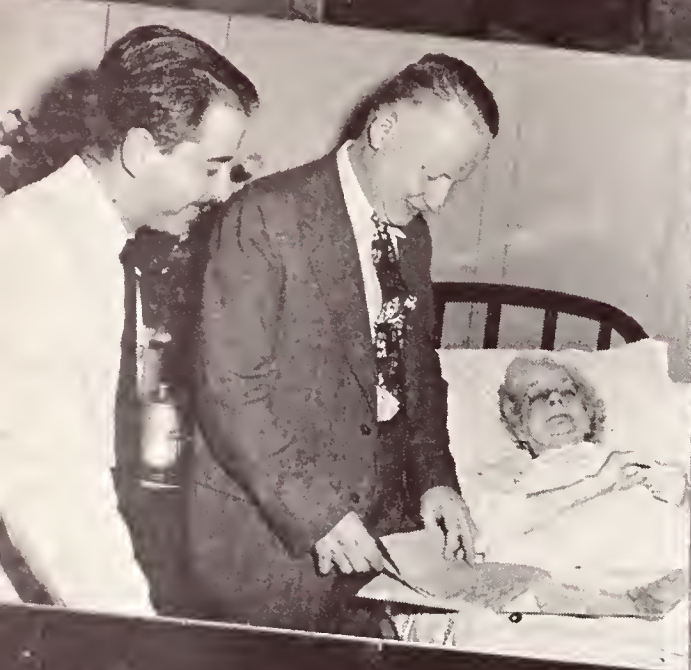
"Simply assure them that the warts will eventually pass away."

"Get the pediatrician out of there, and grab the baby quick before the obstetrician beats it to death."

"Starling's law of the heart has to do with the length of the muscle fibers."

"If there is any question about your examination paper, write us a note on the back."

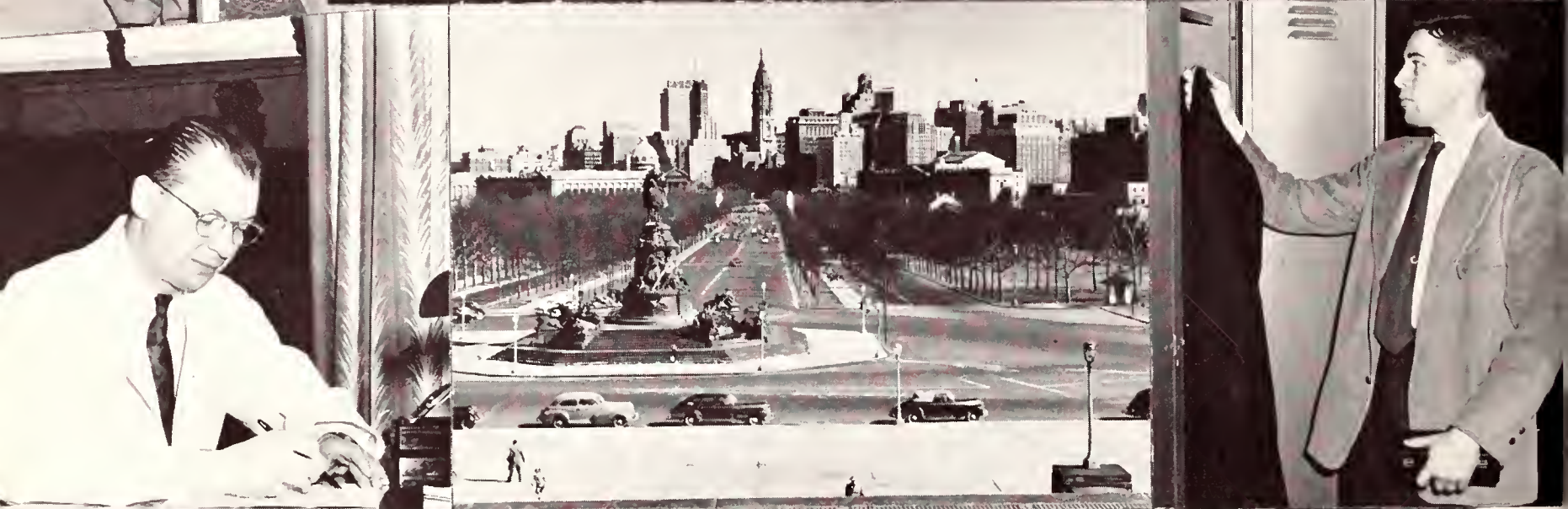














TEMPLE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL LABORATORIES

LABORATORY REQUEST SLIP

Patient's Name John Smith Age 50 Sex Male Date 1/14/49

Service of Doctor ? Ward ✓ Hosp. No. I.U. # Address I.U. # Date 1/14/49

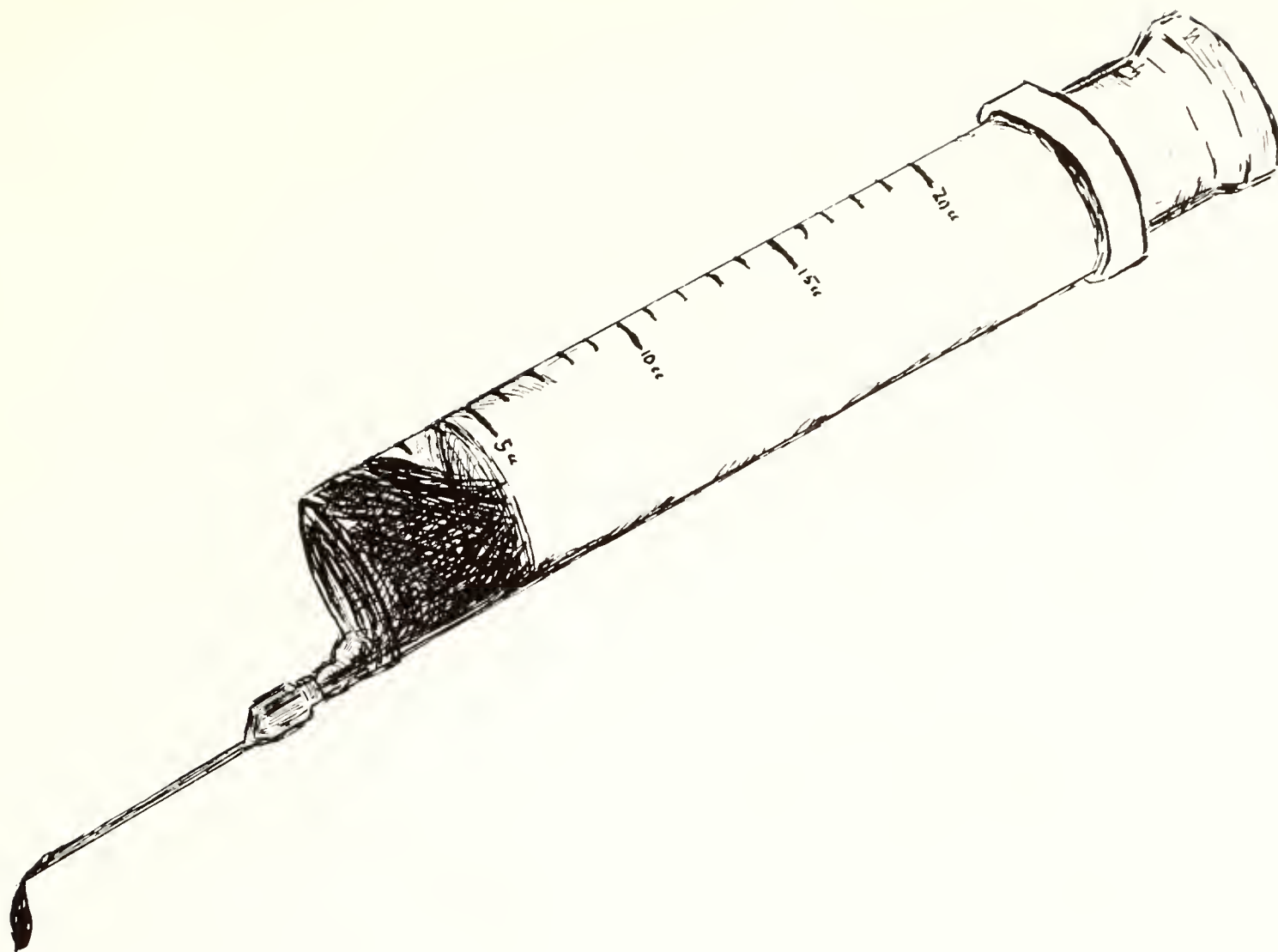
Clinical Diagnosis ? Nature of Specimen Blood Examination Requested Rugae, T.M.N., CO₂ chlorides

Examination Requested Brown Intern's Signature Brown

Laboratory No. 33041 THIS REQUEST MUST BE FILLED OUT IN DETAIL

Signature [Signature]

Technician



ONLY a few words . . . only a few lines . . . trim printed words to vouch for the twenty-one months we've spent here. We're changed more than we might like to admit. How very far away those undergraduate labs seem now, when at the end of the day we still feel our feet pulsating. We have learned what untiring accuracy our technician's work demands. We have been the lesser vessels flowing into a mighty network, the capillaries that contribute to the universal whole.



DR. EARLE HENRY SPAULDING
Professor of Bacteriology

WE DEDICATE . . .

"Efficiency of a practically flawless kind may be reached naturally in the struggle for bread. But there is something beyond—a higher point, a subtle and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill: almost an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art—which IS art." It is that something beyond . . . almost an inspiration, which we find in him that leads us, the 1949 Class of Technicians, to dedicate our section of the SKULL to Dr. Earle Henry Spaulding.

* * *

Dr. Spaulding was born in a typical small New England town, Rutland, Vermont, on January 31, 1907. When he was eleven, his family moved to Glens Falls, New York. This afforded him many opportunities for outdoor life, and he spent his summers camping and mountain climbing in the Adirondacks.

Following his graduation from Glens Falls High School in 1924, he worked one year in the Athletic Department of the local "Y." In 1925 he entered Wesleyan University, Middletown, Connecticut. Here he engaged in many extracurricular activities such as being head of his chapter of Psi Upsilon, manager of the football team, and a member of the basketball team. He dropped the last activity in his senior year in order to complete his pre-medical course. After

graduation in 1929, he planned to spend one year doing bacteriologic research at the Storrs, Connecticut Experiment Station, but continued there until 1933 when he married Dorothy Wheeler. That fall he entered Yale University and received the Ph.D. degree in 1936.

Dr. Spaulding began his career at Temple University Medical School in that same year as an instructor in Bacteriology. He advanced rapidly to associate instructor, assistant professor, associate professor, and finally in 1947, to professor of Bacteriology. As Bacteriologist to the Temple University Hospital, he is responsible for the diagnostic bacteriology. In the field of research, Dr. Spaulding contributed to anaerobic bacteriology, disinfection, and more recently, the mechanisms of chemotherapeutic and antibiotic activity.

When not busy working, Dr. Spaulding devotes his time to his family, which include his wife, Dorothy, and three children, Carol, Betty Jean, and Dick. Still maintaining an enthusiastic interest in sports, he is a football and baseball fan, and plays tennis actively.

* * *

We are grateful to you, Dr. Spaulding, for being a friend and instructor, who, in spite of many obligations, is never too busy to be interested in our welfare. For your patience, guidance, and inspiration, we thank you.

Dr. Spaulding and family





SUE FLORENCE AIHARA

1505 N. 15TH STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Loyalty is the greatest good in the human heart."

Born in Oakland, California, Sue brought that everlasting sunshine when she came to Temple University. In her quiet and pleasant manner Sue has proven to be one of our most efficient and responsible technicians. Our future Mrs. Kaneda uses her spare time to increase her hope chest with expertly hand-rolled linens. We know that Sue will always be happy and healthy—she eats both an apple and an orange a day.

« GRADUATES

BETTY E. BAKER

263 N. FAIRVIEW STREET

LOCK HAVEN, PA.

"Dark eyes with magnetic charm."

A staunch supporter of the old home town Betty seldom misses an opportunity to root for old Lock Haven. Yet she finds life in the city intriguing, for she is an ardent fan of the opera and theater. Among her less widely known hobbies is the raising of snails. A keen interest in unusual and tasty dishes has led Betty to become acquainted with a variety of restaurants. In the field of technology, Hematology may claim her interests.



EVALYN BERNHARDT
ROCKHILL FURNACE, PA.

"What stature is she of? Just as high as my heart."

Petite—the word was just meant for Evalyn, but she insists she's all of ——! With an A.B. in Biology she still quakes at the thought of certain orals. Her quiet approach and serious manner often conceal the "devil in her eyes." After graduation, plans are no problem to Evalyn who would like to work near her hometown—Rockhill Furnace.



OF 1949 »



AUDREY JANE BROSTROM
WALNUT STREET
HULMEVILLE, PA.

"And none has quite escaped her smile."

Tip-top on our popularity polls sits this young lady from Hulmeville. Beginning in the wee hours of the morning, Audrey sails through the day with an ever pleasant disposition, a gay chuckle and a remarkable efficiency in handling any situation that arises. The appearance of this blond, blue eyed miss in any ward is a treat for the patients. We know—they've told us so.



GRACE E. CHISHOLM
153 MAPLEWOOD AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"An inexhaustible good nature is one of the most precious gifts of heaven."

After interesting and varied experiences Grace found her way to Temple. Her choice of career may have been influenced in part by her father, a medical missionary. Grace was born in Korea and spent most of her childhood there. She has also made her home in California, and Pennsylvania. She attended Wheaton College in Illinois where she obtained a B.A. in Zoology. Possessing a quiet charm and natural beauty, Grace is a pleasant companion socially and professionally.

« GRADUATES

CAROL P. ENGLEMAN
5922 PULASKI AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."

The sparkle from her left hand is exceeded only by the twinkle in her eye. Those precious pennies that help to fill her hope chest are a constant reminder to curb her ravenous appetite. Her thirst for a tan leads Carol to spend her spare moments soaking up the sunshine on the hospital roof with beautiful results. Carefree, fun loving—Carol!



ANNA E. ESHELMAN
47 N. FOURTH STREET
SOUDERTON, PA.

"Tho she looks bewitchingly simple, yet there is mischief in every dimple."

Anna's presence in any lab is always heralded by her giggle which is ever ready to burst forth. However, a hearty sense of humor does not prevent her from being a serious worker. Her ability to make a neat notebook is known by all of us. Being a daily commuter from Souderton does not bother Anna, who prefers life in the country to the bustle of the city.



OF 1949 »



ARLENE M. FITZPATRICK
620 GREENWOOD AVENUE
POTTSVILLE, PA.

"A heart whose love is innocence."

A true Irish lassie, a wearer of the green—that's Arlene. She prides herself on her meticulous appearance, and well she might. At the mention of a risqué remark, her blush seems to blend with the color of her hair. Swift as a deer, Arlene sets a fast pace for any walking partner who has the endurance to match hers. This apparently has its advantage, for her cheeks have that healthy glow.



SUSAN JOAN GELBER

280 WAYNE STREET

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

"If music be the food of love, play on."

This "Connecticut Yankee" has a deep love for music; although she seldom displays her talent, she is a very capable violinist. Sue is noted for her diligence and eagerness—can you imagine anyone else doing Chemistry problems "just for fun?" Among the things we'll remember—Sue dropping her earrings in the punch, cutting tissues for Dr. Sano, and getting "lost" taking blood counts in Children's Ward.

« GRADUATES

MARILYN HAROLD

1505 CITY LINE AVENUE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Her ways are ways of pleasantness and all her ways are peace."

Those of us who have had the pleasure of working with Marilyn can appreciate her quiet sense of humor and easy-going manner. This originator of our "Sunshine Committee" finds her own sunshine in Lenny, and displays a bit of it on the third finger of her left hand. She is the girl who has read the latest best-seller or can tell you what's playing at the Academy. We still chuckle at her "Shuffle off to Buffalo" dance routine and numerous questions in lecture.



SARA LEVITZ
128 SOUTH 9TH STREET
LEBANON, PA.

"There's a time for all things."

"Sparkling" is the word for Sussy whose personality matches her hair in brightness. There is never an idle moment in her day; is it any wonder that Sussy can fulfill her numerous official duties in Phi Sigma Sigma and still manage weekend trips home? An insatiable appetite for fun and food is Sussy's trademark. Can anyone be glum when she is around?



OF 1949 »



MARILYN LINSKY
4851 RORER STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Give the world the best you have, and the best will come back to you."

"Need any help? I'm not busy now." There's never an idle moment in Marilyn's busy day. She's always willing to lend a hand. Her speed and efficiency make her a welcome recruit in any lab. Marilyn's blue-black hair and attractive smile are other assets not to be overlooked. Whatever her plans for the future, Marilyn's self-reliance and ability assure her success.



RENE LUCIDI
1115 REVERE AVENUE
TRENTON, N. J.

"When in doubt, win the trick."

"Can't we find a fourth?" This phrase is often heard from Rene whose favorite pastime is bridge. Her spontaneous wit and incessant chatter add a bit of diversion to our busy day. This attractive young lady shows much promise as a future technician. Bright horizons beckon. California, here she comes!

« GRADUATES

VIRGINIA ANN McDONNELL
ALLEGHENY STREET
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

"Her eyes as stars of twilight fair, like twilight too, her dusky hair."

"Ginny, when do we have lecture?" "Say, Ginny, where's our exam going to be?" "Ginny, pulleeze can't you fix it so we can use the library?" And Ginny, with her bright friendly smile and warm personality, always has a solution. She's the girl we turn to for practically everything, the girl who's never too busy nor too tired to go out of her way to help any or all of us. Is it any wonder, with her tact, efficiency and boundless energy, that we are so proud to have Ginny as our class president?



FRANCES THERESA McMAHON

116 RIVERSIDE DRIVE

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

"Good health and good sense are two of life's greatest blessings."

Fran is one technician who doesn't have to make any decision regarding when and how to apply her talents. She is heading home to her Dad's lab in Binghamton, New York. Fran's aptitude for lab work impresses everyone who sees this curly-haired technician dispatch "stat emergencies" with amazing speed and accuracy. When Fran doesn't have a test tube or pipette in hand, she's stitching on a blouse or whipping up a pie.



OF 1949 »



RUTH C. REUTER

1607 GERMANTOWN AVENUE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"When the mood inclines, jollity reigns."

In addition to the transition from white uniforms to custom-made clothes, Ruth presents quite a contrast in and out of the lab. Those who know her as a quiet, serious technician may not recognize this story-teller and life of the party. Ruth, who loves parties and trips, finds that there are just too few weekends in a year.



MIRIAM ROTMAN
240 SO. BROAD STREET
WOODBURY, N. J.

"There is an indefinable charm about her."

Vogue, the keynote of her appearance, places Mimi at the head of our fashion parade. Her flawless attire and numerous shoes of every color and style draw many admiring glances. Mimi's pleasant disposition, as well as her ability to play, makes her a popular fourth at cafeteria bridge games. Whatever the future holds, the best of luck to you, Mimi!

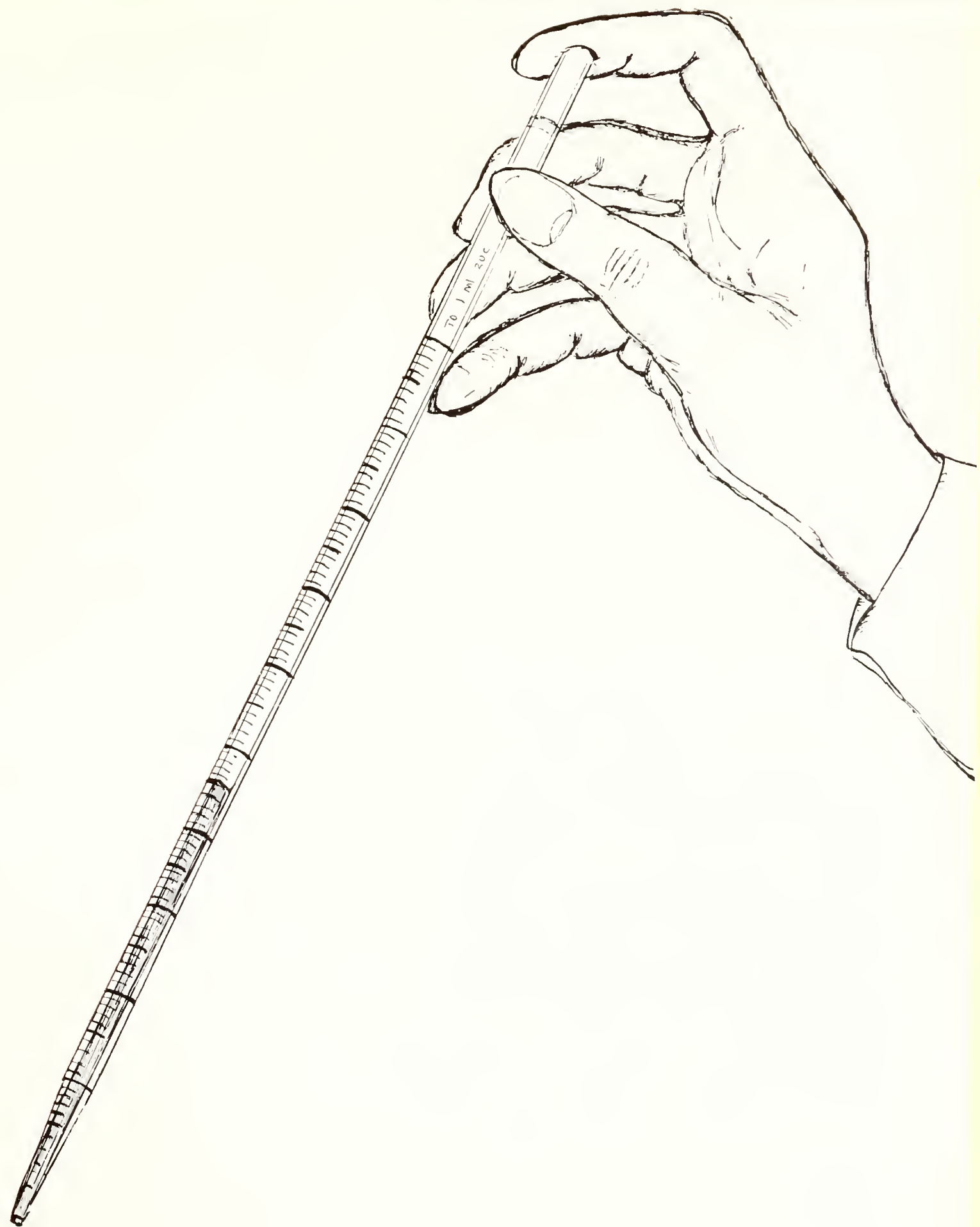
« GRADUATES » OF 1949

THELMA SEROTTA
2516 N. CORLIES STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"For no loud blast disturbs thy heart."

"Aprendo, aprendes, aprende." Temmie is practicing Spanish for she'll be living in Mexico, post wedding bells. Foreign customs will give her little trouble because she is capable of handling any task that comes her way, including the knitting of a man-sized argyle sweater. With the exception of those first mornings in gastrics lab, few thing upset Thelma's slow and easy going manner.





Laboratories



Sussy, Ginny, Arlene, Martha and Mrs. Lynch

HUDDLED in Miss Mac's office, bewildered by the mad scramble of interns, patients and specimens, we wondered, "Will we ever know . . .?" But, even on that first day, the test tubes of blood, the bottles of urine, and white lab cards with their unfamiliar terms began to have a meaning.

We followed the request cards marked "Serology" to the third floor of the Medical School—and Mrs. Lynch. Soon we found that a "serology" was not one test, but three—the Kolmer, Kahn, and Kline. In time we began to apply the principle of the Kolmer tests to diseases other than syphilis, such as infectious mononucleosis, gonorrhea, and lymphogranuloma venereum. In addition to our work in the lab, we received first-hand information concerning the latest developments in serology from Dr. Kolmer.

At the end of three months we returned to Miss Mac's for our second assignment. We were

given a green box filled with bottles modestly covered with cards marked "U.A." It was obvious that "U.A." meant urinalysis, and that urinalysis, in turn, meant one month of "appearance, specific gravity and microscopic examination." The routine day was broken up by the addis counts, phenolsulfonphthalein, Mosenthal, and Fishberg tests. Much to our surprise, we found that our duties in urinalysis included venous punctures and basal metabolism tests. At last—our first patients!

Our next lab brought us in contact with many more patients. Equipped with aspirator, needle, and a box of pipets and solutions, we were soon identified as students of hematology. Assuming our most cheerful voices and winning smiles, we mastered the art of reconciling children with blood counts. Under the guidance of Miss Elizabeth Heck, we learned the intricacies of counting and differentiating blood cells, and

Audrey, Carol and Susan.



Percy, Alice, Miss Heck and Susan.





Betty, Julie, Grace and Margaret.



Toni and Rene.

always received a ready answer to our eternal question, "What's this one?" Hematocrit, platelet, reticulocyte, and sickle cell preparations became part of our everyday vocabulary. In this lab Miss Mac was the bearer of our request cards, and her "stat emergencies, hematocritters, and patients with an abominable pain" brought many chuckles.

A low hemoglobin reading and red cell count could mean only one thing—blood transfusions, and our hematology reports preceded us to Blood Bank. We were saddened to find that banker's hours never applied to this bank! From the moment we entered we knew it would be difficult to uphold the motto of the bank—"Tranquility must be maintained at all costs." In rapid-fire succession we typed, cross-matched, and dispensed blood throughout the day.

Overflowing with jars of sputum for T.B. culture, the cabinet outside of Miss Mac's office be-

came the starting place for the Bacteriology freshmen. Veterans of eight months, we carried the jars to Bacteriology with an air of assurance. But, this was not the only "air" about us. For three months we were deeply engrossed in the methods of feeding, culturing, and identifying bacteria. As detectives of the bacteriological world, we learned to follow up the clues found on the petri plates, Gram's-stained slides, and bio-chemical tubes. As a final step, we had the satisfaction of putting some of these micro-criminals to work as vaccines. Dr. Spaulding, Dr. Anderson and staff gave us weekly quizzes to clear up confusing and difficult subjects.

For the identification of the yeasts and molds that appeared on our petri plates, we moved on to Parasitology. Here we acquired amazing speed in the handling of those odoriferous specimens that arrived in innocent-looking ice-cream boxes surrounded by hot water bottles.



Polly and Mary.



Sue, Sussy, Ruth, Rusty, Evalyn and Sally.

The remaining time was spent examining stock slides for ova and parasites in preparation for our practical examination.

Our first month in chemistry found us facing a weird assortment of tubes, pipettes and flasks. We soon discovered that there is even a technic in dishwashing as the proper care of glassware is essential for obtaining accurate results. Supplying other labs with solutions was another of our responsibilities as a Freshman. However, it was with pleasure that we turned over our duties to the new Freshman, for we were eager to learn to use the photometer, colorimeter and CO₂ machine. In the remaining months, we began to master the test that had once seemed so complicated. The lab work was supplemented by a series of lectures in biochemistry by Dr. Hamilton who explained the underlying theories and mechanisms involved in these tests. Taking bloods on early-morning "carriage" gave us an-

other opportunity to meet the patients. In spite of the constant rush of activity the rest of the day proved so interesting that it was with some reluctance that we left this busy lab at the end of four months.

There were no request cards from Miss Mac's office this month, for the requests in Allergy come in the form of consultations from the doctor. The "specimen" in this case is the patient himself, whose skin is tested for allergy. For those found allergic to dust, we made extracts with which they were desensitized. It was in the clinic that Miss Muriel Heck taught us the proper method of skin testing.

In Gastrics we were especially glad to be the technicians rather than the patients. The ordeal of swallowing a Rehfuß tube is one which we were not anxious to experience. The technical part of a gastric analysis consists of the titration of gastric juices and microscopic examination of

Victim, Temmie and Muriel.



Patient and Thelma.



Carol, Grace, Dorothy and Ruth.



the stomach contents. Free afternoons enabled us to review what we have already learned by assisting in other labs.

The last two of our twenty-one months were spent in the Histology lab, which is hidden in a corner of the Pathology Department. Although the autotechnician does the manual work in preparing tissues, the skill lies in the embedding, cutting, and staining, which is our part of the procedure. The buzz of the frozen section machine, summoned us to the Staff Room to watch the cutting and staining of the frozen tissue

which is done in a matter of minutes. For our own experience, we collected some of the tissue for special staining. With the air of paraffin still about us, we leave the interesting lab of Histology.

The numerous request cards and specimens are no longer a mystery; we return to Miss Mac's, this time as prospective graduates. Our stay at Temple Hospital has come to an end. We are indebted to Miss Mac and all our instructors for their help and guidance throughout the course.

*Front Row, left to right: Mary Lou Goodman, Marietta Carlin, Nancy Moore, Mary Ann Babos, Mary Kidd.
Second row: Roberta Stauffenberg, Florence Wilson, Bernyce Dvorkin, Florence Blades.*





Above: Time out from work.



Above: Happy smiles.



Right: Miss Mac.

Below: A gay evening!

Below: Ginny, Grace and Fran.





Above: Carol and Bob.



Above: Intermission!



Left: Lyn and Lenny.

Below: Having fun!



Below: Al and Temmie.





Florence Nightingale Pledge

*I solemnly pledge myself before God,
and in the presence of this assembly,
to pass my life in purity and to
practice my profession faithfully. I
will abstain from whatever is deleter-
ious and mischievous, and will not
take or knowingly administer any
harmful drug. I will do all in my power
to maintain and elevate the standard
of my profession, and will hold in confidence
all personal matters committed to my
keeping and all family affairs coming
to my knowledge in the practice of my
calling. With loyalty will I endeavor to
aid the physician in his work, and
devote myself to the welfare of
those committed to my care.*

School of Nursing

Temple Univ



ersity Hospital



MISS MARGARET E. HUEY, R.N., B.S.
ASST. DIRECTRESS OF NURSES
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DEDICATION

We, the Class of 1949, in sincere appreciation, dedicate this book to Miss Margaret E. Huey. We are grateful to her for her untiring efforts in planning a well-balanced clinical program for us. Her gracious understanding manner, her readiness to listen to our problems and to give inspiring guidance are a few of the qualities which have proven her a fine example of our proud profession.

Dear Class of 1949:

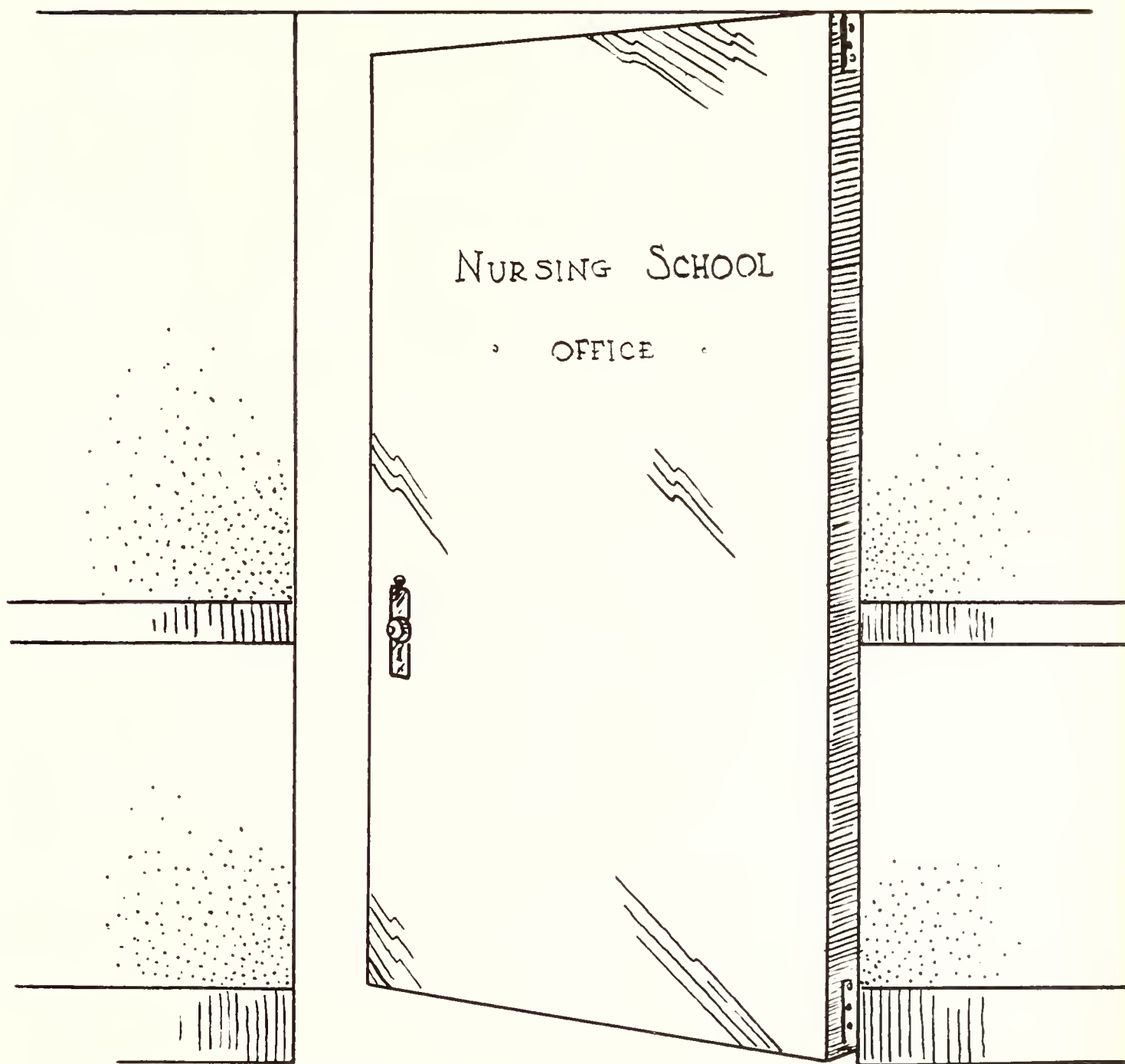
You are graduating at a time when confusing developments and upheavals within the nursing profession are but a small part of the confusion and fear for the future you see in the world around you. Uncertainties threaten your professional careers as graduate nurses and your attainment of the modest comfort and personal happiness of which you dream. You ask what you as individuals can do in a world which almost seems to have lost its way. Can you contribute nothing but a small job well done?

Yes, that is all you can do, and that is enough. It is the tireless doing of obscure and unknown things, the endless little fidelities and goodnesses, that really count. If each one does her part honestly and faithfully, the sum of these fragments of service can be surprisingly great. My hope for you all is that you will find happiness and satisfaction in the thought that you are not only inclined but are now excellently prepared to take your places on the side of the doers, the "builder-uppers" and the givers of aid.

Sincerely,

Margaret E. Huey

ADMINISTRATION





MISS ETHEL R. SMITH, *R.N.*
PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL

DIRECTRESS OF NURSES

Miss Smith, a graduate of Philadelphia General Hospital, was Nursing Arts instructor before becoming Directress of Nurses in 1946. While pre-clinic students we became familiar with Professional Ethics through her expert guidance. As we progressed in our course, we found in Miss Smith an enthusiastic interest in student government and welfare. Her liberal attitude concerning privileges and her firm belief in self-government have done much to promote a congenial and wholesome unity in the student body.

Her dignity, charm and frankness will always be remembered and we are appreciative of her efforts in our behalf.



BY DAY, *left to right*: Miss Huey, Miss Smith, Miss Baldawski and Miss Ringawa.

BY NIGHT, *left to right*: Miss Pallis, Miss Maxey, Mrs. Mintinenes and Miss DeLuca. *Absent*, Mrs. Weston.

ADMINISTRATION

The administrative duties in a large general hospital such as ours require an experienced staff which can do anything from locating a patient's dentures to adequately supplying the institution with the necessary manpower and guidance. The knowledge that competent supervisors are near if needed enables the student to work free from tension and creates a more desirable atmosphere for the patient.



MISS RENA L. WHITE, R.N., B.A.
JEFFERSON SCHOOL OF NURSING

EDUCATIONAL DIRECTRESS

Our Educational Directress is a graduate of Jefferson School of Nursing, Philadelphia and Columbia University, New York. Miss White came to Temple University Hospital with the thorough knowledge of all phases of nursing which is gained through conscientious application of well-learned theory.

She teaches her subjects with a clarity and emphasis that impresses the student with their importance. Her fine sense of humor, perfect examples of a point, and accurate recital of cases and symptoms make theory much easier to remember. Her references to patients made us eager to leave the class room and get back to the floors to apply our newly-learned knowledge. No one can ever forget those Saturday morning quizzes or the difference between benign and malignant tumors. Her introduction of the Class Bloc system into our Nursing School is demonstrative of her fulfillment of her pledge "to maintain and elevate the standards of my profession."

Her hobbies include music, plays, traveling and bridge. Dignity, neatness and promptness are keynotes with our attractive Miss White. "He who is ten minutes early will succeed." is one of her oft repeated mottos. As we bid a fond good-bye to our Alma Mater we hold in reverence many pleasant memories of Miss White.



Left to Right: Miss Stewart, Mrs. Poston, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Weaver, Miss Hampton, Mrs. Drysdale, Miss Delpino.

EDUCATIONAL STAFF

Guiding the students through difficult months of adjustment to a point where they can steer their own course requires meritorious wisdom and understanding. Both class-room theory and practical ward instruction are capably managed by our Educational Staff.

DR. HOWARD BAKER, *M.D.*, CHIEF RESIDENT and
MRS. PATRICIA PRESSMAN, *R.N.*, ASSISTANT TO
THE DEAN.

Familiar figures in our daily life are Mrs. Pressman and Dr. Baker. Few people realize what a responsibility it is to keep all departments well-equipped and presentable. Mrs. Pressman efficiently manages maintenance and house-keeping. Busy Dr. Baker holds a special place in the hearts of student nurses for he serves as our physician in addition to his duties as Chief Resident. Many of us are grateful recipients of his skillful and understanding care.





HEAD NURSES

As pictured above, left to right, first row: Miss Hart, Miss Krapf, Mrs. Bickel. Second row: Mrs. Lander, Miss Tomcho, Mrs. Austin, Miss Cook, Mrs. Reed.

DIETITIANS

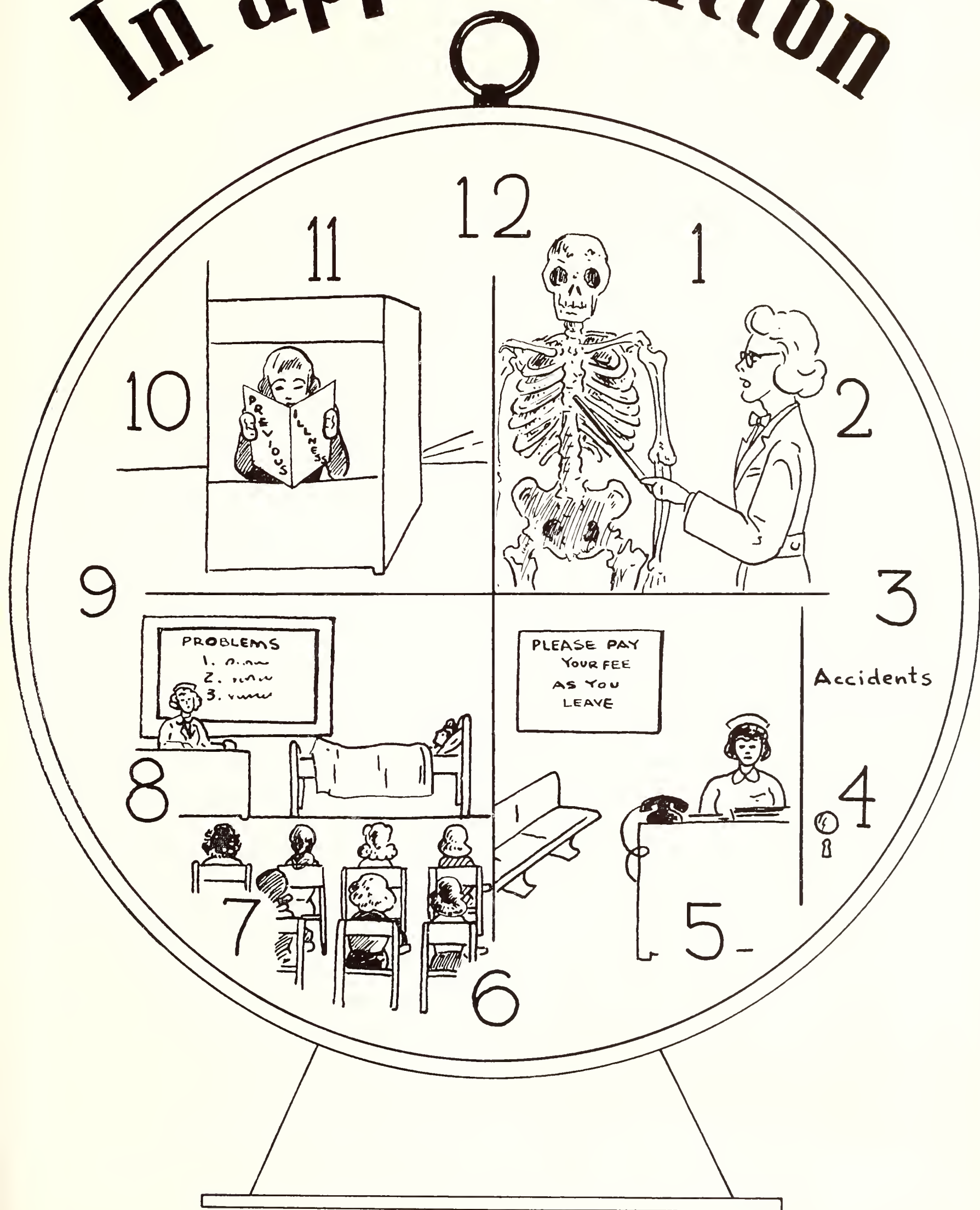
Below, lower left, left to right: Miss Howe, Mrs. Hardinson, Mrs. Kahn.



Below, lower right: Mrs. Burns.



In appreciation





MISS BETTY SHIFFER, R.N.

CLASS ADVISOR

"Shiff" is a vivacious personality with an effervescing laugh which bubbles over in any conversation. As our Class Advisor, she has proved invaluable. Her quality of leadership and constant encouragement has enabled us to carry on activities and promoted the success of our endeavors. Miss Shiffer's efficiency and capability can well be set forth as an example for us to follow. We, as a class, wish to express our deepest appreciation and extend our fondest wishes for continued success in life.

MRS. BETTY GAVULA, R.N.
PHILADELPHIA GENERAL HOSPITAL

Mrs. Gavula, better known to some of us as Miss Balzer, was our Nursing Arts instructor before leaving the profession to follow more domestic pursuits. Quiet, calm and capable, she gave us the basic rudiments of good nursing. A regular encyclopedia of knowledge, she gave freely of it with an emphasis that made one grasp it almost involuntarily. She proved that logic and common sense are keystones in Nursing Arts and inspired us to want to be conscientious nurses. Mrs. Gavula was our class sponsor until leaving the school and her planning greatly aided the financial and social success of our activities. Few of us will forget her encouraging, "now stop and think," when stumped by a question. May she continue to enjoy the happiness which she so richly deserves.



MISSES ANNA AND HELEN POLINKA
TEMPLE UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL

Any nurse who has worked on the Maternity Floor can never forget the dynamic personality of our Obstetrical Supervisor, Miss Anna Polinka. Each of us is grateful for her thorough teaching of Obstetrical Nursing. Her sister, Miss Helen Polinka, efficiently supervises Greatheart Maternity Ward. Her initiative and drive to improve nursing standards is one of her outstanding qualities.

Many members of our class can attribute their desire to be obstetrical nurses to their experience and contact with these teachers, nurses and outstanding individuals.





MRS. LIVINGSTON JONES

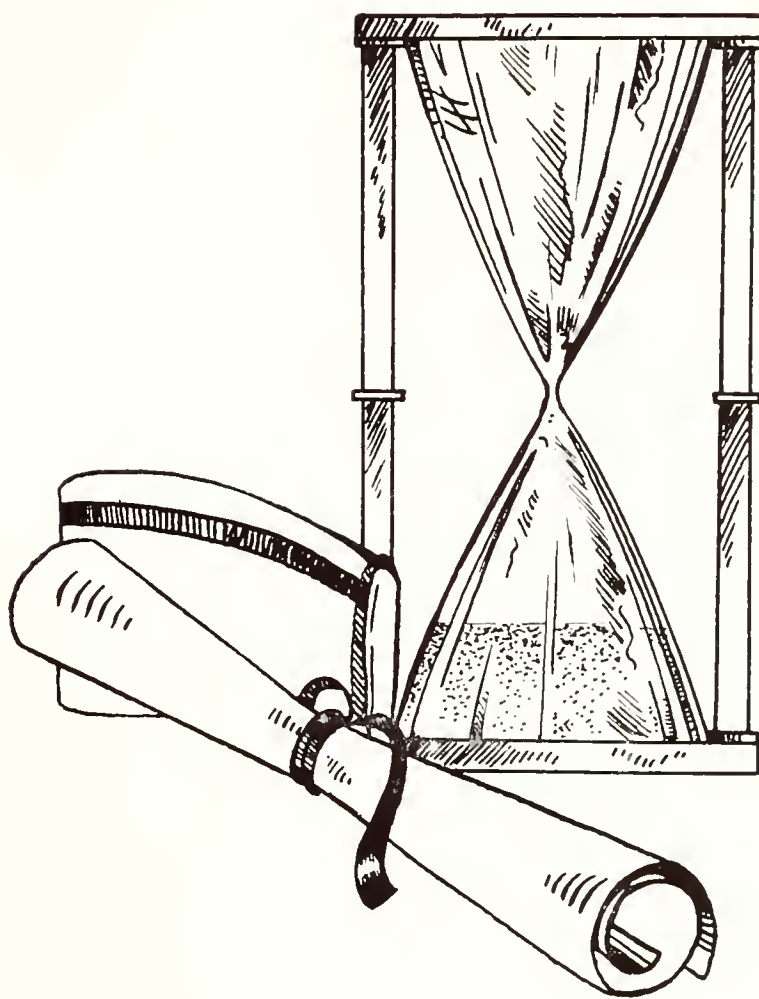
Here we take an opportunity to show our gratitude to our friend and benefactor, Mrs. Livingston Jones. A member of the Board of Trustees, she consistently promotes our interests. Remaining in the background with her quiet dignity she has given much of her time in our behalf and has contributed a great deal to our materialistic comfort. We sincerely appreciate her kindness and generosity.

MRS. KATHLEEN WESTON

Although we knew attractive Dr. Weston only as pre-clinical students she created a lasting impression upon us as a teacher and a friend. Her presentation of human anatomy and physiology left us in wonder at the miracle of life. We all thought Anatomy a stiff subject, but she made it much easier through her clear, readily understood lectures. Lab found us eagerly dissecting or following her explaining finger into the crooks and crannies of a cadaver. Her friendliness, understanding and appreciative sense of humor have endeared her to all and she remains a prominent figure in our memories of T.U.H.



GRADUATION





HAZEL ALLISON
R. D. #1
MINERAL POINT, PA.

Busy as a bee and happy as a lark, Hazel, as co-editor of the SKULL and a central personality in the Student Government, managed to keep things at an even keel. Her subtle sense of humor and ready wit brightened many hours. Hazel lives in Vinco, receives mail at Mineral Point, attended high school at Conamaugh and when asked where she lives will reply "Johnstown!!" We all wonder how Hazel gets so much sleep and still accomplishes so very many extra duties. She aspires to be a school or health nurse and we are sure she will succeed in whatever she undertakes.

« GRADUATES

ELIZABETH BARNHART
732 NORTH 9TH STREET
LEBANON, PA.



"What a shot!" A keen basketball player, "Barney" helped place Temple among the leading schools in the basketball tournaments. Her athletic ability is not limited to basketball, however, as she also enjoys riding, hiking and bowling. Her fondness for school activities can only be surpassed by the interest she shows in her hospital work. Easy going, but peppered with a dash of temperament, "Barney" will long be remembered by every member of our class.



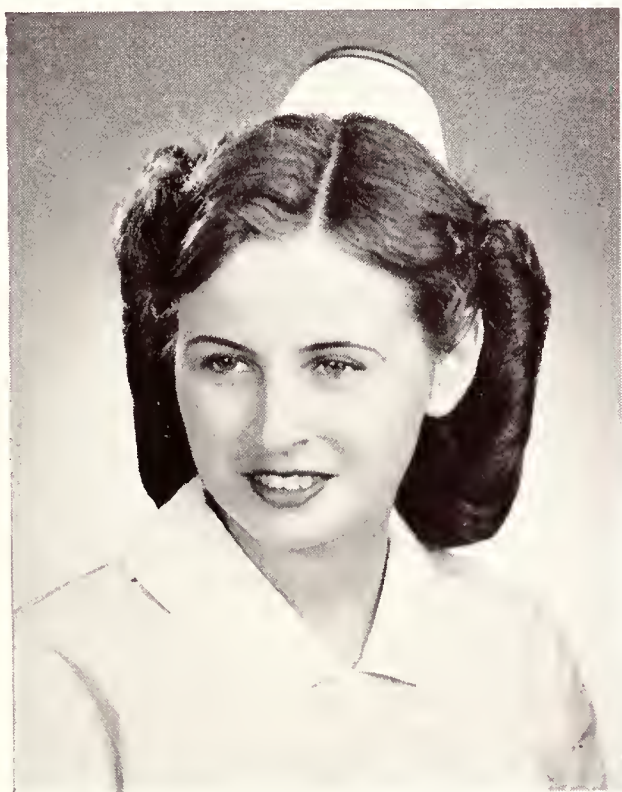
JOAN BARRY
312 EAST PENN AVENUE
CLEONA, PA.



"A song to remember." Charming, warm-hearted Joan with an ever-ready song, is known by us all for her gaiety and wit. This pretty brown-eyed miss is also the possessor of the asset, versatility. Always a social success, she leaves nothing but happy memories in her path. With Joan go our wishes for success and happiness—and a solution to all those problems.

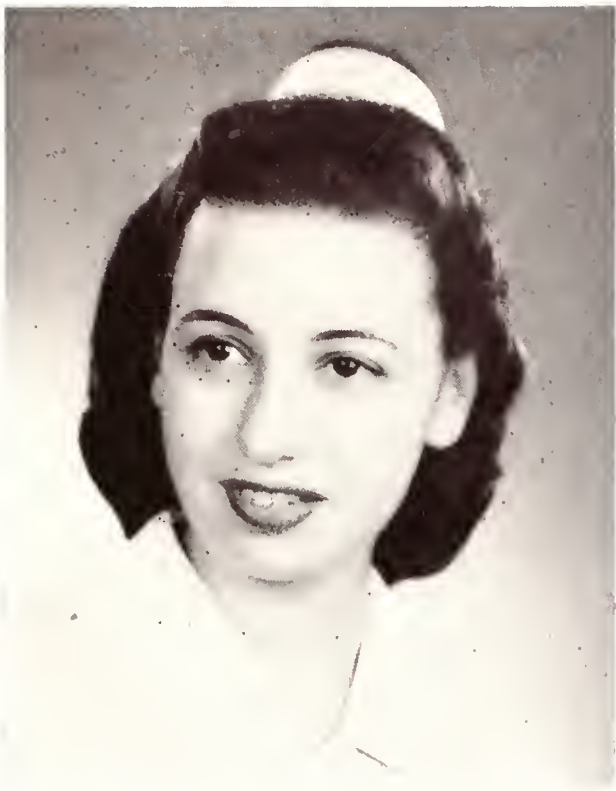


OF 1949 »



JEAN BEDELL
R. D. #3
MONTROSE, PA.

"Action! Action! Action!" Jeanne, a rare combination of attractiveness, personality, and talent is keen competition for anyone in the realm of sports; be it basketball, riding, swimming or skating. It is not unusual to find Jeanne lost in the depths of anything from Bach to Dorsey while she sounds a few bars on the piano. Although her plans are indefinite, we are sure that whatever she undertakes, it will result in success.



FORTUNETTE BENUN

113 W. MAIN STREET

SOMERVILLE, N. J.

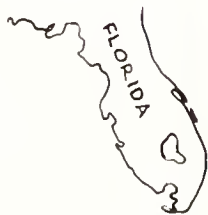
Reserved, industrious and calm in the face of any situation, "Forchy" presents the qualities of a good nurse. She is well known for her kindness and willingness to accept responsibility. Among her many talents is that of knitting—especially for that certain someone in New Jersey. We are aware that even her chosen work will be relinquished for a more domestic career in the near future. With fond remembrances, we wish you success and happiness.

« GRADUATES

ELIZABETH BLACK

CITY LINE

PHILADELPHIA 28, Pa.



"I have a few things to do!" Sweet, conscientious and kind are just a few of an endless list of traits to describe this member of our class. Despite that outwardly shy appearance, Betty is truly a girl of many surprising deeds and hilarious experiences. Her never failing sense of humor is responsible for the ribbing she has taken regarding life on the farm. It is with regret that we allow Sunny Florida to claim Betty, a true friend in every sense of the word, after graduation; but with her go our very best.

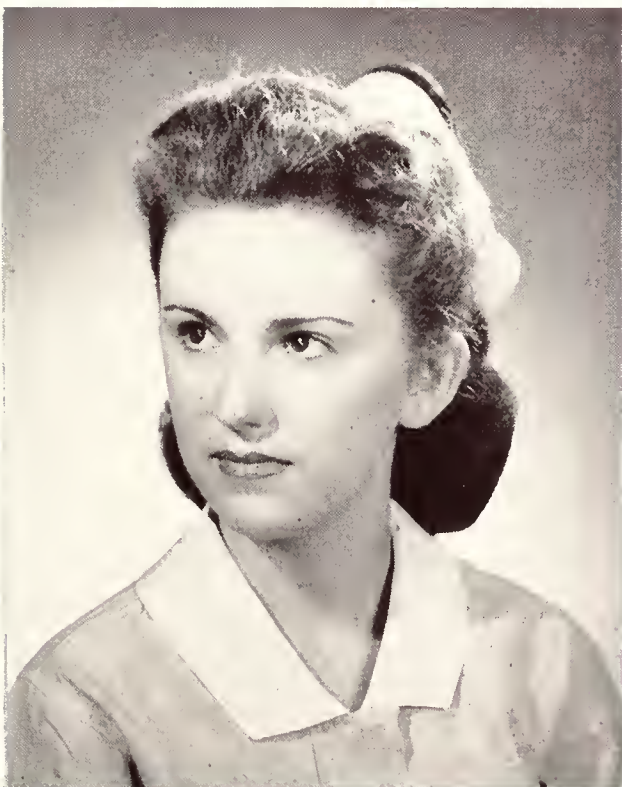


REGINA BUCKERY
59 N. SHERIDAN STREET
McAdoo, Pa.



"Buck" as she is known to most of us, is noted for her love of dancing and outdoor activities. While she appears to be quiet and rather shy, in her work she exhibits skill which indicates far-reaching success. Always ready to lend a helping hand wherever it is needed; we are sure that this young lady will go far in her career as a nurse.

OF 1949 »



HELEN BUTCHKO
501 W. CENTRE STREET
SHENANDOAH, PA.

"Butch's" alarm always goes off twenty minutes early, but she is always at least that late in getting a joke. Winsome Helen appears neat and trim, whether in uniform or street dress. She likes night-clubbing and dancing and her supply of moron jokes is inexhaustible. "Butch" is also an interesting conversationalist whether awake or sleeping. The only Carpatho-Russian in the class, she plans a happy future with a tall young man from Masontown.

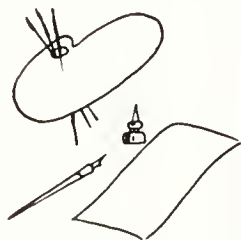


JEANNE CONFER
1207 WALNUT STREET
HOLLIDAYSBURG, PA.

Jeanne, hailing from Western Pennsylvania, enrolled in our school after having completed two years of Junior College. This fair-haired miss can be depended upon to come forth with the latest in fashion news. Jeanne is usually reserved—but many can recall her delightful anecdotes of when the family car was in her possession. She enjoys good music, good friends and good times. Although infants are a primary interest, Jeanne has not disclosed what her future plans will be. We feel quite confident that the nursery or the pediatric field will be her specialty.

« GRADUATES

DORIS CUNNINGHAM
823 THIRD STREET
LANCASTER, PA.



"The look of mischief in her eyes reveal—" Pert, poised and always well dressed, "Conny" ranks among the invaluable members of the class. Her love of art has provided us with innumerable dance posters and clever decorations for our class functions. "Who has a good book?" It was Conny we sought for the answer to this question for she could always be relied upon to have the latest best-seller. Friendly and possessing the ability to go along with people, Conny has made work and play enjoyable. May her star be reached.

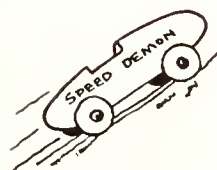


YOLANDA DALESSANDRO
211 S. FOURTH STREET
MINERSVILLE, PA.



"We thank thee, Minersville"—for this hometown can well be proud of its contribution to Temple. An all-around sport and wonderful companion. "Yolly" would always go along with an idea, be it a hike to City Hall or wading in the Wissahickon. A rare combination of wit and wisdom, she excelled in class work as well as proved herself a kind and efficient nurse. With a contagious smile and original rendition of many songs, she will always stand out in our memories. A B.S. in nursing education is her secret yen—best of luck, "Yolly."

OF 1949 »



LORETTA DERR
615 NORTHAMPTON STREET
HELLERTOWN, PA.

"Tarry not, for there is much to do!" Lovely, lively and laughable, Loretta is a personification of the word speed. A co-editor of this section of the SKULL, Loretta zealously put forth her boundless energy and work! work! work! was the slogan. Winkling blue eyes and a ready smile add zest to her animated personality. Her culinary ability is the wonderful old Dutch style, but her dancing is strictly modern and definitely her most pleasurable pastime. (Do those trips to the Chiropodist add rhythm to your feet, Loretta?) The field of nursing education will doubtlessly claim her after graduation.

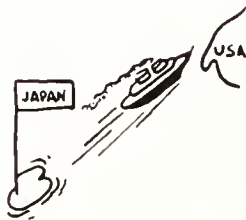


ELLEN DIENNO
HANCOCK AVE. & COLES BLVD.
NORRISTOWN, PA.

"Tis as natural for a woman to pride her clothes as for a peacock to spread its tail." Ellen possesses that rare combination of lovely dark hair and shining blue eyes which accent her tiny stature. Her good-humored griping was a constant source of gayety. A pleasant companion on and off duty, Ellen will experience a future of happiness and success.

« GRADUATES

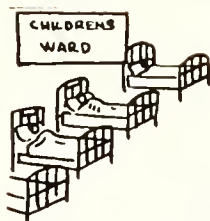
KATHRYN FOX
MAIN STREET
UNION DEPOSIT, PA.



"Sailing, sailing, over the bounding main." Far away places, including Hawaii, claimed Kay before her decision to enter T.U.H. Although seemingly very serious, Kay's quick smile and pleasant disposition, have afforded many happy hours with her. Her outstanding scholastic ability rates her high recognition among us all. Her leisure time is spent enjoying classical music, attending the theatre and reading. The crystal ball foresees future trips for Kay after obtaining a B.S. degree. Good luck and bon voyage.



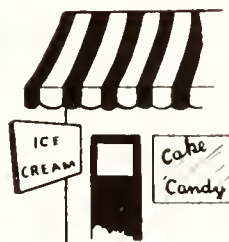
ESTHER FREMPT
226 N. BANCROFT STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Any patient would feel safe and at ease under the care of conscientious, reliable "Fremptie." Her indescribably infectious laughter peals out at any hour of the day or night as she is an active participant of any gab-session. A lover of music and drama, "Fremptie" would be lost without her little radio. Of a literary nature she has quite a library and also a collection of poetry by E. Frempt. Devoted heart and soul to Pediatrics, "Fremptie" intends to find a position in that satisfying phase of nursing.

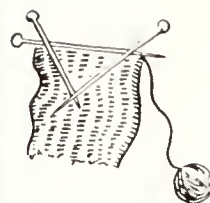


OF 1949 »



SYLVIA FRIEDMAN
6262 BEECHWOOD STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Well-versed, answering questions before they are asked, is Sylvia—one of our few native Philadelphians. She found pleasure in explaining to us the "city way" of doing things, and bubbled over with enthusiasm for everyone. Attractive, always slightly ahead of the latest fashions, Sylvia can always be relied upon for a stimulating conversation. A lover of the stage and the theatre, she spends many of her spare moments enjoying both. For her, we are sure success lies ahead.

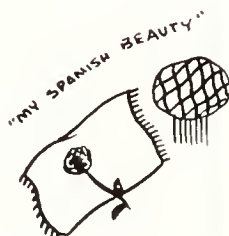


IRENE GLUBISH
1716 CONSTITUTION BLVD.
ARNOLD, PA.

"Life begins at midnight"—for our incomparable Irene, a lover of late hours, has instigated many a merry session in the wee hours of the morning. Attractive, her sparkling eyes and appealing smile are accented by her intelligence and wit. To know "I" is to also know "Rex," that much-talked-about and much-loved K-9, from home—for her interest in dogs can only be equaled by the interest in good books. Versatile, gay and charming, her only major dislike is parting company with her bed each morning. Perfect co-worker on the wards, her aims will surely be achieved.

« GRADUATES

VIRGINIA JOAN HART
22 W. SEYMOUR STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Ebony black tresses, saucer eyes and an enchantingly lovely smile are known to be synonymous with the name "Ginnie Joan." Where there's a party or dance, she is always found to be surrounded by many. Her charming personality and perfect poise, place her on your list professionally and socially. Patience, sincerity and kindness are among her virtues as a good nurse. Classmates found her always willing to listen to problems. With these talents, her future in the field of nursing is unlimited.



VIRGINIA M. HART

R. D. #1

PENNINGTON, N. J.



"Ginny" had completed two years at the Undergraduate Center when she entered the Nursing School and in September she will be the proud possessor of a B.S. Efficiency and quiet self-assurance are professional qualities. Nursing isn't Ginny's only interest. Her domestic accomplishments have caused favorable comments among her classmates. She designs and makes most of her own clothing. She has been planning her wedding date for some time. Her class and associates extend their best to her. Ginny will probably pursue a course in educational nursing.

OF 1949 »



RUTH HATTER

MAIN STREET

DONALDSON, PA.

"Mama Nature's most ardent fan." "Jake" will always be endeared in our hearts for that wonderfully different and individualistic personality she possesses. To be in contact with the out-of-doors, whether just hiking or putting forth that never tiring energy into a more strenuous sport, brings complete happiness to her. If in need of philosophy—"Jake" is your consultant. However, it inevitably is combined with some choice bit of witticism. There are always hilarious experiences to be encountered when associated with "Jake"—on duty or off. Planning to return to Donaldson, she takes with her all our best wishes for success and happiness.

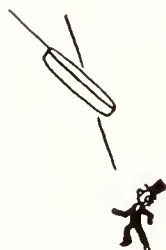


VERONICA HAVRILKO
531 E. DIAMOND AVENUE
HAZELTON, PA.

A radiant smile and a sparkling disposition describes "Verne" wherever she goes. A care-free manner, never taking life too seriously, makes her a perfect companion for any social function. So different and so characteristic is her laugh that its owner can be named without being seen. Nursing has given her a broad field of interests and inspires her towards a higher goal in receiving a B.S. degree. With her many talents and ability to win friends, we know "Verne" will find the future a happy one.

« GRADUATES

VIRGINIA HENDERSON
WOMELSDORF, PA.



Dark, dancing, brown-eyed "Ginny" has taken much ribbing about her cute pug nose. "The Farmer's Daughter," she can milk a cow or run a tractor as well as any farm hand, but her feminine qualities far exceed these accomplishments. Attractive and smartly dressed "Ginny" is "la femme" personified. Her hobbies include knitting and dancing and she has tucked away several debating medals. She plans a career in school nursing or private duty. Best of luck, Ginny.



NAOMI HESS
404 N. FOURTH STREET
MILLVILLE, N. J.



Petite, dark-haired "Bonnie" must have taken a personality course for she is seldom without a smile. Her pleasant disposition and distinct charm make her a friend of everyone. "Bonnie" is quiet and retiring, but when the occasion demands she can rise to the situation. Industry and activity describe Bonnie and her co-workers were grateful for her cooperation on duty. She is a born home-maker and her domestic qualities offer great possibilities for the future. Bonnie has not disclosed what her future plans are in nursing, but we know she is altar bound. May fortune always smile upon you, Bonnie.

OF 1949 »



MARY LOU HOLMES
1100 HUBBARD STREET
YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

"Lovely to look at, delightful to know." Mary Lou claims a charm all her own. Her infectious grin and expressive sigh, "Oh, no!" are descriptive enough. Mary Lou gains a great satisfaction from nursing, but then she has interests elsewhere—perhaps in Utah. Ambitious, conscientious and reliable are traits which contribute to her success as a nurse. Here's hoping your future is as smooth as your past, Mary Lou.



CANTEEN

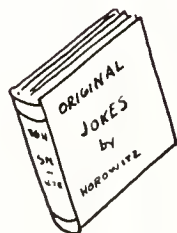


HELEN HOM
3732 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Homie" has rocked in the "Cradle of Liberty" since birth and loved every minute of it. She appears quiet and demure, but can throw a group into spasmodic laughter with a casual witticism. Hobbies include dancing, sewing and the theater, but "Homie" is a cook par excellence and has taught more than one the merits of egg-roll. Efficient and calm, she makes a good nurse and will probably pursue a career in private duty. Of a warm and generous nature, "Homie's" cooperation can be counted upon in any undertaking except moving to the country.

« GRADUATES

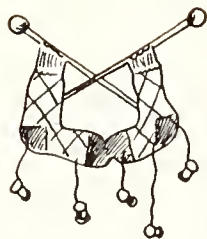
GLORIA HORVITZ
182 LINCOLN STREET
UNIONTOWN, PA.



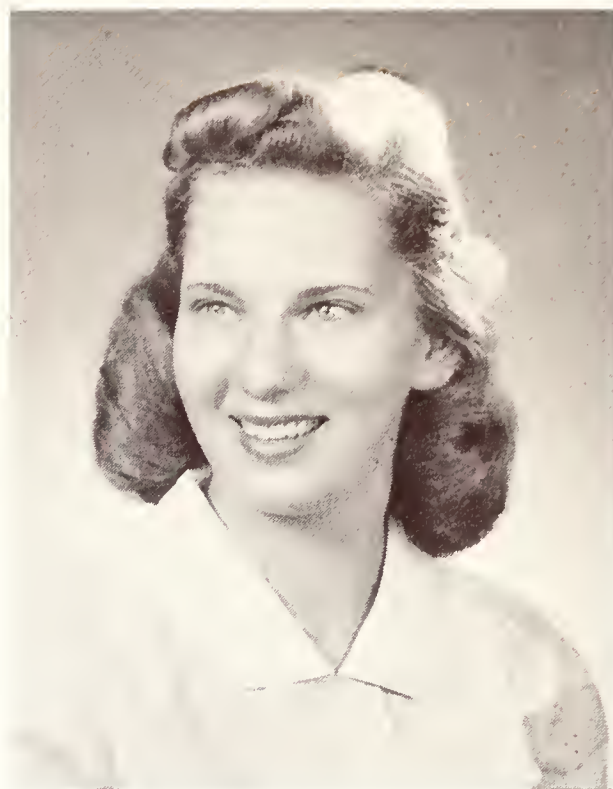
Words cannot appropriately describe the unique sense of humor this tall, blond-haired miss possesses. From the very moment we met her, our smiles became full grins, for her impersonations, comedy acts and plays have fascinated and entertained us all. However, beneath this always happy surface, lies a sincere and ever-helpful, true friend, constantly doing things for others. Interests lie in knitting fiendishly for that man from home. Planning to continue in the nursing profession after her marriage this fall, "Glo" takes back to Uniontown our best wishes for happiness for two.



DORIS HOWER
178 HUNTINGTON AVENUE
BOSTON, MASS.



A welcome member to our class is this attractive, amiable and versatile miss. Nimble fingers and an imaginative mind are responsible for that very lovely homemade wardrobe—an envy to all. Truly a sincere friend, Doris has endeared herself to classmates and patients alike during three short years at Temple. Although Boston is her home, it is Hellertown which has claimed most of her interest—we think he's nice too, Doris. Night duty is her favorite specialty; but whatever field she enters, she will be sure to succeed.

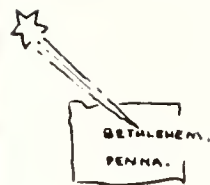


OF 1949 »



EDITH KALTMAN
436 IRVINGTON AVENUE
MAPLEWOOD, N. J.

"What social event claims me today?" Always poised, attractively dressed, "Ede" is the girl to have around for a successful social season. Well-versed, she is able to add humor to those interesting experiences. Her hobbies include an almost complete library of modern novels and extensive travels about the country. Life back home in New Jersey is just about tops with "Ede," and we suppose it will be Maplewood that claims this well-liked and efficient nurse.



DOROTHY KONOLIGE

933 WOOD STREET

BETHLEHEM, PA.

Did you hear someone giggle? "Dot" must be near at hand. Gaiety and laughter are two distinguishing traits which personify "Dot." Dancing and going to parties are her main sources of enjoyment and she seldom misses an opportunity to attend social affairs. An energetic girl she rushes from place to place even after a busy day's work. The ease and self-confidence of her actions account for her success. "Dot" is interested in practically all phases of nursing. Little is known about her plans for the future, but the Class of '49 wishes success to this merry individual.

« GRADUATES

MARIE KULGER
5014 GRISCOM STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Marie commands attention—tall, imposing, goddess-like. A quick spirit and an ability to influence people make her a popular nurse. Typical of Marie is speed—in work, walk, and manner. Earnest and ambitious in her efforts, she is efficient on duty. Favorite pastimes include dancing, dating "Feets," and speeding about in the small gray coupe. Marriage seems to be foremost on Marie's horizon after graduation. Due to her genuine regard for nursing, the class is sure that she will continue in this field for awhile—the nursery being her main interest.



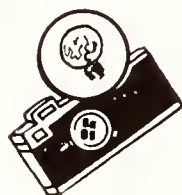
LORRAINE LAGANEGRO

135 S. GRANT STREET
WILKES-BARRE, PA.



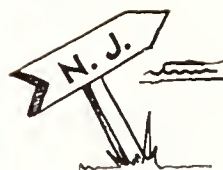
A nonchalant and happy-go-lucky exterior characterize "Lag." Her imitations, ability to mimic and natural wit have provided many hilarious times for Lag's many friends. A staunch defender of her principles, Lorraine can hold up her end of a discussion. She is a loyal supporter of all extra-curricular activities and puts forth some of her best efforts to make our affairs a success. Though small in stature, "Lag" adds much zest to a gathering when she provides choice bits of inside information. Displaying a genuine interest in the Maternity Department, her plans for the future include obstetrical nursing with a specialty in delivery room technique. Her enthusiasm and capability will carry her on to a happy future.

OF 1949 »



JEAN LA MONICA
1070 JAMES STREET
HAZELTON, PA.

Typical of Jean is gaiety, laughter and cheer. Her sparkling smile and dancing dark eyes have familiarized her to all her associates. Many envy her black natural curly hair, her vitality and her ability to charm people. Cooperative, conscientious and dependable, Jean manages to get great satisfaction from her work in every phase of nursing. She is especially fond of obstetrics, but distant horizons and faraway places beckon her Navy-bound. "Smooth sailing, Jean!"

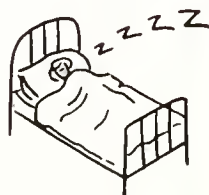


MARGARET LEEDS
12 S. LOCUST AVENUE
MARLTON, N. J.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed." How well this quotation describes this lovable and attractive young miss. One finds her always willing to lend a helping hand to her many friends. In addition to knitting, trips to Virginia, the home state of her main interest, Dave, requires much of Peggy's leisure time. With future plans involving a trip to the altar, we are sure she will do as well in her matrimonial venture as she has in nursing. Our best goes with you, "Peg."

« GRADUATES

MARGARET MALIK
505 EAST RIDGE STREET
LANSFORD, PA.



Singularly undisturbed by the clamor of the alarm clock, "Marggee's" chief hobby is sleeping. Her droll sense of humor has contributed to many hilarious gab-sessions. Calm in the face of any emergency, "Marggee" has proved a resourceful and capable nurse. Eating and reading occupy a considerable portion of her time not consumed by duty and work. Tall, with a striking figure and brown hair, she looks neat on or off duty. "Marggee" plans to do general duty nursing after graduation.



ELIZABETH MAXWELL
106 STONE HARBOR BLVD.
CAPE MAY COURT HOUSE, N. J.



The words calm and cool best describe "Max," for situations may be difficult and trying, but these leave Bette undisturbed. Her appearance is neat and attractive, with long, auburn hair which would be an asset to anyone. "Max" loves to sleep, but good movies and the theatre take up some of her spare time. She possesses an unusual sense of humor. In her off duty time, "Max" dashes to her nearby Jersey home, spending her time leisurely at nearby seashore points. Her future plans are unknown, but her classmates wish her luck.

OF 1949 »



ROSALYN MENDELSON
76 N. LOVELAND AVE.
KINGSTON, PA.

"Roz" is light-hearted, merry and keen. Many gatherings have been entertained by her delightful witticisms. Her affability is an admirable character trait and her black curly hair add to an already pretty picture. Dancing, attending parties and reading occupy a great deal of her time. Sleeping is one of her great loves and getting up in the morning proves a trying ordeal for "Roz" and her associates. Obstetrical nursing interested Rosalyn. Although she says little about her future, perhaps a Veteran's hospital near home will find "Roz" on the staff.

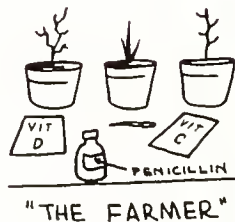


LOIS MONTGOMERY
154 CHESTNUT STREET
WANAMIE, PA.

"Tall, dark, slender, and attractive," well describe "Monty." Her capabilities are many and she has proved a valuable member of our class. She has a variety of interests—movies, reading, dancing and hiking are but a few. Her close friends know her for being a fun-loving, go-getting gal. "Monty" participated in class activities and usually held up her end of social life. Good humor and a ready smile characterize her. "Monty" is undecided about her future, but perhaps some day we'll meet her in Navy blues.

« GRADUATES

NORMA LEE MORGAN
1044 QUINCY AVENUE
SCRANTON, PA.



"A jolly jumble of fun and merriment"—Norma, full of pep and vitality has that wonderful quality of always "Smiling through." Her big, brown, expressive eyes add much to our remembering "Norma Lee's" gay conversations and interesting accounts of her many experiences. She has recently dazzled us all with that lovely ring, so well fitted for her third finger left hand. With her happy outlook on life, we are certain "Norma Lee" will enjoy a bright and happy future.



MARJORIE MYERS
57 W. SEYMOR STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

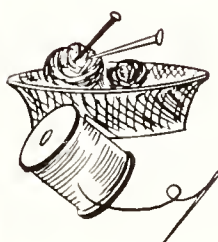
SHE'S LOVELY.
SHE'S ENGAGED!



"As cool and welcome as the summer breezes—" Sweet and strikingly lovely, "Marge" has found a tender place in each of our hearts. Her humorous actions while on duty and those one-sided conversations while deep in the arms of Morpheus have been a source of much entertainment. Never a dull moment and seldom a serious mood are characteristics of "Marge." Altar bound after leaving T. U. H., she has our deepest hopes for a happy future.



OF 1949 »



BARBARA NAGAI
SEABROOK FARMS, N. J.

Black hair and eyes combined with "a skin you love to touch" make Babs an attractive picture. When not reading or sleeping she can be found with needle and thread adding neat ensembles to her wardrobe. Conscientious and reliable "Babs" liked all phases of training but especially liked Communicable Diseases. General duty at Muni will occupy this winsome miss following graduation.

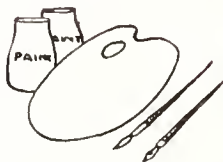


ISABEL NAGLE
222 N. JEFFERSON STREET
ALLENTOWN, PA.

From the cleanest city in Pennsylvania comes our Isabel. Allentown can be as proud of "Is" as she is of Allentown. A leading student both scholastically and clinically "Is" also found time to be Class Secretary, an active member of Student Council and chief typist and proof reader for the SKULL. The ability to knit in the old-fashioned way with a speed that makes one blink caused her to be the center of a staring group on more than one occasion. Bound to succeed in whatever she does, "Is" plans to return home to continue her work in the only city with flower-pots around the lamp posts.

« GRADUATES

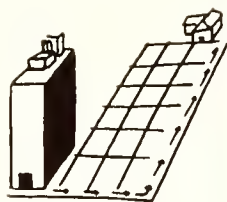
HELEN OGDEN
MANHEIM & SCHUYLER STREETS
PHILADELPHIA, PA.



Natural, sweet and unassuming, Helen is the possessor of enviable talents. With her individualistic laugh, keen sense of humor and ready witticisms, she is a valuable addition to any group. Hobbies include dancing, knitting and art. An imitator of finesse, the nursing profession has cheated Hollywood of a true comedian. She is interested in the medical profession off as well as on duty and is a promoter of long telephone conversations. She plans to stay at Temple as a staff nurse.



LOUISE PILLARELLA
25 CRICKET TERRACE
ARDMORE, PA.



"A peaches and cream complexion" is one of Louise's most attractive features. Her quiet and unassuming attitude is spiced by a mischievous twinkle in her eye and radiant smile, but her glamorous exterior in no way detracts from an equally glamorous personality. As bright and sparkling as the diamond which adorns her left hand, Louise is a gem in herself. Well-liked by patients and co-workers, Louise's future success as a nurse is assured.

OF 1949 »



ANGELINA RACANO
2030 S. NORWOOD STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

"Good things come in small packages." Black hair, flashing brown eyes, a ready smile and quickness comparable to a humming bird. "Angie" manages to be everywhere and do everything at once. One of those rare individuals who pays attention to the small things, she is always doing something to promote a current activity or make someone more comfortable. "Angie's" needle can be counted on when a tuck or hem is so important. Capable, willing and conscientious, she makes a good nurse. She plans general duty somewhere in Philadelphia.



MARY REVOTSKIE
420 HILLSIDE AVENUE
JENKINTOWN, PA.

"A woman's crowning beauty is her hair." Arranging the most intricate hair-dos is one of the many uses of versatile. Mary's long slender fingers. Duties as class and student council president, added to busy social life and duty promote the motion of a 48-hour day, but she manages to find time to sew, read, and make frequent trips home to Jenkintown to take her turn at the dishes. Industrious and efficient. Mary plans to continue her nursing in a staff position and perhaps will study for her B.S.

« GRADUATES

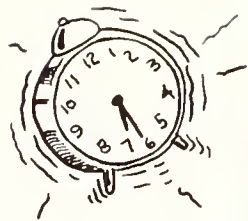
RUTH RIDDELL
Box 166
STOYSTOWN, PA.



Early in pre-clinic days Ruth, a true leader, proved herself an outstanding member of our class. An excellent student and an earnest lover of music, we think of Ruth as efficient, skillful, and dependable. Add to this her warmth and natural fondness of fun and laughter and you will still be only a little closer to knowing the amazing personality. "Ruth." This is evidence enough to know that her future will be a success. Good luck to her.



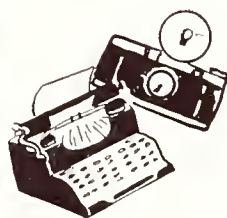
MARGARET ROBERTS
R. F. D. #1
WALNUTPORT, PA.



Cheerful, bright, pretty, and brunette are the qualities we need to get a picture of Peggy. Although capable of fun and merriment, Peg presents the picture of shyness and quietness. Her lovely smile, not so easily forgotten by co-workers as well as by patients, is always present in any circumstance. Willingness, efficiency, and kindness denote her as outstanding nurse of our class. Although future plans are indefinite, we are sure that Peg will receive success as her reward.

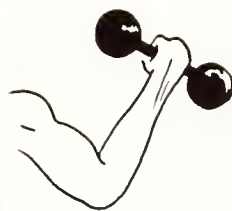


OF 1949 »



BETTE ROSWELL
4530 46TH STREET
WASHINGTON, D. C.

A girl fond of fun, who believes in the old adage of "Smile and the world smiles with you." Here is a student who participates in all the class activities. Whenever there was a social gathering "Ros" was seen with her constant companion, her camera. "Photography is her main hobby, and she has several albums of training snaps some of which are presented in the SKULL. A calm, efficient nurse, judged by all her patients as "one of the best," we are sure she will be a success in all of her undertakings.



FLORENCE RUTECKI
607 WINTERS AVENUE
W. HAZELTON, PA.

When first you see "Floss," you think she is quiet, shy and demure; but after a few meetings, you discover that beneath this exterior lies a hidden source of wit and gaiety. An excellent nurse, she always has plenty of time to do the little things which help our patients back to health once again. Add to all this her pleasing appearance, gay laughter and her excellent housekeeping ability and there is "Floss" who is bound to be a success in life.

« GRADUATES

MARY ALICE SASSAMAN
339 W. ABBOTT STREET
LANSFORD, PA.



A constant source of wit, enthusiasm and all that makes this world just a little better to live in—that's "Allie." Everyone knows her for she always manages to be at the right place at the right time. "Allie" goes about her work with an air of determination for she is an ever-willing assistant. Fond of food, fun, and frolic, when we look back at our classmates, we will think of "Allie" as one of our fondest friends. Her favorite topic of conversation is home; for Lansford, it seems, has the best of everything and indeed it will have when she returns after graduation. We know that she chose her profession wisely.

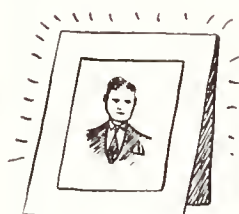


MARGARET SCHOTT
145 E. GRANT STREET
McADOO, PA.



Pretty blue eyes, long blond hair, lovely complexion and petite stature describe "Marge," a loyal friend to everyone she knows. Her friends are always asking: "What is she going to do next?" and she always manages to surprise them. No matter what she attempts it is done well without effort. Calm, capable, and efficient on the wards, she is well-liked by her co-workers and patients, for she is always willing and able to help. With her ambition, kindness and pleasant disposition, "Marge" will succeed in whatever field of nursing she chooses.

OF 1949 »



JANE SCUDDER
135 MANMOUTH STREET
TRENTON, N. J.

An ardent student of the arts, she is well known for her new and different ideas, both in advertising and in life. As editor of the art for this section of the SKULL, Jane has proved herself invaluable. A good student, you can always rely on her to do whatever needs to be done. We all know her as a loyal friend and wish her luck in her future life which will soon, undoubtedly, include matrimony.



DOROTHY SHARER
105 CREST AVENUE
BETHLEHEM, PA.

Moving quietly along with life at T. U. H. we find this attractive miss from Bethlehem. Appearing calm and dignified never the less we know from a reliable source that Dotty is an active participant in any fun to be cooked up. Knitting, riding, and singing plus attention from the opposite sex fill her off duty hours. A member of apartment 3-4's hiking club she has covered much of Philadelphia's terra firma on foot. Tho future plans are not definite we think Philadelphia will claim this reliable nurse, after graduation.

« GRADUATES

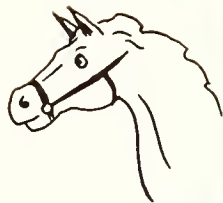
AUGUSTA SIMCO
330 KOSCINSZKO STREET
NANTICOKE, PA.



A possessor of a cheery and pleasant personality, which has inspired many of her co-workers. "Gussie" presents efficiency and willingness on and off duty hours. Many hours pass by with "Gussie" indulging in knitting and reading. However, her main interest, other than her chosen profession, is directed towards a certain young man. With her kindness, generosity, and ability, "Gussie" will go far as both nurse and homemaker.

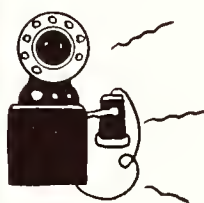


ALICE STARR
908 RAILWAY STREET
WILLIAMSPORT, PA.



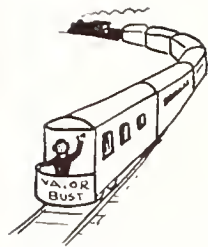
"Whatever is the destiny that shapes our names,"—here is truly a name that describes its possessor. A bright and shiny student, Alice sparkles when all else is dark. We have all been charmed many times hearing her lovely voice gaily trilling "the second movement of Paul Revere," from the shower, elevator, hall or wherever she happens to be, for her chief loves in life are music and horses. Those of us who have been pulled out of the depths of despair when Alice's long blond hair and always present smile appear, are indeed too numerous to mention. Full of food sense, nonsense and horse sense, excelled only by her good sense—she is a special person, Alice.

OF 1949 »



ELEANOR STRELECKY
236 W. POPLAR STREET
SHENANDOAH, PA.

Her appearance of quietness and bashfulness fluctuates into a fun-loving and pleasing personality. Quiet but friendly, Eleanor's mild disposition makes her a pleasant companion both socially and professionally. Although dancing is her favorite pastime, Eleanor dotes on reading and going to the theater. She enjoys all phases of nursing, but selects obstetrics for her specialty.

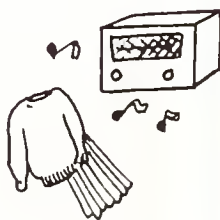


BARBARA SYDNOR
401 BEAVER AVENUE
BECKLEY, W. VA.

Among the blossoms of womanhood which have surrounded us during our three years, we have Barbara the flower of the South. Hailing from West Virginia, she has proved herself a true ambassador of the lasting friendship, warm hospitality and good will for which the southern states are so well-known. One of the tallest, slimest, most attractive of the class, she reaches the superlative degree in nursing. Her love and understanding of children have enabled her to become the best of pediatric nurses. Wherever she decides to settle, either north or south, we are sure she will range among the highest.

« GRADUATES

DORIS TREIBER
245 W. MAIN STREET
ANNVILLE, PA.



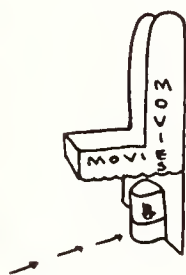
Mix two laughing brown eyes, a crop of curly brown hair, a trim figure of medium height. Add good humor and a constant smile. Result: Doris, an all-around good sport. An interest in social life claims Doris's undivided attention. After graduation her plans include remaining on the staff at T.U.H., and, knowing her abilities, we feel sure she will succeed.

DOROTHY YANKONICH
210 SUSQUEHANNA STREET
WHITEHAVEN, PA.



"Dot" is one of the most quiet and shy members of our class. Although she appears reserved while on duty, she can contribute her share of laughing and joking with her friends. Always neat about her appearance, Dot goes about her work efficiently and capably. Reading and going to the theater are her main sources of amusement. Her plans for the future are indefinite, but whatever Dot decides will assuredly bring success.

OF 1949 »



MAY YANO
R.F.D. #1, Box 249
LAKEWOOD, N. J.

A cheery little person and friend to all "Suzie" has good-naturedly taken all the ribbing pertaining to her small stature and in place, and has compensated for her size with a perfect disposition and an always radiant smile. This together with her pleasant ways and ability to understand everyone's problem has made Suzie a joyful person to have at our social get-togethers. Good company, ambitious and dependable, she finds much joy in making other people happy—and these traits will assist her in whatever she undertakes in the future.



M. REVOTSKIE
President



V. M. HART
Vice-President

OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1949

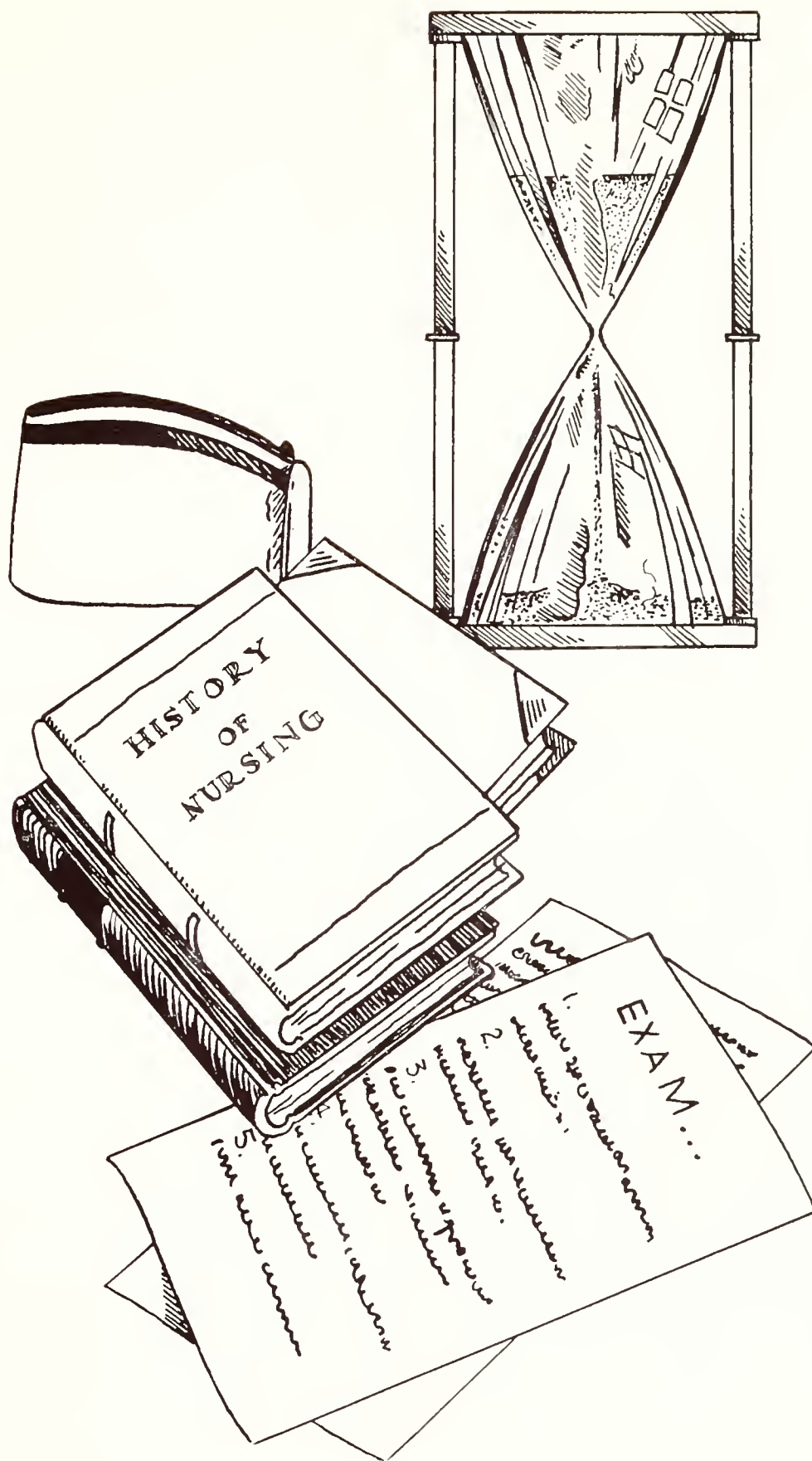
I. NAGLE
Secretary



F. BENUN
Treasurer



UNDERCLASSEMEN





CLASS OF 1950

Top, first row, left to right: M. Carr, L. Fortunato, G. DeYorio, C. Bobb, B. Griffiths, M. Grossman, R. Bruton, E. Battaglinio. *Second row:* D'Ascenzo, B. Daily, A. Apollomy, V. Heiny, D. Tourville, B. Shirk, P. Potts, L. Abramson, R. Bird, V. Bardo, V. Brachman. *Third row:* G. Dale, K. Anstine, C. Bentz, C. Gilson, D. Brown, H. Beshore, B. Brumme, F. Barnes, J. Brown, M. Dziadasa, M. Freeman, J. Rambo, M. Messersmith, J. Hack, M. Hamilton.

Bottom, first row, left to right: A. Miraldo, J. Ludwig, D. Moses, A. Kutzmire, R. Kyle, D. Hoover, N. Myers, O. Dull, M. Keeney, R. Hollerman. *Second row:* H. Keller, N. Picarello, J. McLaughlin, P. Mackowiak, B. Sharosky, E. Potts, B. Wolizer, D. Soroka, N. Wright, H. Teufel, E. Shaulis, M. Shatzer. *Third row:* S. Stutzman, R. Mortimer, G. Luchanin, S. Kull, P. Hughes, A. Jenkins, E. Mischkulnig, J. Sprague, E. Marcin, L. Strike, R. Longwell, D. Kovalsky, P. Landon, N. Richardson, L. Snavely.

CLASS OF 1951

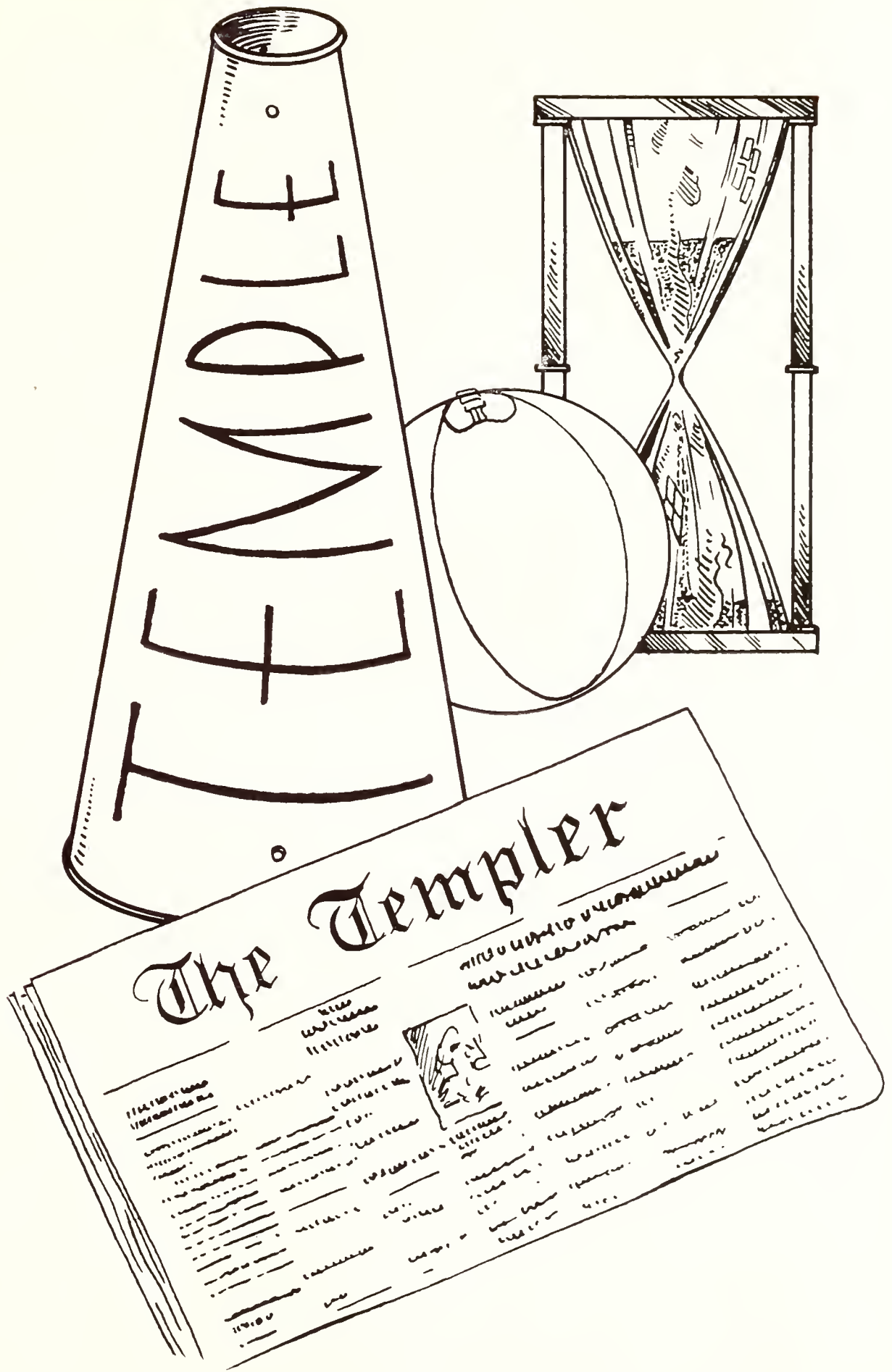
Top, first row, left to right: L. Colon, R. Coonan, R. Keller, D. Devorak, N. Hughes, R. Hunt, R. Ansbach, J. Hlick, B. Jacinsik, A. Geir, B. Friesse, D. Gillhully. *Second row:* P. Black, R. Kegerreis, W. Buckery, L. Jenkins, E. Hess, C. Houser, V. Ditzler, J. Houch, D. Bardo, P. Lucy, M. Lapecki, J. Ditzler, N. Kinch. *Third row:* M. Wertz, E. Huggler, R. Kimmel, D. DeLong, B. Gavin, R. Johnson, E. Goida, L. Grover, E. Jeinconski, J. Golka, M. Bolsold, L. Edwards, J. Danko, D. Hepler, N. Leik, P. Cunningham. *Fourth row:* L. Moretto, B. Croop, E. Donaldson, H. Caro, B. Joy, P. Joyce, J. Jackson, R. Holmes, R. Iaconio, M. Hill, N. Barnhart, S. Derr, J. Dumbroski, E. Dorph, H. Lippincott, B. Kenawell, J. Ewen, J. Elliott, J. Hill, J. Korson, J. Gardner, J. Kahler, N. Hemmen.

Bottom, first row, left to right: A. Wursta, J. Rojohn, D. McCarney, M. Myers, L. Taylor, L. Rouser, M. Pearce, P. Raski, N. Schmidt, R. Vitagliano. *Second row:* G. Woods, A. Singly, B. Wigner, M. Santose, M. Wisloski, D. Naugle, L. Wentz, F. Noble, O. Trump, L. Whisler, G. Pasteur, B. Webb, J. Schult. *Third row:* S. Young, M. Tulowitzki, J. Myers, M. Moeri, R. Steamer, L. Manifold, T. Waring, S. Paukhamus, N. Watson, P. Way, R. Timecki, C. Mason, J. St. Marie, B. Mootz, P. Winker, T. Stull, B. Reeder, M. Mellugh, S. Spine.





ACTIVITIES



STUDENT ASSOCIATION

PREAMBLE OF THE CONSTITUTION

We, the students of Temple University Hospital School of Nursing, in order to foster wholesome group living, to establish and provide maximum individual development of the Students, to foster standards, and to insure a helpful understanding in student-faculty relationship, authorize and establish this constitution for the Student Association of the Temple University Hospital School of Nursing.

PURPOSE

The purpose of this organization shall be:

SECTION 1. To foster the highest possible academic and professional standards.

SECTION 2. To establish and provide the maximum individual development of the student.

SECTION 3. To insure a helpful understanding in student-faculty relationships.

Left to right: F. Barnes, P. Hughes, V. M. Hart, B. Roswell, H. Allison, J. Barry, M. Revotskie, E. Kaltman, R. Ridell, I. Nagle, R. Moore, C. Bobb. *Absent:* F. Benum, K. Fox, G. Horwitz, P. Potts, M. Richardson, G. Doll, D. Moses, J. Kann, H. Dziadosz.





MEMBERS OF THE GLEE CLUB. *Standing, left to right:* R. Mortimer, A. Kutzmire, G. Luchannin, L. Derr, D. Hower, Y. Dalessandro, B. Marcin, B. Mischkulnig, S. Rohrbaugh, R. Moore, A. Jenkins, J. Sprague, E. Potts, M. Keeney, P. Mackoviak, C. Bobb, R. Riddell. *Seated:* E. Kaltman, S. Kull, P. Hughes, J. Barry, Mrs. Poston.

GLEE CLUB

Recently-organized, our glee club is under the capable direction of Mrs. Poston. Although they are not too active as yet we feel they are making steady progress and in the near future glee club will be a traditional part of T.U.H.

A NURSE'S PRAYER

The world grows brighter year by year
 Because some nurse in her little sphere
 Puts on her apron, and smiles, and sings,
 And keeps on doing the same old things.
 Taking the temperatures, giving the pills
 To remedy mankind's numerous ills.
 Feeding the babies, answering the bells,
 Being polite with a heart that rebels.
 Longing for home, and all the while
 Wearing the same old professional smile,
 Blessing the new-born baby's first breath,
 Closing the eyes that are stilled in death.
 Taking the blame for all the mistakes,

Oh, dear! what a lot of patience it takes,
 Going off duty at seven o'clock.
 Tired, discouraged and ready to drop,
 But called out to help at seven-fifteen.
 With woe in the heart that must not be seen,
 Morning and evening, noon and night.
 Just doing it over, hoping it's right.
 When we report off to cross the bar
 Dear Lord, will you give us—
 Just one little star to wear on the cap or our
 uniform new—
 In the ward above, where the head nurse is
 You . . .

Anonymous.



First row, left to right: C. Bobb, E. Kaltman, A. Appollony, J. Bedell, B. Barnhart, R. Bird. Second row: D. Hagerman, A. Jenkins, P. Hughes, G. Luchanin, J. McLaughlin, L. Peterson, J. Shaffer, E. Mischkulnig, D. Hoover, B. Sox, A. Miraldo.

BASKETBALL

Our School of Nursing is one of the seventeen members of the Student Nurses Basketball League sponsored by the Helen Fairchild Nurses Post 412, American Legion. The League is divided into A and B sections and we are part of Section A.

Basketball has become one of our major activities since our entrance into the League in 1946, but we have already brought several gold cups home to Tioga House. Our first year found us Champions of the A Section, while Women's Medical carried off the B Section's gold cup. They then later beat us in the League Championship. In 1948 we were unable to play for the championship due to a League ruling concerning

ties. Basketball is still in its youth at T.U.H. but we feel we are off to a good start.

Miss Barbara Sox, well known to all who have worked in the O.R. is our team manager. A student in Physical Education at Temple University, Miss Dorothy Hagerman is our capable coach. "Dot" is a member of the University's Girls' Team.

Senior members include "Barnie" Barnhart, Jeanne Bedell and "Ede" Kaltman who have proven they know the ball from the basket. Our yearbook goes to press at the beginning of a season which we hope will end with the addition of a big silver cup to our small but encouraging collection.



Another two points!

CHEERLEADING

A recent addition to activities at our School is our Cheerleading Section. The girls display their energetic ability at our basketball games. Most of the cheers are original and mastered after sessions of practice. As in all extra-curricular activities in nursing, at times, it was

impossible for all to attend the sessions, but through untiring efforts, they managed to organize and now are able to boost the spirits of our basketball players. Members of our Cheerleading Squad are: P. Mackoviak, D. Moses, A. Kutzmire, N. Picarella.

Missed one!





Left to right: D. Hower, Y. Dalassandro, L. Derr, B. Roswell, H. Allison, I. Nagle, D. Cunningham.

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WE'LL NEVER FORGET . . .

Miss White giving artificial respiration . . . Walking 8 floors after shift when the elevator was stuck . . . Giving 14 enemas on 4 Main between 5 and 5:30 a.m. . . . How the statue in the living room changed with each dance . . . How good a coke tasted at 2:00 a.m. . . . Dashing like mad to get in at 12:00 midnight . . . The relief of getting off the floors onto Class Bloc, then the relief of getting off Bloc onto the floors . . . The day we got off campus . . . Our first D.O. . . . The odor of rubber burning on C.W. . . . Moving q 6 months . . . Endless case reports . . . The fear of dropping the tray that first meal in the dining room . . . Oblivious crowd in the Tioga House lobby at 11:55 P.M. . . . First night duty term . . . Being on night duty with 35 sick patients and a dim flashlight . . . First intramuscular . . . Visitors asking for tea-spoons and vases at C.S.R. . . . Meconium alley . . . Mistletoe at Xmas . . . All the preps and cathis on 1B . . . Penicillins on Bab. Wd. . . . Conference on Ortho and C.W. . . . Taking a patient to class and all those med. students . . . Wishing all your beds

were full when you get a C.V.A. on shift . . . Praying a critical through the night . . . How people came to Tioga House looking for an office or apartment . . . Hot and cold saline in the O.R. . . . Potato salad for Sunday night supper . . . The terrific struggle with Mrs. Burns over trays . . . Forgetting our meal tickets and Mrs. Kahn . . . Translating Dr.'s handwriting . . . Cramming for exams—caffeine and giddy laughter . . . Dropping a 50 cc syringe . . . Housemother's night off on Park Avenue . . . Missing P.P.D.'s . . . The pajama-scrub suit affair . . . Chit-chatting with Mrs. Frear . . . Running over the O.R. sterilizer . . . Those phone calls from Children's Ward . . . Ready for bed at 1:00 a.m., only to find the narcotic key in your pocket . . . Precipitation on 4M . . . Mass meetings . . . New Year's Eve at Tioga House . . . Proctering . . . Sore thumb from FK . . . Senior dinner dance . . . Trips to the Hoagie Shop . . . Snacks at Keesal's . . . The times the alarm *didn't* go off . . . Elizabeth in the O.R. . . . Bob's crappé at 3 a.m. . . . Sunbathing on the roof garden with the incinerator on . . . Bea in the D.K. . . . 2B and "Dr." Specht . . .

CLASS HISTORY

1421 West Allegheny Ave.
November, 1946

Dear Polly Cythemia:

Since we entered training, every minute has been exciting. The first four months are almost all class work with classes held in the Medical School Building of which I am enclosing a snapshot. Here Dr. Gault teaches us all about Blastomycetes, Dr. Weston teaches us all about Anatomy until our heads spin with "upper motor neurons," "lower motor neurons," efferent and afferent impulses and on and on. Miss White teaches us all about tablets, tinctures and toxicity and also about Hippocrates, Galen and all the others. Of course we have a lot of other teachers and it is amazing what we cram into our poor heads!

We'll never forget our first days on the floors. To say we were frightened is stating it mildly. We were to be off duty at 9 o'clock and when I discovered it was 8:45 and I still had the top covers to put on my first patient's bed, I was in a panic trying to figure out how I would ever get off duty in time!

One of my classmates was asked to clean a unit which she did in record time of 1½ hours. She felt very hurt when the Head Nurse asked her what had taken so long.

Another of my classmates in the excitement of giving her first bed bath used shaving cream to brush a man's teeth!

One of the patients wanted his bald head washed, but Sadie couldn't figure out the procedure—should she wash his head before his

eyes or after his ears. They hadn't told us in Nursing Arts.

When we first went on the floors we didn't have our traditional pink and white uniforms, but wore a blue smock with white collars and cuffs as on the snapshot I'm enclosing. Since we didn't have our caps either then, we didn't look too much like nurses I'll admit, but Patsy felt very hurt when she answered a patient's bell and he said, "Oh, I'm sorry. I wanted a NURSE."

I don't believe any of us will ever forget the thrill of our Capping Exercises. In the quiet and hush of the church, with our Nightingale lamps, each of us resolved in our hearts never to waver from the Nightingale pledge. I'm sending you a snapshot to give you an idea of what it was like.

The Hospital is directly across the street from the Medical School and I am enclosing a picture of it.

Getting up in the morning and going on duty at 6:30 a.m. seemed like getting up in the middle of the night to us at first.

After our first few weeks on the floors we became more self-confident. We have learned to pour medications, to convert grains into grams and vice versa, to take temperatures and blood pressures. My how we trembled at thought of our first hypodermic, but how many we have given since!

And oh, our tired aching feet—how many miles of corridors have we tramped and how many are still before us!





Sometimes it seems now that there are an unlimited number of things to be kept clean—I.V. poles, thermometers, rectal tubes and cabinets, an unending amount of linen to be put away, units to be cleaned, flowers to be watered and water pitchers to be filled, but we realize that all this ground work is necessary if we are to be good nurses.

I'm anxious to hear about your experiences at College, so please write when you have time.

Always,

Angi Oma
3rd Floor, Tioga House
April 1947

Dear Poly Cythemia:

Imagine a year has passed! We have one black stripe on our caps now and how proud we are! First Class Bloc is behind us with Saturday morning tests and all those innumerable signs and symptoms. Have we learned to spell?! —opisthotonos—orthotonos—lordosis—scoliosis—kyphosis, etc. If we haven't we certainly should have and also to work Pharmacology problems as well!

We have moved too. We live at Tioga House now. I am sending you a picture of our new home. Our Class lives on the third and fourth floors, but as we grow older in the School, we will move periodically to the upper floors.

We have learned many things—to be outwardly cool—even though inwardly trembling when a patient hemorrhages; to connect a sump

and administer oxygen, to help to start blood, to give intermittent irrigations and redress a procto patient, but mostly to keep our eyes and ears open and our mouths closed. It is very difficult for some of us to learn to do this.

Most of us have had our O.R. experience and have thrilled to the hustle and bustle there. The only thing we didn't like was the seemingly inexhaustible number of gloves to be done before going off duty. I am sending you a picture of what we look like when an operation is in progress.

One of our most eminent surgeons shouted one day, "Mop, please." Out dashed Sally who was circulating and comes back with a big floor mop. Someone asked, "What is that for?" She replied: "Well, I don't know, but the doctor wants a mop!"

We have been to the D.K. and set up truck after truck of food trays, weighed diabetic diets and delivered special trays by the score.

On to Supply Room and mountains of more trays, but these were cath trays, I.V. trays, Spinal Tap trays, etc., to be sterilized.

Although we have had many experiences and met very interesting patients and graduate nurses, we know there is more to look forward to.

Who will ever forget their first night on shift! Getting all those patients ready for bed, pre-op treatments, etc. Or who could possibly forget their first night duty term. How very insignificant and inexperienced one feels to walk through the darkened corridor with a flashlight, hoping and praying that nothing is amiss.

For social activities we have adopted the "Joel Charles Plan" which enables us to have some good dances at a nominal cost. This plan also enabled us to see "Up in Central Park" which was very entertaining.

I shall be expecting to see you during vacation.

As ever,

Angi Oma
8th Floor, Tioga House
January, 1949

Dear Poly Cythemia:

It seems almost impossible, but another year has passed and today we were measured for our graduation uniforms! It seems almost like yesterday that we were being measured for our "Pinks."

We have become wiser and much more experienced this past year. We have known the immeasurable thrill of showing a mother her first-born, of seeing a baby take its first breath. We appreciate more fully the satisfaction of discharging a cured patient and the pain of knowing some well-liked patient is past medical care. Not that all the hard work is behind us by any means. Responsibilities of which we never dreamed have been entrusted to us at times.

We have two black stripes on our caps now and some of the underclassmen allow us to go in and out of doors, on and off elevators first.

We have moved to the 7th and 8th floors of Tioga House which is very nice except when someone on the fifth floor forgets to close the elevator door and we must trudge upstairs after working until 11 P.M.

We have also had some good times. Our Hallowe'en Dance and Christmas Party were especially enjoyable as was the "Wienie Roast" we had last summer.

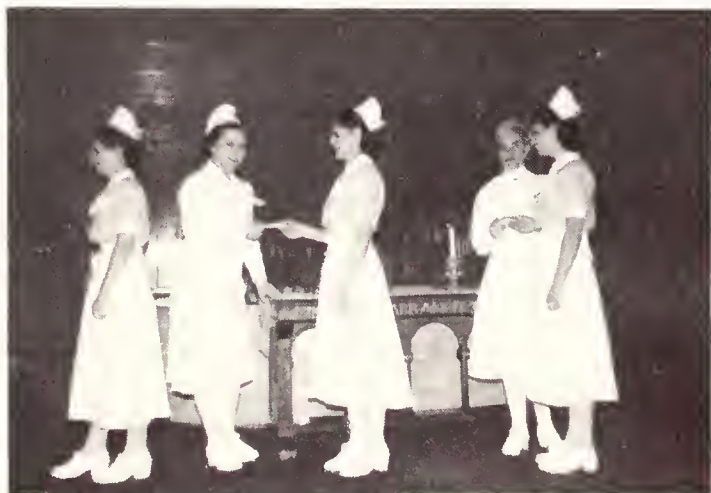
Now that the finishing date we have all looked forward to for so long is near at hand we are filled with nostalgia. Days which can never come again are past. We think with sadness of parting from our roommates. Little annoyances which have occurred are forgotten and we can remember only the joys we have shared and the troubles we have weathered together.

Each of us at least in each apartment have left indelible never-to-be-forgotten impressions on each other.

Soon now I will be home to start my life's work. I will see you then.

As ever,

Angi Oma
Submitted by Isabel C. Nagle
Secretary of Class







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Beaumont and St. Martin

By DEAN CORNWELL, N.A.

Dr. William Beaumont studying the digestive processes of the stomach through the permanent gastric fistula of Alexis St. Martin, Fort Mackinac, Michigan, May, 1825.

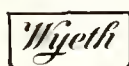
WILLIAM BEAUMONT well deserves a prominent place in the history of physiology. His protracted and careful experiments on the French Canadian, Alexis St. Martin, gave medicine its first reliable information on digestion. His book, "Experiments and Observations on the Gastric Juice and the Physiology of Digestion," is a classic report on the numerous experiments he performed.

In 1822, on the island of Mackinac, at the junction of Lake Huron and Lake Superior, St. Martin suffered a gunshot wound. Although he recovered, the wound, which perforated to his stomach, failed to heal, making necessary

the wearing of a compress over the permanent gastric fistula. He became known as "the man with a lid on his stomach."

Imbued with a true scientific spirit, Beaumont, then the army surgeon assigned to Fort Mackinac, accurately recorded the movements of St. Martin's stomach during digestion, and studied the secretion of the gastric juices and the effects of hunger, anger and other emotions on digestion.

Beaumont is depicted in a moment of brown study during his oft repeated routine collections of gastric juice from the exposed living stomach.



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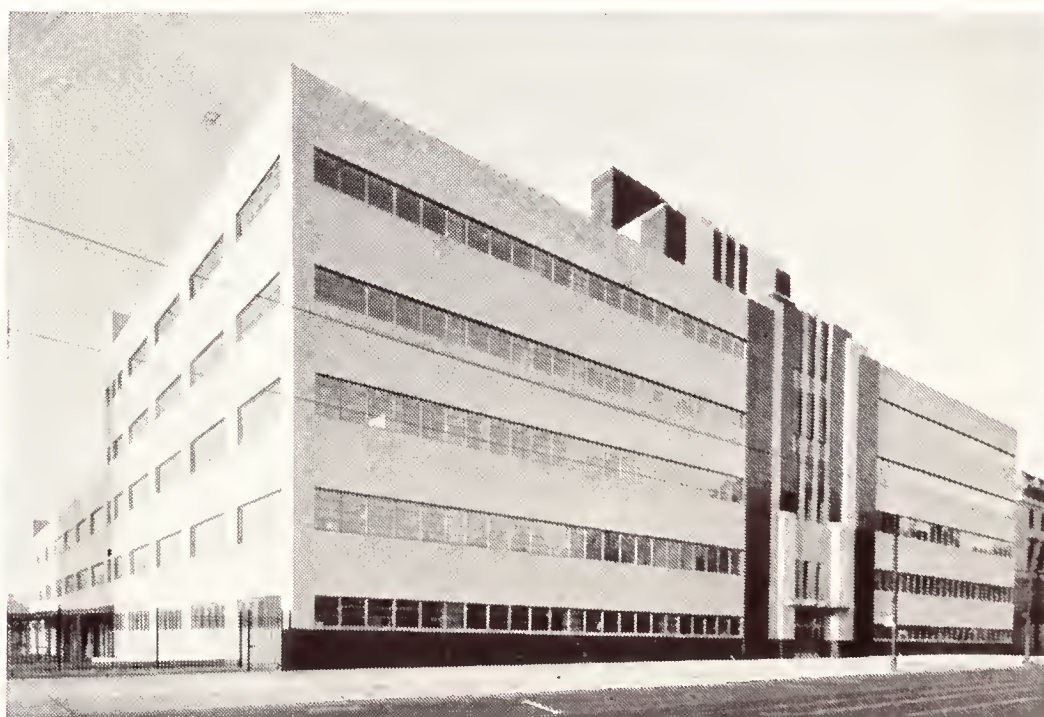


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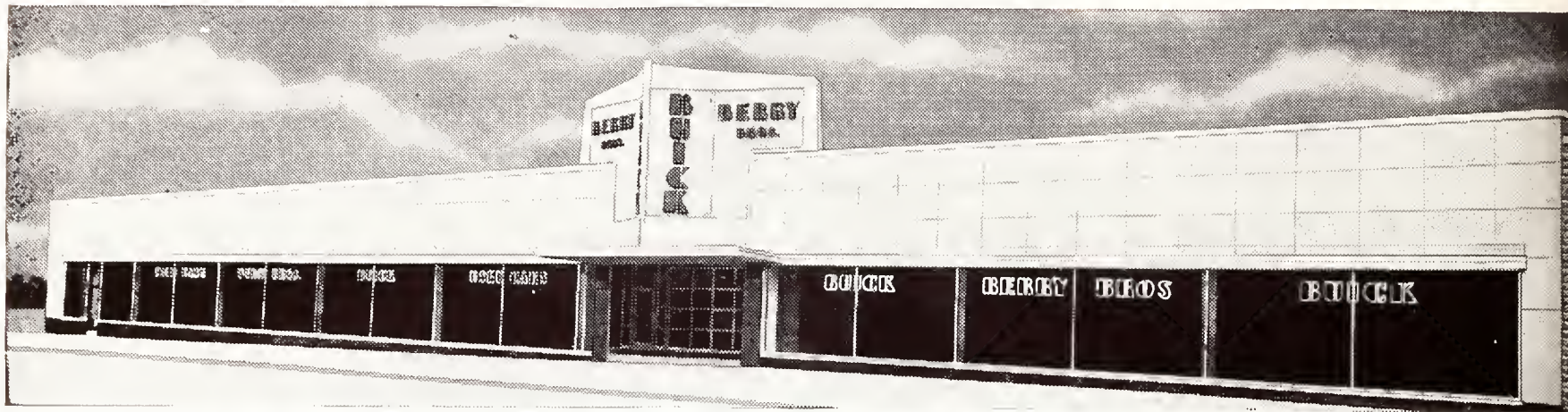
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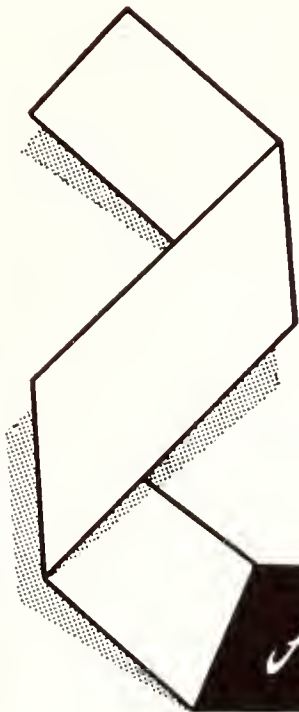
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